

Clit 45, Kid's Aren't Alright

Glued to the phone to see what he can cop
Too many pills wondering why his heart hasn't stopped
Beating up his body how far can he go?
Trampled by a bull, razorblades and broken bones
My broken bones, my bones, oh no

And I don't know what happened to me
Life's a distortion and I can't see
Pills, booze and amphetamines so innocent they seem
It's all suffocation and I can't breathe
Sucking and fucking their way through life
These kids aren't alright

Living off of letter 5 and plastic bills
Buildings fell but they were too fucked up to feel
He's not alright, can't stand up, too high
Walls are talking to him and he don't know why, no why?

They're getting trashed, without precautions
Like a car crash, so blatantly obvious
Too much too fast, but you can't stop them
Cause there's no turning back, it's not an option

Out on his own he travels alone
The way he's living, he can't condone
In and out, there is no control
Out, out, out this life has taken its toll
What the fuck is going on? They're too fucked up to ask why
These kids aren't alright

Oh fuck what's happening to me?
These kids aren't alright ya see?
I'm not alright