

Dio, Don't Tell The Kids

Please, please, make love freeze
And break apart in the middle (of it)?
Then they could see the hate
When they separate
And taste the salt of their tears

No, no, it's all about experience
Control, you might as well be wood, no good

Why why, your questions die
In a shout and no attention
You might have said
That they both were dead
So put the puzzle away

But no, it's all about experience
Control, they're gonna give you none, no fun

Don't tell the kids, they'll never understand it
Don't tell the kids, don't waste your time, no

Get back, it's a heart attack
And the planet needs a doctor
We can tell it looks like hell
But they make us close our eyes

No, it's all about experience
And control, you might as well be stone, alone

Don't tell the kids, they'll never understand it
Don't tell the kids, don't waste your time, yeah

Don't tell the kids, they'll never get the picture
Don't tell the kids, you waste your time, yeah

Don't tell the kids, they just don't understand it
Don't tell the kids, don't waste your time, time

Talk to the animals
Anyone who'll answer
Any fool will do
Just don't tell the kids