

Ian Hunter, Restless Youth

(Ian Hunter)

He's much the same as anyone - He don't do what he's told
He got hostile on his school report - and he leaves his mother cold
His father owned a bakery - one day they found him hanged
It ain't good to be free in Little Italy - his son's the leader of the gang

CHORUS

RESTLESS YOUTH - RESTLESS YOUTH
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He soon found out he could not work - the money was no good
This child of the city hit the welfare kitty - did some runnin' for the hoods

And the logic of the street was such - that everything was bent
There's a lot of white collars - stealing government dollars - wouldn't notice
such a little percent.

CHORUS

Now I went to his graduation - in some Brooklyn overnight jail
He said he was a member of the rock'n roll nation - but his face was drawn 'n pale
They gave him a suspended sentence - 'n he got straight on the phone
Called a big, big, man with a Miami tan 'n said
"Hi I'm Al Capone - the 2nd Restless Youth"

CHORUS

Now his first hit came at seventeen - his second was his last
Some dealer ran screaming from the scene - as the bullets whistled past
'N the cop that killed him shook his head 'n said "I swear the truth
When I know it was some old, old man 'n not a restless youth."

CHORUS

Now the moral of this story is that all he saw was greed
Legal, illegalities 'n all them politician thieves
Good people of the U.S.A. if you want your kids to grow
Then check your harvest carefully - Don't reap; before you sow

CHORUS