

Joan Baez, Children Of The 80's

We're the children of the 80's, haven't we grown
We're tender as a lotus and we're tougher than stone
And the age of our innocence is somewhere in the garden
We like the music of the 60's
We think that era must have been nifty
Flower children, Woodstock and the War
Dirty scandals, cover-ups and more
Oh, but it's getting harder to deceive us
We don't care if Dylan's gone to Jesus
Jimi Hendrix is playing o
We know Janis Joplin was the rose
And we also know that that's the way it goes
With all the stuff that she put in her arm
Don't be alarmed
We are the children of the 80's, haven't we grown
We're tender as a lotus and we're tougher than stone
And the age of our innocence is somewhere in the garden
Some of us are the sisters and the brothers
Who prefer the nighttime for our cover
A leather jacket and a single golden earring
Hang out at discos, rock shows, lose our hearing
Put tattoos all up and down our thighs
Do anything our parents would despise
Take uppers, downers, blues and reds and yellows
Our brains are turning to Jello
We think that life is overrated
Loneliness was underestimated
We are looking forward to the days
When we live inside of a purple haze
Where the salvation of the soul is rock and roll
We are the children of the 80's, haven't we grown
We're tender as a lotus and we're tougher than stone
And the age of our innocence is somewhere in the garden
Some of us may offer a surprise
Recently have you looked in our eyes
Maybe we're your conscience in disguise
We're well informed and we are wise
Please stop telling us lies
We know Afghanistan's invaded
We know Bolivia's dictated
We know America's inflated
And although we do not move in masses
We have lit our candles from your ashes
We are the warriors of the sun
The golden boys and the golden girls
For a better world
We are the children of the 80's, haven't we grown
We're tender as a lotus and we're tougher than stone
And the age of our innocence is somewhere, somewhere in the garden