

Michael Michailoff, Children

Don't you know who I am mommy
I walk around high on drugs,
beating up old people and why,
maybe you can tell me why,
who else can it be mommy,
talking through, my mouth,
it couldn't possible be you and your poison coming out,
along with mine

We are children of our own time, we are
children from a stoned time, we are
children, we are children, we are...

Can't you see the colour of my eyes,
so now you're afraid that I'm going to die,
it's just a pill to make me live,
it's just a pill to make me give,
a little colour to the nightlife that I live outside

We are children of our own time, we are
children from a stoned time, we are
children, we are children, we are... x2

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