

Pete Townshend, Teenage Wasteland

Out here in the fields
I fight for my meals.
I get my back into my living.
I don't need to fight
To prove I'm right.
I don't need to be forgiven.

My kids ain't gonna break my heart.
My greed ain't gonna spoil their part.
This land just has to be a new one.
I'm gonna tan underneath a new sun.

Don't cry,
Don't raise your eye,
It's only Teenage Wasteland.

Don't have the latest suit,
The long grass is my fruit.
I am nearly an ordinary man.
The family is free,
To do just as they please.
We all sleep together in the caravan.

Hey you!
Don't walk on the turnips!
My lord,
When will they ever learn it?
Look there,
Nations of travelling children.
No where to go,
To escape the chill wind.

Don't cry,
Don't raise your eye,
It's only Teenage Wasteland.

My kids ain't gonna break my heart.
My greed ain't gonna spoil their part.
This land just has to be a new one.
I'm gonna tan underneath a new sun.

Sally, take my hand,
Travel south cross land.
Put out the fire,
And don't look past my shoulder.
The exodus is here,
The happy ones are near.
Let's get home,
Before we get older.

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They're all wasted!