

Vicious Rumors, Children

Children, finish what we started.
They may only live in the world we give them.
Children, will they be brokenhearted?
They may never know what they're missing.
We gotta take it easy,
We gotta take it slow,
We gotta leave 'em something
Somewhere to go.
All the children are the heirs (children are the heirs)
Taking what we give them.
Will they even care, (will they even care?)
Or will they do what we did?
Children, staring at the ocean
They just want to play in the water -- but it's black.
We gotta take it easy,
We gotta take it slow,
We gotta leave 'em something
Somewhere to go.
All the children are the heirs (children are the heirs)
Taking what we give them.
Will they even care, (will they even care?)
Or will they do what we did?
We are all the victims of our heavy hands
Who will make the children understand?
Children are the heirs (children are the heirs)
Taking what we give them.
Will they even care, (will they even care?)
Or will they do what we did?