

Youth Brigade, Alienated

The frontier's closed, the horizon is black
The seeds of fortune became the grapes of wrath

Music of a restive age - unwanted, uninvited
Music of a restive age - no one wants you, no one needs you
Music of a restive age - unwanted, uninvited
Music of a restive age - no one wants you, no one needs you

Why are we, why are we, why are we - so alienated, so alienated?
Why are we, why are we, why are we - so alienated, so alienated?

I tell you when I walk in the streets
People look at me
They lock their doors to their cars and their homes
When I am near
What do they fear?
They fear the sounds
And what can be found

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Why are we, why are we, why are we -- so alienated, so alienated?
Why are we, why are we, why are we -- so alienated, so alienated?

I know you look at me with disdain
I see the scorn on your face,
You can't keep me in place
Your world is falling apart
We're heading straight for the heart
Try all you want,
This restive age can't be stopped

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I tell you we don't want to be alienated
Just want our chance to see things change
Instead of stay the same
And if alienation is what we must face
It's a small price to pay
To see things our way