

Adolescents, Where The Children Play

Drive-by suicide bombers all over
In our front yards and in our bedrooms
Biochemical warfare, anthrax and smallpox
Stuff it all back in the toy box

I want to, I want to play
I want to play where the children play
I want to, I want to play
I want to play where the children play
In a world where the sun shines each and every day
I want to play where the children play

Fanatics on a mission, it's impossible to tell
Where the last batch of FDA poison fell
To justify their vision is a pretty tough sell
Twin towers blew all our dreams to hell