

B.R.M.C. (Black Rebel Motorcycle Club) "Complicated Situation"

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Well everything's so different now, this scream which
fills the air,
And haunts the hall which children sleep upon the floor,
They'll have the gun, you'll hear them say with smiles
meant to cry,
As they wind the watch strapped on the wrist and
quickly look away,
And four and six have come and gone, five times
before this scene,
And upon the lips of everyone, the curse I've never
dreamed,
Yeah, upon the lips of everyone, the curse I've never
dreamed.

It's a complicated situation,
It's a complicated situation mama,
I'm a complicated situation.

The young must be our sacrifice, they say with crippled
grins,
The eyes of youth must lose their way and stumble
here within,
So the sleeping children were awake, in time to haze
their eyes,
So it's never known on which they choke's worth books
of old and time,
So it's never known on which they choke's worth books
of old and time.

It's a complicated situation,
It's a complicated situation mama,
I'm a complicated situation.

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