

## Clit 45 "Kids Aren't Alright"

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Glued to the phone to see what he can cop  
Too many pills wondering why his heart hasn't stopped  
Beating up his body how far can he go?  
Trampled by a bull, razorblades and broken bones  
My broken bones, my bones, oh no

And I don't know what happened to me  
Life's a distortion and I can't see  
Pills, booze and amphetamines so innocent they seem  
It's all suffocation and I can't breathe  
Sucking and fucking their way through life  
These kids aren't alright

Living off of letter 5 and plastic bills  
Buildings fell but they were too fucked up to feel  
He's not alright, can't stand up, too high  
Walls are talking to him and he don't know why, no  
why?

They're getting trashed, without precautions  
Like a car crash, so blatantly obvious  
Too much too fast, but you can't stop them  
Cause there's no turning back, it's not an option

Out on his own he travels alone  
The way he's living, he can't condone  
In and out, there is no control  
Out, out, out this life has taken its toll  
What the fuck is going on? They're too fucked up to ask  
why  
These kids aren't alright

Oh fuck what's happening to me?  
These kids aren't alright ya see?  
I'm not alright

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