

Get Cape Wear Cape Fly

"The Children Are the Future"

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I could've seen it in a magazine,
the perfect picture of the Manhattan streets,
A monologue from Carrie will make the scene feel
complete,
as the people fill up the commercial streets.

I could be sitting here in London town,
it's the weekend there are kids all around.
The rustling of plastic is the universal sound, from
Greenwich
to Greenwich, from dollars to pounds.

You could be children of the revolution, but no,
they go and beckon you into their loving arms and
say son it's good to see you again.

A child of fourteen fingers down their throat,
convulsing stomach she's starting to choke.
The mirror rings loud with all the words they invoke.
This feeling of worthlessness will help them promote.
All of the products that they need you to buy,
shareholder profits over Children's lives.
And they don't really care as all the tears that you cry,
will help them to wash away all their dirty lies

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You could be children of the revolution, but no,
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