

## Jesse Malin "Bastards Of Young"

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God, what a mess, on the ladder of success  
Take a first step and miss the whole first rung  
Dreams unfulfilled, graduate unskilled  
It beats pickin' cotton and waitin' to be forgotten

We are the sons of no one  
Bastards of young  
We are the sons of no one  
Bastards of young  
The daughters and the sons

Clean your baby womb, trash that baby boom  
Elvis in the ground, waitin' on beer tonight  
Income tax deduction, what a hell of a function  
It beats pickin' cotton and waitin' to be forgotten

We are the sons of no one  
Bastards of young  
We are the sons of no one  
Bastards of young  
The daughters and the sons

Willingness to claim us  
You got no word to name us

One's who love us best are the one's we'll lay to rest  
Visit their graves on holidays at best  
One's who love us least, are the one's we'll die to  
please  
If its any consolation, I don't begin to understand

We are the sons of no one  
Bastards of young  
We are the sons of no one  
Bastards of young  
The daughters and the sons

Young, young, young

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