

Korzus "Kids Of The Streets"

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When you don't sleep in the cold
When you don't steal to eat

There are many children
Living in the streets

A man-child who knows the ropes
A man-child who talks loud

The sickness is in the streets
and whoever feeds off it gets sick

Hey you in the limo
Hey you don't live in this jungle
Hey son of a bitch
would you live like the kids of the streets?

Reform school isn't the solution
it's just a new concentration camp

they won't be fooled again
their teacher was the street

A man-child who knows the ropes
A man-child who talks loud
The sickness is in the streets
and whoever feeds off it gets sick

Hey you in the limo
Hey you don't live in this jungle
Hey son of a bitch
would you live like the kids of the streets?

They're kids of the streets
Luxury
a word in the void
Laziness
a word for the powerful
Misery
is in the streets

You don't make any sense

Help
a word in the void
money
a word for your power
Misery
you don't know

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