

Replacements "Bastards Of Young"

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God, what a mess
On the ladder of success
Where you take one 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
There ain't no 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

Unwillingness
To claim us
Ya got no word
To name us

The ones who love us best
Are the ones we'll lay to rest
And visit their graves
On holidays at best

The ones who love us least
Are the ones we'll die to please
If it's any consolation
I don't begin to understand them

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
Take it, it's yours
Take it, it's yours
Take it, it's yours

Take it, it's yours
Take it, it's yours
Take it, it's yours

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