

Jay Malinowski "A Vacant Youth"

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There she goes, the girl with the thorns
A crowd to which she was born
She gets lost and torn, at times in a war,
Looking for sinking scores

There's a boy, in constant dismay,
Crowding in the doorway,
Thinking of rooms, all painted pale blue
Are we just walking through?

Hmmm... It's a vacant youth.

So come all you youth, vacant in truth
Take your seat on the floor
We blew out the walls, with our youthful wrongs

But hey, we still got those songs

Hmmm... It's a vacant youth.

So hey misanthrope, you terrible joke,
Do the women come and go?
Well "fashionable quote" and Michelangelo
Look all too painfully wrote

Hmmm... It's a vacant youth

Sons of daughters, daughters of fathers
Those barren-railed plans we become
A job in defense, for a white picket fence
Well, I wish you well in the end

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