

Attica! Attica! "The Kids' War"

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What's that rotten smell?
The stench of morning headlines
Someone's trying to sell a war of ignorance
With newspapers passed out in our schools
And every morning children recite an oath to fools

Oh no, those are words my lips won't make
I couldn't fake blind allegiance
To a dead ideal while kids follow what I say
I should have hit the lights and said "STOP!
Kids you're writing your own pledges now
And if you need ideas I'll tell you when I was your age...

Yes you could see me, dancing in the streets
In front of soldiers, in battle armor, called the state
police
I saw my parents standing next to me
And I thought 'This is what it's like to bring your kids up
right'

And I looked up and smiled"

Thinking people can't be mind controlled
History knows this
So we'll teach our children to be skeptical of the
government
They'll question all the lies they're ever told
They'll be fearless when they stop worshipping the
flagpole
And reject what they've been sold

Then you will hear them, dancing in the streets
A sea of children singing so loud the sound is
deafening
This war machine will collapse in disbelief
And the hawks will lose their wings and cry
For forgiveness for their crimes
And the kids will nod and smile

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