

## **Johanna Kurkela**

### **"These Kids"**

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These kids trapped in a struggle and  
No where to head at night  
A head full of trouble is all that they're getting  
And nobody knows the suffering they go through  
And you wouldn't believe 'em if they told you

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So many songs, so many times  
The world had to hear so many rhymes  
About how life is for strugglers  
Minority groups, kids with single mothers  
Young homies turn hustlers, stealing for money  
It's kinda funny how the crime rate is so high  
In suburbs where family ties are low, 'n suicides on the  
rise

Oh why, so many die cause in their eyes  
The mistake they made, cant be erased the only way  
out is to take their life  
And if they don't do it sudden then they'll do it slowly  
Polluting themselves with drugs, because they on this  
world lonely  
So we as a nation just class 'em as a waste of space  
And if they don't help the economy then strip 'em  
naked  
Put 'em on the streets 'n make sure the police hate 'em  
And feed the public phony information on the evening  
news

Kids may bomb police stations, to get at the boys in  
blue  
This song goes out to the whole justice system  
Instead of listening to the kids with the problems  
They just tick them off more  
Until these kids in prison or dead before they twenty  
four

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You probably heard the news about the 14 year old kid  
Who went to Woodridge to get a stick but got his neck  
slit  
What you'll expect in, the situation that he was facing  
With all of these expectations he just wanted to get  
wasted  
But the mistake he made was fatal  
What about my mate who put a rope around his neck  
But he choked to death instead cause the fall never  
broke his neck  
See both of them, were trapped in a struggle none of  
us could comprehend  
The younger was in need of weed, the other had  
problems with his head  
Now they're both dead, and the same thing happens  
time 'n time again  
Kids dying all the time 'n leave us asking why my friend  
And then there is those who run away from home  
Live on the streets 'n chrome  
Can't deal with the pain of the world so they get stoned  
Sit in a zone, become known as the local drones  
With low vocal tones, they communicate with hopeless  
groans  
And nobody knows they came from broken homes  
Plus to us they're just emotionless clones  
And the pain plagues their brains they can't maintain  
healthy lives  
Change is all but easy, a life of crime is all but nice  
Plus life isn't worth living unless ya given the chance to  
fight  
Drugs might not be the answer, but who knows wrong  
from right  
When ya parents drinks 2 whole bottles  
Of wine, 'n puts the hose in the coke bottle,  
A lot of the time, kids don't know any different  
It's like they losing their minds, cant get a hold of their  
visions  
Think they're doing just fine, but they still in the  
struggle  
Yeah the kids of this time, in a whole lot of trouble  
If you in trouble, jump over that puddle  
Some where out there someone really loves you  
Loves you like you never been loved, yeah  
Loves you like you've never been loved

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Don't know where that they're heading, no  
A head full of trouble is all they're getting  
And nobody knows  
Nobody knows

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