

The Holloways

"Nothing For The Kids"

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I'm gonna pack up my troubles in my old kit-bag, I'm
gonna run a mile from here
'Cos the ASBO generation make this a terror nation full
of loathing and fear
All the bleary-eyed boys getting high on the low street
While the girls lift clothes down the high street and
they say,
"Yeah I know, I know it's wrong but I can't be bothered
to pay,
I got the money but I need it for my dealer today."
And her friends are all the same and they know it's not
right
But they were promised more from this life

And they will steal and they will fight
Because there's nothing for the kids to do today
And they will haunt the streets at night
Because there's nothing for the kids to do today

Shaun has an ASBO, he's only fourteen, he's tired and
he's bored with the local police
"They're pricks," he says, "I didn't get a second
chance,
They didn't ask why I did it"
The pigs...
The paedophiles playing his neck of the woods,
He's got no safety numbers, his ASBO won't allow him
to be hanging around in gangs
What is he to do? He's been kicked out of school
What a way to fix a fool, we are failing our youth
Parents and governors can you handle the truth?

And they will steal and they will fight
Because there's nothing for the kids to do today
And they will haunt the streets at night
Because there's nothing for the kids to do today
There's nothing for the kids to do

Who's to blame? The mainstream media?
Our rulers and idols get greedier and seedier
They're an embarrassment, they should be shamed

For misguiding our youth, they're the ones to blame
They sit back and watch the evil grow from the youth
club ruins where the kids used to go
Take parts of Salford in Manchester, dying on it's feet
While the players at United get a hundred grand a
week
The kids love them anyway, it don't make sense
When you have a go at me for the sake of fifty pence
Especially when some of you so called "poor kids" have
got the money for a digital camcorder
And the time to film a girl whilst you spit-roast her
You hang about the park but you don't play football
You trouble me for money 'cos you've got to make a
drug call (?)
You've got time, you've got money but you wrap it in a
joint 'cos you don't see the point in using your time for
making your dreams come true
You're all too busy trying to lose our respect for you
Why're you proud to be rude?
You're just trying to be cool in front of your mates
That's all that really matters when you're living in hate

And they will steal and they will fight
Because there's nothing for the kids to do today
And they will haunt the streets at night
Because there's nothing for the kids to do today

Why do you wanna grow up, why do you wanna grow so
fast and throw your youth away?
Don't throw your youth away and don't let me hear you
say
That there's nothing for the kids to do today
There's plenty for the kids to do today
There's so much for the kids to do

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