

Enemy, The "This Song"

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Half the kids who you grew up with,
Were pushin prams by the time that they were just
sixteen,
If love is a drug then where is the cure,
For the girl who used to talk to you about her dream.
And all the boys with all their toys,
Couldnt see the signs as we scortched out eyes with
nicotine,
And the grown ups said, listen to your head,
But our hearts were crying out for heroes on TV
screens.

Now this song is about you,
Now this song is about...

Changes in your mind,
Changes in your life,
Changes in the times,
And the reason you can't sleep at night,
Changes in your mind,
Changes in your life,
Changes in the times,
And the reason you gave up the fight.

Half the kids that arnt pushing prams,
Are pushing pills to boys and girls who are half their
age

And the pubs and clubs are full of drunks,
They dont remember the day the were born or even
their mum or the names.

An old man sings a tune but hes drowned out by a fight
next to a fruit machine.

And all of this, our hearts, our nation,
A total lack of civilization,
Will it ever be the same?

Now this song is about you,
Now this song is about...

Changes in your mind,
Changes in our lives,
Changes in the times,
And the reason you we cant sleep at night,
Changes in our mind,
Changes in our lives,
Changes in the times,
And the reason we gave up the fight.

Now this song....is about, is about, is about you,
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