

Forgotten, The "Young Punx"

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On the streets of Oberhausen
Winding through the Berlin alleys
So innocent about their sins
They still believe that they can win
Not afraid to speak their mind
Life's out before their time
Smashing bottles on the dance floor
Raging like the Ripperbahn
Drinking from the cup of life
No one understands their plight
The life they lead proves their worth
Let the meek inherit the earth
YOUNG PUNKS THEY GO TO HEAVEN
ALL OF YOU CAN TO HELL
Rollin bones at the Fraken
Drinkin bourbon in a Swedish prison
Fired up one German night
Up on stage under the lights
Screaming with a hundred voices
Fists up in all their glory

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