

GC5, The "Bastards Of Young"

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[Originally by The Replacements]

God, what a mess, on the ladder of success

Where you take one step and miss the whole first rung

Dreams unfulfilled, graduate unskilled

It beats pickin' cotton and waitin' to be forgotten

We are the sons of no one, bastards of young

We are the sons of no one, bastards of young

The daughters and the sons

Clean your baby womb, trash that baby boom

Elvis in the ground, there'll ain't no beer tonight

Income tax deduction, what a hell of a function

It beats pickin' cotton and waitin' to be forgotten

We are the sons of no one, bastards of young

We are the sons of no one, bastards of young

The daughters and the sons

Unwillingness to claim us, ya got no word to name us

The ones who love us best are the ones we'll lay to rest

And visit their graves on holidays at best

The ones who love us least are the ones we'll die to
please

If it's any consolation, I don't begin to understand them

We are the sons of no one, bastards of young

We are the sons of no one, bastards of young

The daughters and the sons

Young...take it, it's yours...

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