

Little Children

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(David Christopher)

Dark night broken lights

A boy on the corner with his hands held high

He sees a gun sees an eye

But he'd rather get shot than give it up

Works for a violent man

Who expects to get money when he sees him again

And if he doesn't die on the corner tonight

It won't take too long to catch him

Children throw their lives away yeah

A little more dying every day

Little young man he ain't got a lot

But he'd sell his whole world just to get what you've got

He's not even sure if his body's hooked

But if he gets a little higher he could fly away

Little young lady watch her children play

There's two outside and one on the way

She hasn't seen her man in a thousand days

Since the police came around and took him away

Children throw their lives away

A little more dying every day

Children throw their lives away

A little more dying every day

Children throw their lives away yeah

A little more dying every day

Sirens scream through the empty streets

Headed to the scene of another mistake

One man hanging on the edge of life

The other one thrown in a bag

The children watch the children think

That the bottom line is that nothing's free

But it doesn't take much to end a life

When the thoughts stop coming out straight

Children throw their lives away

A little more every day

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