

Children Of The 80's

Joan Baez

We're the children of the eighties haven't we grown
We're tender as a Lotus and we're tougher than a stone.
And the age of our innocence is somewhere in the garden.

We like the music of the sixties
It's The Rolling Stones
The Beatles and The Doors.
Flower children
Woodstock and the war.

Ah
but it's getting harder to deceive us.
And we don't care if Dylan's gone to Jesus
Jimmy Hendrix is playing on.
We know Janis Joplin was the Rose
ah
but all the stuff she put in her arm.
We are not alone.

We're the children of the eighties haven't we grown
...
Some of us are the sisters and the brothers
We take a leatherjacket and a single golden earring.
Hang out at Discos

Rock shows
lose our hearing
Take uppers
downers
blues and reds and yellows.
Our brains are turning to jello
We are looking forward to the days when we live inside of a purple haze.
And the salvation of the soul is Rock and Roll
We are the children of the eighties haven't we grown

...
Recently have you looked in our eyes
Maybe with your conscience in disguise.
We're well informed and we are wise
please stop telling us lies.
We know Afganistan's invaded and we know El Salvador's dictated
Ah
but our lives have just begun

we are the warriors of the sun.
We're the golden boys and the golden girls
For a better world.
We are the children of the eighties haven't we grown
...

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