

Kids Pushing Kids

Danielson

Kids are pushing kids
Kids are pushing kids On down
Till they all hit ground
Parents, pick your brats up
At the lost and found I have given up, but I'm not giving up
On the, on the goodness of men
My nice guy routine is wearing thin
I received a beating at the foreign meeting I lied but you stayed
And when I'm gettin' home
Oh, I was so afraid
Things are gonna change, let's go home Bullets they flew by
And grazed my brothers mind
Please, please, everyone
I just want to be liked Good deeds smellin' up
This room I must clean up
But I just don't know how
My mother's not around right now
Mom, mom, mom, mom, mom, mom I've been childish and all mean to the fools
Myself as acting as Daniel the Cruel
I've taken attendance at finishing schools
Filled with like children who go beyond rules They're wise as the serpents and gentle as doves
Skipping around, and so rooted in love
Kindness to strangers, behind closing doors Let us all become yours
We're not so proud of our test scores
We're wasted alone, but you stay
And holding our hands do say If you are in need
Oh, then here I am I got such good friends, such great family
Their patience never ends, the pain that I can be
I hardly need to tell them what great notes to play
They got treats and tricks, that dwarf mine anyway Papa, says let the children come
Come to me, so you can see
How blessed are we This child is seeking to be pleasing
To his papa and to his pride
Has peace on his side
Has peace Sure they are cute, but what monsters I swear
If they're so smart why'd they step on my hair
They all seemed nice but they just robbed me twice They all seemed cute, stepping on all the trumpets
Monsters of niceness backstabbing our targets
With these bruised melons I boycott the markets Highly regard to complete unimpressed

I put myself down so your chances have past
This people stew is too spicy to lastAs a hen gathers and beneath her wings
Protects her children, so papa does bring
Life to us kids but it, oh, so, so seemsWe won't let him now
We won't let himI've been childish and all mean to the fools
Myself as acting as Daniel the Cruel
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We're not so proud of our test scores
We're wasted alone, but you stay
And holding our hands do sayThis is the brothers, we are
This is the sisters, we are
We the daughters, we see
We the sons are to be

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