Youth In Trouble

The Presets

I slept through my alarm
There's something wrong with it
I look down my skin, my sheet's soaked wetI had the wildest dream
Was non to subtle
About a world on fire and a youth in troubleUp out all night, in bright lit wonderland
Communicate online with, I don't understand it
With the music taste abominable
Man I'm worried sick for a youth in troubleInside all day it's buried in the screen
Seen pictures that I pray I never had to see
Like the á¹—ros make me so uncomfortable
God I'm terrified of youth in trouble

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