

# Bastards Of Young

## Against Me!

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 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, young, young  
Take it, it's yours  
Take it, it's yours  
Take it, it's yours Take it, it's yours  
Take it, it's yours

Take it, it's yours

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