

While We're Young

Shaimus

So here's the story in the paper.
We would rather sleep instead.
This is what they want.

I close my eyes as they turn my head away. The dirt is piling up around us slowly.
We don't even care.

They drown us with their drug,
And the sad thing is, that we like it here. Still we cannot see. We'd rather just be numb,
and it's only just begun.

A lock without a key, a mouth without a tongue.
They get us while we're young. Complaining in the darks, we cry for someone
stronger than ourselves
to pick our bodies up.

Our legs collapse. We've too long been held.
Oh and when we step into the room
where our baby sleeps,
will we think to let her walk or be
afraid to let her use her own two feet?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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