

Bastards of Young

Jesse Malin

God, what a mess, on the ladder of success
Take a first 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, waitin' on 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 Willingness to claim us
You got no word to name us One's who love us best are the one's we'll lay to rest
Visit their graves on holidays at best
One's who love us least, are the one's we'll die to please
If its any consolation, I don't begin to understand 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

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