

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 forgottenWe are the sons of no one
 Bastards of young
 We are the sons of no one
 Bastards of young
The daughters and the sonsClean 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 forgottenWe are the sons of no one
 Bastards of young
 We are the sons of no one
 Bastards of young
 The daughters and the sonsWillingness to claim us
You got no word to name usOne'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 understandWe are the sons of no one
 Bastards of young
 We are the sons of no one
 Bastards of young
 The daughters and the sonsYoung, young, young

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