A-Z

The Bowers

Some things never seem to change
Kids still call each other names
Should get better, but it's sad and strange
Every insult still the sameGrowing up in small town hell
They bide their time till the dinner bell
Take a swing with a bag, and they wait
By the school gateAll this pushin and shovin
When you need a little lovin
A little human kindness
But where you gonna find it?So you close your bedroom door
And you kneel down on the floor
Cause you don't want to get caught
Packing the bag that your mother doesn't even
know you bought"So it's come to this" you cry
Not even time to say goodbye
You pack some cigarettes and an A-Z
Push the suitcase back under the bedYou've been balanced on a knife
Will the city save your life?
You've been waiting for so long
Just for somewhere to feel like homeYou've been balanced on a knife
Will the city save your life?
Your life is waiting for you
Love is waiting for youSo pack your cigarettes
And your A-Z
It'll be just like that book you read

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