1944

KSU

Somewhere a pen is busy with hate tonight
Jaded eyes and cynics bring me down
Somewhere a kid is playing his heart out tonight
But he'll get nowhere with the Berkeley in-crowdWell, put-downs are so easy
Like a novel without a soul
And every executioner wears a hood
When it's time for heads to rollWell, they're just like new dictators
Trying to tell us what to love
Well, their opinion they can take and shove
Somewhere young rebels will meet up tonightSomewhere skateboarders and straight edgers will unite
They don't need no magazine that's filled with hate and lies
Get enough from the world around them
They're young but they are wiseBut negativity's easy
You just fire and walk away
And it's the armchair general
Who lives to fight another dayWell, their opinion they can take and shove
If this was 1944, they'd be pointing their guns at you
'Cause every fascist, left or right, has a fucked-up set of rules
But do they really think the kids are such fools?
Or do they even care?

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