

Children

America

The boy cried out

Gaily on the ground

At the joy of something he had found
Aw, come on children, get your heads back together

Aw, come on children, get your heads back together

Aw, come on children, get your heads back together
The days are getting warmer now, the nights are getting
shorter now

And you know we can make it 'cause you know we're alive

But we don't have to take it, any way we'll survive
If I were you I'd throw it far away

But if you were me

You'd tell me I should stay
Aw, come on children, get your heads back together

Aw, come on children, get your heads back together

Aw, come on children, get your heads back together again
Again, again and again and again

Again, and again and again

Again, again, again

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