

Children Of The Night

Steppenwolf

Some of us are Rock n' Roll stars
Chasing the flash and travel
Most of us wear the right length of hair
But that's all that is left of the dream
Oh, the dream it was born in the summer of love
And it died with the Woodstock Nation
But what has it left for the carpenter's son
And the new coming generation?
Oh, we all believed we knew the way
But fate did not agree
Now we've tired of asking who we are
And what we ought to be Children of the night howling at the gate
Here to claim forgotten dreams
Too late, too late
Orphans of the darkness
Waiting to belong
Been listening to the same old story
Too long, too long Barely thirteen, hard and they're mean
Hunting in packs, like jackals
They prey on the meek, the old and the weak
Like a scourge on the face of the earth
All around our town
They're fighting with guns
And building their homemade bazookas
And ten year old Jimmy got arrested in school
They found a tank in his locker
Oh, we all believed we held the key
To peaceful harmony
But the times have changed the way we feel
And we fear our destiny Sure must be fun to watch a president run
Just ask the man who owns one
Why, up on the hill, they're killing a bill
That would pay for his capitol crime
But cardinal sin- he blessed him and said
"I know that you're rotten down to the core
But nobody else can do it so well
That's why I'm behind you for three years more"
Oh, they all believed they'd found the one
Who'd lead them to the light

But the tides will turn against the fool
Who'd believe that wrong it right

Songwriters

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