The Youth

Mgmt

This is a call of arms to live and love and sleep together.
We could flood the streets with love or light or heat whatever.
Lock the parents out, cut a rug, twist and shout,
Wave your hands,
Make it rain,
For stars will rise again.
The youth is starting to change.
Are you starting to change?
Are you?
Together.

In a couple of years
Tides have turned from booze to tears.
And in spite of the weather,
We could learn to make it together.
The youth is starting to change.
Are you starting to change?
Are you?
Together.
The youth.

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