

I Was A Teenage Anarchist

Against Me!

I was a teenage anarchist, looking for a revolution.

I had the style, I had the ambition.

I read all the authors, I knew the right slogans.

There was no war but the class war.

I was ready to set the world on fire.

I was a teenage anarchist, looking for a revolution. Do you remember when you were young and you wanted to set the world on fire? I was a teenage anarchist, but the politics were too convenient.

In the depths of their humanity all I saw was bloodless ideology.

And with freedom as the doctrine, guess who was the new authority?

I was a teenage anarchist, but the politics were too convenient. Do you remember when you were young and you wanted to set the world on fire? I was a teenage anarchist, but then the scene got too rigid.

It was a mob mentality, they set their rifle sights on me.

Narrow visions of autonomy, you want me to surrender my identity.

I was a teenage anarchist, the revolution was a lie. Do you remember when you were young and you wanted to set the world on fire? I was a teenage anarchist.

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