

The Kids Aren't Alright*

The Offspring

**in loving memory of Buffy*

When we were young, the future was so bright
The old neighborhood was so alive
And every kid on the whole damn street
Was gonna make it big and not be beat
Now the neighborhood's cracked and torn
The kids are grown up, but their lives are worn
How can one little street swallow so many lives ?

Chances thrown
Nothing's free
Longing for, used to be
Still it's hard, hard to see
Fragile lives
Shattered dreams

Jamie had a chance, well, she really did
Instead she dropped out and had a couple of kids
Mark still lives at home 'cause he's got no job
He just plays guitar and smokes a lot of pot
Jay committed suicide
Brandon OD'd and died
What the hell is going on ?
The cruelest dream, reality

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