

All Of Us Kids

Hawksley Workman

These initial shock waves can't last
They're gonna want to see the real love soon
They're gonna want to see the real bombs in the air
They're gonna want to hear the real songs in their ears

They're gonna burn the flag poles when they find out
They're gonna cry with salty tears
They're gonna call themselves witnesses for the truth
They're gonna speak the broken language of love

And all of us kids want
The same thing from our lives
So come on out now
With your hands up
Before we start shooting

We're gonna tear the bars off the windows
And our voices will be instruments for the truth
And then we'll probably migrate to the coast line
To tangle with the salt in the air

Listen to the hush of our babies
After all the fighting is through
And the evening will come true to all who suffer
And the morning come a chance to renew

And all of us kids want
The same thing from our lives
So come on out now
With your hands up
Before we start shooting
(6x)