

Turn Around Teen

So this is for those troubled teens and their broken dreams, and it just seems that we search for what life means, we forget about the child that we used to be, so we beg and plead but we never say please. We refuse to separate our wants and needs we're unfulfilled and depressed as the planet bleeds, but screw the rest, my optimism spreads like a weed, I have a life where everything I do turns into a good deed.

These kids walk in with a sense of self entitlement, their confidence spent, like true happiness just went, with the wind, thrown out in blue recycling bins, and buried along with the rest of our sins, they want to keep up with the joneses but I hope nobody wins... we're just wacky kids looking to dig up the truth, so we can answer the questionnaire's that come at the end of youth, when the whole world asks, man who the fuck are you?

They measure us with numbers and pin us against each other, being part of a team doesn't mean shit when you're competing against your brothers, and the pressure it smothers you, the product of a father and mother who, were part of the baby boom, and worked hard so you could have a big house with your own room, three floors including a basement that you never use, except when you need to raid the liquor cabinet and steal the booze, so maybe we've got bigger problems than just drugs and abuse, maybe society's a bomb nobody wants to defuse, maybe the system doesn't work the way it oughta, and maybe I won't be happy just because I bought a, new wardrobe, when there was nothing wrong with my old clothes, societies brainwashing these kids and maybe that's just the way it goes, but what if I was grateful for everything I had, I could concentrate and what makes me happy and I'd be less sad, I could stop blaming other people and being so fucking mad, I could work out my issues with mom and dad, we could work on my bad, habits we don't have to a nation ruled by vices and addicts, our lives won't be defined by fear, panic and anxiety that stains life's beautiful tapestry, instead create a story of growing pains where happiness is free, that prevents them from achieving life's ultimate mastery, we're told we aren't good enough so we worship on our knee's, technological gods instead of soft grass and tall trees, what the hell ever happened to confidence and self belief, concepts rotting on the ground like that trees dead leaves

So I'm friend to the weak an educator of sheep, some of these paranoid conspiracies ain't much of a leap, I'm just trying to point out that maybe societies wrong, cause you've been trying to give these kids a better life all along, so is an iPod as important as being emotionally strong, it's intense, when I speak in past tense of future events, taking a stand goes against common sense, they don't want to change so we only stand up in their own defence, and everyone spends their whole lives sitting on the fence, until they look back and wonder just what it all meant, so what have you done to show people that you're heaven sent, all you ever did was show up on earth, kept to yourself and paid rent, there were rules but you bent them anyway... what if you spent your whole life waiting pay days, and someone told you happiness can be found in much simpler ways, and there's more to life than your GPA especially when it feels like you spend your whole life in second place, so here I stand, sincerity across my face, I love this world, I'm just begging for a change of pace.