

# Youth

## Matisyahu

Some of them come now  
Some of the running  
Some of them looking for fun  
Some of them looking for away out of confusion  
Some of them don't know where to be  
Some of them don't know where to go  
Some of them trust their instincts  
That somethings missing from the show  
Some don't fit society  
Their insides are crying low  
Some of them teachers squashed the flame  
'fore it had a chance to grow  
Some of them embers still glow  
Them charcoal hushed and low  
Some of them come with hunger supressed  
Not fed them feel the death blow, yo(CHORUS:)  
Young man control in your hand  
Slam your fist on the table  
And make your demand  
Take a stand  
Fan a fire for the flame of the youth  
Got the freedom to choose  
You better make the right move  
Young man, the power's in your hand  
Slam your fist on the table and make your demand  
You better make the right move  
"youth is the engine of the world"  
Storm the halls of vanity  
Focus your energy  
Into a laser beam  
Streaming shattered light  
Unites to pierce between the seams  
And it seems  
The world open peering  
The children see  
Rapid fire for your mind  
Half a truth is just a lie  
They rub me the wrong way  
They say their way or fall behind  
Seventeen disconnect left out  
The concept as to why  
There's a spiritual emptiness

So the youth them get vexed  
Skip class and get wrecked  
Feel with beer and cigarettes  
To fill the hole in their chest!  
(CHORUS)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>