

The Kids Aren't Alright by The Offspring

When we were young our future was so bright (whoa, oh!)	He (7) plays guitar and smokes a lot of pot
The old neighborhood was so alive (whoa, oh!)	Jay committed suicide (whoa, oh!)
And every kid on the whole damn street (whoa, oh!)	Brandon OD'd and died (whoa, oh!)
Was gonna (1) it big and not be beat	What the hell is going on
Now the neighborhood's cracked and torn (whoa, oh!)	The cruelest dream, reality
The (2) are grown up but their (3) are	Chances thrown
(4) (whoa, oh!)	Nothing's free
How can one little street	Longing for, used to be
Swallow so many lives	Still it's hard
Chances thrown	Hard to see
Nothing's free	Fragile lives, (8) dreams
Longing for, used to be	Chances thrown
Still it's hard	Nothing's free
Hard to see	Longing for, (9) to be
Fragile lives, (5) dreams	Still it's hard
(Whoa!)	Hard to see
Jamie had a chance, well she really did (whoa, oh!)	Fragile lives, (10) dreams
Instead she dropped out and had a couple of kids (whoa, oh!)	
Mark still lives at (6) cause he's got no job (whoa,	
oh!)	



- 1. make
- 2. kids
- 3. lives
- 4. worn
- 5. shattered
- 6. home
- 7. just
- 8. shattered
- 9. used
- 10. shattered

Fill in the gaps