

ARE YOU LISTENING?

A darkened room
We sit alone
Hard benches and teachers
Talk ... talk ... talk ...

I am walking into a room,
dark and cold
Walking with broken shoes on my feet,
no single hand to hold

Americans all in a row
To tell us that THEY are in the know
Be quiet, please,
Listen to me!

Hard benches and teachers
Talk ... talk ... talk ...

Give me a choice,
I have a voice – I'm not afraid to use it.

So chilled a time,
The youth, health and marketing
Voices thundered aloud.
Emotion, Glamour, Elegance

Toxic commercial culture –
What ethics, I ask ?
Only hypocrisy and commercialism I see
Yearning to get out –
ARE YOU LISTENING?

That's the way
They cornered youth
And a voice chorused
They don't think I've got a brain!