

The Kids Aren't Alright by The Offspring

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



- 1. future
- 2. damn
- 3. cracked
- 4. really
- 5. home
- 6. plays
- 7. guitar
- 8. committed
- 9. suicide
- 10. hell

Fill in the gaps