

Whatever happened to childhood?  
We're all scared of the kids in our neighborhood;  
They're not small, charming and harmless,  
They're a violent bunch of bastard little shits.  
And anyone who looks younger than me  
Makes me check for my wallet, my phone and my keys,  
And I'm tired of being tired out  
Always being on the lookout for thieving gits.

We're all wondering how we ended up so scared;  
We spent ten long years teaching our kids not to care  
And that "there's no such thing as society" anyway,  
And all the rich folks act surprised  
When all sense of community dies,  
But you just closed your eyes to the other sidev Of all the things that she did.  
Thatcher fucked the kids.

And it seems a little bit rich to me,  
The way the rich only ever talk of charity  
In times like the seventies, the broken down economy  
Meant even the upper tier was needing some help.  
But as soon as things look brighter,  
Yeah the grin gets wider and the grip gets tighter,  
And for every teenage tracksuit mugger  
There's a guy in a suit who wouldn't lift a finger for anybody else.

You've got a generation raised on the welfare state,  
Enjoyed all its benefits and did just great,  
But as soon as they were settled as the richest of the rich,  
They kicked away the ladder, told the rest of us that life's a bitch.  
And it's no surprise that all the fuck-ups  
Didn't show up until the kids had grown up.  
But when no one ever smiles or ever helps a stranger,  
Is it any fucking wonder our society's in danger of collapse?

So all the kids are bastards,  
But don't blame them, yeah, they learn by example.  
Blame the folks who sold the future for the highest bid:  
That's right, Thatcher fucked the kids.