

# The Wheels On the Bus

## Cedarмонт Kids

Cherry Poppin' Daddies

Kids On The Street

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It's time for a new understanding, if you're one of the many the family has let go  
Hold on stay together when crashin' selling fake hits of acid to a college asshole I can tell i  
disgust ugly old faces i see

You call us mallrats; the town is callous to the kids on the street I know like an animal's  
knowledge, what you never acknowledge, and prefer to ignore  
I go like a brick through a window, there may be no tomorrow, i don't care anymore Here i am, i  
ruined your wall, talk responsibility, ugliness, mallrats

The town is callous to the kids on the street Smarmy people, i'd like to blow them all away,  
vacant faces and a language of cliches

Hypocrites aspiring to be all the same, i will act on all my dreams and take things to extremes

I this time of new understanding, with the darkness descending and your money all gone  
I will hang tough making weirdness a virtue; i will never desert you in your quest for the dawn

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>