

The Children of the Last of the Middle Class
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D D7 G D
 Oh, the children of the last of the middle class

A7
 Live in a ghetto all their own

D D7 G D
 Reluctant to bring babes into this world

A7 D
 Babes into a world well known

D D7 G D
 A world of war that never ends

A7
 A world where truth has no hold

D D7 G D
 A world where sunshine is engineered

A7 D
 And the falling rain is sold.

D D7 G D
 A world where buildings fall in their shoes

A7
 And friends are judged by their car

D D7 G D
 A world where flowers lead to jail

A7 D
 And predators drone from afar

D D7 G D
 A yearning to learn is urged to sign

A7
 On Uncle Sam's dotted line

D D7 G D
 And those who survive to come home alive

A7 D
 Find their hopes dashed by design.

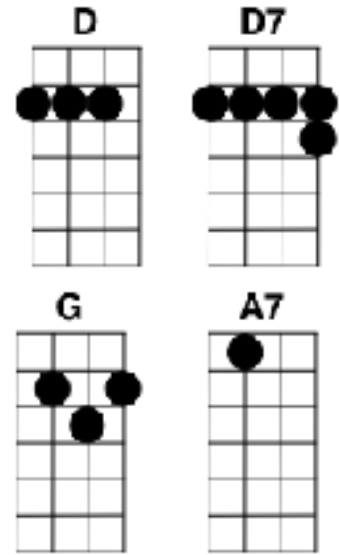
D D7 G D
 When the children of the last of the middle class

A7
 Speak their thoughts to each other

D D7 G D
 There's a ghost in the mix with dirty tricks

A7 D
 And the long ears of Big Brother

Ukulele



Banjo

