1972

Furney

1972

Daddy drove in over, it was sky blue He worked at a record store after school Call it sympathy for the vinyl

1972

Turntable in the basement, Major Cool A hippie girl, couple cold beers split in two You got your own rock n roll revival

> Girl you know they didn't ride So come on over tonight

Iâ€TMm gonna rock you like Zeppelin, roll you like the stones

Burr like them speakers in my old headphones

Gonna fly like an eagle when I drop a needle on the blues

Iâ€TMm gonna get the metal piece down from the attic

With a pop and a hiss and a little bit of static

Weâ€TMll be chillin' like a villain on some Dylan while weâ€TMre killin' some booze

Weâ€TMre gonna kick it like the kids did in 1972

So will it just be me and you
Playing air drums with The Who's Keith Moon
You know them good ones always die too soon
Like Jimmy, Jim and Joplin

Yea, kickin back, cutting loose Sippin on Jack, that's what we do It don't matter baby girl cus in a few You're gonna hear heaven a knockin

Look out!

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Well let's kick it like the kids did in 1972

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We'll be chillin' like a villain on some Dylan while we're killin' some booze

Well let's kick it like the kids did in 1972

Yea, we're gonna kick it like the kids did in 1972

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