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 didnâ€™t ride
So come on over tonight

Iâ€™m 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€™m gonna get the metal piece down from the attic
With a pop and a hiss and a little bit of static
Weâ€™ll be chillin' like a villain on some Dylan while weâ€™re killin' some booze
Weâ€™re gonna kick it like the kids did in 1972

So will it just be me and you
Playing air drums with The Whoâ€™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, thatâ€™s what we do
It donâ€™t matter baby girl cus in a few
Youâ€™re gonna hear heaven a knockin

Look out!

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Well letâ€™s kick it like the kids did in 1972

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Well letâ€™s kick it like the kids did in 1972

Yea, weâ€™re gonna kick it like the kids did in 1972

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