

Fool Ideas

[Nick Roes](#)

Youâ€™re putting fool ideas in my young boyâ€™s head,
And if he listens to you heâ€™s going to wind up dead.
The man will come down hard, just like he always do,
And when he does weâ€™ll blame it all on you.

My boyâ€™s just a baby, so he donâ€™t know,
And you get him so excited when you put on your show.
But Iâ€™ve been around longer, seen the troubles weâ€™ve had.
If he listens to you, heâ€™ll get beaten up bad.

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Youâ€™ve got my boy filled with fire, but heâ€™s too young to see
That the way things are is just the way that they be.
You say weâ€™ll overcome all the things that are wrong,
But you canâ€™t change the world with a protest song.

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And when he does weâ€™ll blame it all on you.
You keep a rocking the boat; you take a protest walk,
But you canâ€™t change the world with all your fancy talk.
You ainâ€™t nothing but trouble; youâ€™re a fool and a fake.
You way you have a dream, but pretty soon you will wake.

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