Beat Crazy

Jackson Joe

Whaddya want? Love?Kids today, they're all the same?
All call themselves some crazy name?
Yeah, mods and rockers and Beatle freaks
?Punks and skunks and kooks and geeks
?You're looking in the mirror but you can't see your face?Look in the mirror but you can't see your faceAll those drugs, they can't be sane
?All that noise affects their brains
?Yeah, sniffing pot, smoking glue?
Whatever terrible things they do
?Smoking LSD and such
?Must be the reason why they can't talk muchChorus:
?And it's such a crime how they waste their time?
They can't get nowhere, they've all gone beat crazy?They say the world is in a mess?
But they can't talk the way they dress?
See the knee through the hole in the jeans?
Hole in the pocket and they look so mean
?Hole in the T-shirt, what's that you say??
About as clever as a hole in the headCan't get no jobs, can't get careers
?With safety pins stuck through their ears?
Cut your hair, dye it green?
See it shine with Brylcreem
?A little dab'll do ya, a little dab a day
?Or rub-a-dub it in a dreadlocks wayChorusAnd if the Russians ever come?
They'll all be beating bongo drums
?Yeah! Beatniks rule!
?Dropped out of kindergarten, dropped out of school?Really hot on my bongo drums
?Really hot on my bongo drumsSo who'll defend in World War III??
Where could we turn, where would they be?
?Tell ya, in a basement cellar filled with smoke
?Laughing at the latest joke
?Doing the latest dance to do
?The frug and the shimmy and the Suzy QChorus

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