# Younger Generation

## John B. Sebastian

Why must every generation think their folks are square
And no matter where their heads are they know momÂ´s ainÂ´t there
Cause I swore when I was small that IÂ´d remember when
I knew whatÂ´s wrong with them that I was smaller then

Determined to remember all the cardinal rules
Like sun showers are legal grounds for cutting school
I know I have forgotten maybe one or two
And I hope that I recall them all before the babyÂ´s due
And I knoe heÂ´ll have a question or two

Like "hey Pop, can I go ride my zoom
It goes two hundred miles an hour suspended on balloons
And can I put a droplet of this new stuff on my tongue
And imagine frothing dragons while you sit and wreck your lungs"
And I must be permissive, understanding of the younger generation

Then IÂ´ll know that all IÂ´ve learned my kid assumes
And all my deepest worries must be his cartoons
And still IÂ´ll try to them him all the things IÂ´ve done
Related to what he can do when he becomes a man
And still heÂ´ll stick his fingers in the fan

And "Hey, Pop, my girlfriendÂ´s only three
SheÂ´s got her own videophone and sheÂ´s taking L.S.D.
And now that weÂ´re best friends she wants to give a bit to me
But whatÂ´s the matter Daddy, how come youÂ´re turning green?
Can it be that you canÂ´t live up to your dreams?"

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