

# Put Your Records On

## KIDZ BOP Kids

Three little birds sat on my window.  
And they told me I don't need to worry.  
Summer came like cinnamon  
So sweet,  
Little girls double-dutch on the concrete.Maybe sometimes we've got it wrong, but it's alright  
The more things seem to change, the more they stay the same  
Oh, don't you hesitate.Girl, put your records on, tell me your favourite song  
You go ahead, let your hair down  
Sapphire and faded jeans, I hope you get your dreams,  
Just go ahead, let your hair down.You're gonna find yourself somewhere, somehow.Blue as the sky, sunburnt  
and lonely,  
Sipping tea in a bar by the roadside,  
(just relax, just relax)  
Don't you let those other boys fool you,  
Got to love that afro hair do.Maybe sometimes we feel afraid, but it's alright  
The more you stay the same, the more they seem to change.  
Don't you think it's strange?Girl, put your records on, tell me your favourite song  
You go ahead, let your hair down  
Sapphire and faded jeans, I hope you get your dreams,  
Just go ahead, let your hair down.You're gonna find yourself somewhere, somehow.'Twas more than I could  
take, pity for pity's sake  
Some nights kept me awake, I thought that I was stronger  
When you gonna realise, that you don't even have to try any longer?  
Do what you want to.Girl, put your records on, tell me your favourite song  
You go ahead, let your hair down  
Sapphire and faded jeans, I hope you get your dreams,  
Just go ahead, let your hair down.Girl, put your records on, tell me your favourite song  
You go ahead, let your hair down  
Sapphire and faded jeans, I hope you get your dreams,  
Just go ahead, let your hair down.Oh, you're gonna find yourself somewhere, somehow

Songwriters

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