

# Young Man's Game

## The Doobie Brothers

Now there ain't no rules or regulations  
when you're playing rock'n'roll  
You got your backbeat in the driver's seat  
you're rollin' and it's out of control  
Now they say that it's a young man's game  
and that is who is fanning the flame  
But they seem to forget  
who shot the rocket out of the hole You got your young string slingers  
burnin' up and down the fretboard all day  
You got your metal on the darkside  
warnin' of the judgement day.  
But there's still a lot of guys on the road  
and they're knockin' down a backbeat, Lord  
We got thirty long years  
of bringing people rock'n'roll [Chorus]  
Rockin' music makes us whole  
it doesn't matter if you're young or old  
They love to hear on the radio  
it takes your troubles away  
I'll tell you what don't work for me  
that crazy ideology  
That says playin' that rock'n'roll  
is just a young man's game Now if you're playin' in a collesium  
or in a smoky old club  
Long as all the people rockin'  
there's a whole lotta shakin' going on  
When you're singin' in harmony  
and you're down on your bended knee  
Throw your guitar in the trunk  
and drive your Cadillac to the show. (Repeat Chorus) [Bridge] (Repeat Chorus) I'm hear to tell you it drives me  
insane  
to hear that rock'n'roll music's  
just a young man's game  
Drivin' in my car I'm tryin' to relax  
But those rock'n'roll critics goin' yak yak yak  
I'm here to tell you it drives me insane  
to hear that rock'n'roll music's  
just a young man's game  
Drivin' in my car I'm tryin' to relax

Have Mercy! Those critics talkin' yak yak yak!  
Lyrics submitted by Gerry Ashley

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