

Them Kids

Sam Roberts

No one feels more alone than
The children of a dying breed
You never feel at home when you're
Just another mouth to feed
I wanna live in geological time
Because I'm still in my biological prime
If nobody listens then who's gonna hear?
If nobody listens, will we disappear?
You flip a man a quarter
Playing songs on his guitar
You're on a street corner
Feeling like a patron of the arts
And now the kids don't know
How to dance to rock and roll
I said the kids don't know
How to dance to rock and roll
If nobody listens then who's gonna hear?
If nobody listens, will we disappear?
I just don't understand
Why the kids don't know
How to dance to rock and roll
I said the kids don't know
How to dance to rock and roll
They're always on the phone and
They always gotta have control
And now the kids don't know
How to dance to rock and roll
The golden years are under attack
(We're taking them back, we're taking them back)
The golden years are under attack
(We're taking them back, we're taking them back)
Looking for an original voice
But the beaten path leaves little choice
The melody that you thought you found
Reveals that she's been sleeping around
We were apostles, they were the high priests
We lived the hustle, the keepers of the back beat
We're under pressure to reconcile
Our point of view with contemporary style
It used to be that the kids were the ones
Who knew how to get off
It was a yell from the swamp
Now it's only coming out as a cough
I can't sell my songs so I'm
Gonna have to give them away
I can't sell myself since my hair
Started turning to gray
If nobody listens then who's gonna hear?
If nobody listens, will we disappear?
I just don't understand
Why the kids don't know
How to dance to rock and roll

I said the kids don't know
How to dance to rock and roll
The high priests are calling
All disciples back to the fold
Because the kids don't know
How to dance to rock and roll

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