Rococo

BÃ©la Fleck and the Flecktones

Let's go downtown and watch the modern kids,
Let's go downtown and talk to the modern kids,
They will eat right out of your hand,
Using great big words that they don't understand.
They say;
Rococo, Rococo, Rococo, Rococo.
Rococo, Rococo, Rococo, Rococo.
They build it up just to burn it back down,
They build it up just to burn it back down,
The wind is blowing all the ashes around,
Oh my dear God what is that horrible song.
They're singing;
Rococo, Rococo, Rococo, Rococo.
Rococo, Rococo, Rococo, Rococo.
Rococo, Rococo, Rococo, Rococo.
Rococo, Rococo, Rococo, Rococo.

Rococo, Rococo!
Rococo!
They seem wild but they are so tame,
They seem wild but they are so tame,
They're moving towards you with their colors all the same,
They want to own you but they don't know what game they're playing.
Rococo, Rococo, Rococo, Rococo.
Rococo!
Rococo!
(Rococo)
Rococo!
Rococo!
(Rococo!)
Rococo!

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