

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 backbeat
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 'em away
I can't sell myself since my hair started turning to grey

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