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Ow
Oh yeah, get up
Ow! (Yeah)
Ow! Ow!
Well, they say it's kinda frightnin'
How this younger generation swings
You know it's more than just some new sensation
Well, the kid is into losin' sleep
And he don't come home for half the week
You know it's more than just an aggravation
And the cradle will rock
Yes the cradle, cradle will rock
And I say rock on. Uh! Rock on
And when some local kid gets down
They try an' drum him outta town
They say, "Ya coulda least faked it, boy"
Fake it, boy (Ooh, stranger, boy)
At an early age he hits the street
Winds up tired with who he meets
An' he's unemployed (Unemployed?) Ow!
And the cradle will rock. Ow!
And the cradle, the cradle will rock
An' I say rock on. Oh, say, rock on
Have you seen Junior's grades?
Ooh
Ow!
And when some local kid gets down
They try an' drum him outta town
They say, "Ya could've least faked it, boy. Faked it, boy"
And so an early age he hits the street
'N winds up tired with who he meets
An' he's unemployed. His folks are overjoyed
And the cradle will rock
Yes the cradle, cradle will rock
I say rock on. Hey! Rock on
Rock on. Rock on. Rock on
This ain't never been new, babe, child. Ow!
Rock on, wow! I said...
Rock on. Rock on. Oh, oh, oh
Rock on. Oh, ow, ah, ah, ah
Rock on. Rock on
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