

Ben Folds, Rockin

Let me tell y'all what it's like
Watching "Idol" on a Friday night
In a house built safe and sound
on Indian burial grounds
Sham on

We drive our cars everyday
To and from work both ways
So we make just enough to pay
To drive our cars to work each day
Hey, hey

We're rockin' the suburbs
Around the block just one more time
We're rockin' the suburbs
'Cause I can't tell which house is mine

We're rockin' the suburbs
We part the shades and face the facts
They've got better-lookin' fescue
Right across the cul-de-sac

Hot real-estate rising stars
Get-rich-quick seminars
Soap opera magazines
Forty-thousand-watt nativity scenes

Don't freak about the smoke alarm
Mom left the TV dinner on

We're rockin' the suburbs
From ?? to Chevy Chase
We're rockin' the suburbs
Numb the muscles in our face

We're rockin' the suburbs
We feed the dog and mow the lawn
Watching Mommy bounce the checks
While Daddy juggles credit cards

[[[William Shatner]] talking:]

"Hi! Sorry to bother you. The name's Bill; I live just across the street. Yeah, that's right just over the
Oh, and here's all your papers from the last few days. They were just piling up on the driveway when

We're rockin' the suburbs
Everything we need is here
We're rockin' the suburbs
But it wasn't here last year
We're rockin' the suburbs
You'll never know when we are gone
Because the timer lights the front
And turns the cricket noises on
Each night

Yeah, yeah
We're rockin' the suburbs
Yeah, yeah
We're rockin' the suburbs