

Dramarama, Classic Rot

What are they doing here?
Something so familiar to my ears

Well they move like ancient science fiction on
the vacuum screen
And they sing of love and loneliness and
different shades of green

Drownin in a lake of tears
Seems like they've been doing it for years
Ringing in my ears

Bob ba da bop ba da ba da
Bob ba da bop ba da ba da
Bob ba da bop ba da ba da

Well we listen on in silence, memorizing line and verse
Though the poetry is awful and the imagery is worse
Doesn't it seem absurd?
Little children learning every single word

And they mimic words and phrases of a
hundred years ago
and observe a moments silence for the guy who
wrote Hey Joe
Matthew said it best at Janes
Though the maidens gone, her innocence remains
We sing on in chains

Bob ba da bop ba da ba da
Bob ba da bop ba da ba da
Bob ba da bop ba da ba da
Bob ba da bop ba da ba da
Bob ba da bop ba da ba da
Bob ba da bop ba da ba da
Bob ba da bop ba da ba da

Well I'm laughing at the waitress and they're
starving in the street
And they're charging more for wonder and
they're burning fields of wheat

Am I crazy, was it really only 20 years ago?
Or more or less, I'm not so sure
Raised on Classic Rock

Bob ba da bop ba da ba da
Bob ba da bop ba da ba da
Bob ba da bop ba da ba da
Bob ba da bop ba da ba da
Bob ba da bop ba da ba da
Bob ba da bop ba da ba da
Bob ba da bop ba da ba da