

Kecak, Buddy Holly Glasses

Ba Da Da Da Da! Da Da Da

Music like fine wine, baby
It only gets better with age
Back issues of Rolling Stone
I'm ripping out all the pages

'Cause it's all been done before by now
If it gets better I don't know how
What's the sense in even trying
Call it 'good' but you know they're lying

I guess that this is it, my friends
It comes full-circle in the end
Look in the mirror what do I see
Lou Reed circa 1973

I got the denim pants and jacket
Moptop haircut - so attractive
The past repeats until it passes
All I ask is that you please don't make fun of my Buddy Holly glasses

The kids are alright now, baby
Right now with no yesterdays
Keep up appearances now
It's a hell of a job, but it pays

To know what was a hit before
Who says you can't cash-in once more
Cynical and calculated
Your brand-new sound's already dated

Hey Hey Hey
That's what I say

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