

# Lemon Demon, Samuel And Rosella

Samuel and Rosella,  
Both were eighty-two years old.  
Sharing an umbrella,  
Slowly down the street they strolled.

And all around the world was changing  
In a manner of ways ranging.  
From dialect to fashion,  
The state of affairs,  
Absolutely clashin' with  
The world that was theirs.

I don't understand  
These kids today, said Rose.  
Yeah, responded Sam,  
Take a look at this boy's clothes.

The young man exiting Hot Topic  
Made them feel so misanthropic.  
Samuel and Rosella  
Didn't like the way he dressed.  
They closed their umbrella  
And they rammed it through his chest.

Samuel and Rosella,  
They hate your generation  
With such determination.  
Samuel and Rosella,  
They are disgusted, knowing  
How wrong this world is going,  
A fact they don't mind showing.  
In fact right now they're blowing up the local mall.  
And off they hobble, drunk on Geritol.

Now after being  
In love for sixty years,  
They were both agreeing  
That the end was drawing near.

So, why not cause a little trouble?  
Who'd suspect a sweet old couple?  
Rose was always saying,  
That kid's gotta go.  
Samuel was obeying,  
Never saying no.

Sam was a disaster,  
When she smiled his heart still flipped.  
Who'd imagine after  
Sixty years he'd still be whipped?

But nonetheless she loved him dearly.  
They'd hold hands while cavalierly  
Burning baggy jeans  
In the middle of a shop,  
Or killing silly teens  
For listening to the hippedy hop.

Samuel and Rosella,  
They hate your generation  
And music video station.  
Samuel and Rosella,  
They are disgusted, knowing  
How wrong this world is going,

A fact they don't mind showing.  
In fact right now they're blowing up the local mall.  
And off they hobble, drunk on Geritol.  
Off they hobble, drunk on Geritol.

These kids today, with their sleepy expressions  
And their Satanic tattoos  
And their running around in the arcade parlors  
And their shiny gold blam blam or whatever they call it  
And their dangerous skateboards  
And their Chef Boyardees  
And their dang-fangled computer machines teaching them how to make bombs  
And their iFrogs or whatever they call it  
And their automobiles with the wheels that look like they're still spinning when they stop  
And their trenchcoats  
And their colorful tee-shirts with the Marxist propaganda on them  
And their thong sandals  
And their Britney Spears's husbands  
And their powdered wigs  
And their peg legs with decals on em  
And their low-carb diets  
And their Rockin' the Vote  
And their collectible bottle caps  
And their tiny little cameras inside the tiny little portable telephones  
And their For Shizzle McFizzley Ding Dong Dizzle Snoopy Dog language  
And their general disrespect towards their elders,  
Well they can burn in hell, I say, every last one of them!

Samuel and Rosella,  
They hate your generation  
With such determination.  
Samuel and Rosella,  
They are disgusted, knowing  
How wrong this world is going,  
A fact they don't mind showing.  
In fact right now they're blowing up the local mall.  
And off they hobble, drunk on Geritol.  
(Off they hobble, drunk on Geritol.)  
Off they hobble, drunk on Geritol.