

# Sam Roberts, Them Kids

No one feels more alone than the children of a dying breed  
You never feel at home when you're just another mouth to feed  
I wanna live in geological time  
Because I'm still in my biological prime

If nobody listens, then who's gonna hear?  
If nobody listens, will we disappear?

You flip a man a quarter playing songs on his guitar  
You're on a street corner, feeling like a patron of the arts  
And now the kids don't know how to dance to rock and roll  
I said the kids don't know how to dance to rock and roll

If nobody listens, then who's gonna hear?  
If nobody listens, will we disappear?

I just don't understand why the kids don't know how to dance to rock and roll  
I said the kids don't know how to dance to rock and roll  
They're always on the phone and they always gotta have control  
And now the kids don't know how to dance to rock and roll

The golden years are under attack (we're taking them back, we're taking them back)  
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Looking for an original voice  
But the beaten path leaves little choice  
The melody that you thought you found  
Reveals that she's been sleeping around

We were apostles  
They were the high priests  
We lived the hustle  
The keepers of the backbeat

We're under pressure to reconcile  
Our point of view with contemporary style

It used to be that the kids were the ones who knew how to get off  
It was a yell from the swamp, now it's only coming out as a cough  
I can't sell my songs so I'm gonna have to give them away  
I can't sell myself since my hair started turning to grey

If nobody listens, then who's gonna hear?  
If nobody listens, will we disappear?

I just don't understand why the kids don't know how to dance to rock and roll  
I said the kids don't know how to dance to rock and roll  
The high priests are calling all disciples back to the fold  
Because the kids don't know how to dance to rock and roll