

The Beltones, Lock And Load

Well it seems the kids ain't alright
They must have gotten lost in the translation
Something strange going on tonight
So unfamiliar it's nearly depressing

Don't worry yourself sick about it son
The roof's caving in, there's work to be done
So grab your coat and hat and don't forget your daddy's gun

Now it's another day another dime
Another pool of sweat in the broil station
Nothing seems to ever turn out right
No spring break or summer vacation

Don't worry yourself sick about it son
The roof's caving in, there's work to be done
So grab your coat and hat and don't forget your daddy's gun