

Ultimate Fakebook, Real Drums

I bought your record, and I fell crestfallen
By the borrowed blisters of an old time zone
'cause I remember when the backbeat wasn't programmed in
and heroes were still human and messed up

CHORUS

'cause they rocked on real drums (twice)
don't let this carry on, dear son
Real drums forever...

I guess I can't say much, 'cause you got me dancin'
But if this ain't new disco, it sure as hell comes
close
And I'll smile if you win, but now you've got me
wondering
if this means you're inspired or washed up