

## Lemon Demon "Samuel And Rosella"

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Samuel and Rosella  
both were 82 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 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 60 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"  
and Samuel was obeying  
never saying no

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

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 the 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

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