

Phonte

"The Fifties Sound"

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They say the fifties are comin again!
Get out my bobby socks and run to the gym!
The fifties band has got them out on the floor -
Hey wait! I been through this nightmare before!
Those olden days were not so golden you know
Girls who got in trouble, they had nowhere to go
Couldn't take their lives into their own hands
Spent their time a swoonin over rock n roll bands
In those days colored people knew their place
Didn't try to barge into the human race
But Elvis and the others picked up all their cues
And made a million dollars singing white boy blues
Whoa Whoa - whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa
They're dancing to what oppressed us 20 years ago.
Girls wore thick makeup, boys wore thick grease
If you didn't have a steady, you were never at east
Swearin and sex, they were mortal sins -
Why the hell you think we brought the sixties in?
Everybody looked and thought and talked the same
And learned all of the details of the dating game
Boys, they were lettermen or else they were queer
If they were small or shy they lived in constant fear
Chorus
Think of all the folks who miss the fifties sound
The millionaires whose profits have been going down
For the ku klux klan, those were the good ole' days
And back then, women really knew their place
Administrators missed the days when students obeyed
Didn't meddle in the world the grownups had made
The Pentagon's nostalgic for the days of yore
When every kid would rush to join their latest war!
So all you kids soakin up the scene
Sorry to break in on your American dream
But we lived through it and it ain't no fun:
No one's gonna take back what we won!
Chorus
Teen angel, teen angel, rest in pieces!
Words and music by Kristin Lems c MCMLXXXIII Kleine
Ding Music (BMI)

