

Young Man's Game

The Doobie Brothers

Now there ain't no rules or regulations
when you're playing rock'n'roll
You got your backbeat in the driver's seat
you're rollin' and it's out of control
Now they say that it's a young man's game
and that is who is fanning the flame
But they seem to forget
who shot the rocket out of the hole

You got your young string slingers
burnin' up and down the fretboard all day
You got your metal on the darkside
warnin' of the judgement day.
But there's still a lot of guys on the road
and they're knockin' down a backbeat, Lord
We got thirty long years
of bringing people rock'n'roll

Rockin' music makes us whole
it doesn't matter if you're young or old
They love to hear on the radio
it takes your troubles away
I'll tell you what don't work for me
that crazy ideology
That says playin' that rock'n'roll
is just a young man's game

Now if you're playin' in a collesium
or in a smoky old club
Long as all the people rockin'
there's a whole lotta shakin' going on
When you're singin' in harmony
and you're down on your bended knee
Throw your guitar in the trunk
and drive your Cadillac to the show.

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I'm hear to tell you it drives me insane
to hear that rock'n'roll music's
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Drivin' in my car I'm tryin' to relax
But those rock'n'roll critics goin' yak yak yak
I'm here to tell you it drives me insane
to hear that rock'n'roll music's
just a young man's game
Drivin' in my car I'm tryin' to relax
Have Mercy! Those critics talkin' yak yak yak!