

Samuel And Rosella

Lemon Demon

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
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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.

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(off they hobble, drunk on Geritol)
Off they hobble, drunk on Geritol