

Folk of the 80's

Men Without Hats

Folk of the 80's
Well you can change your mind- it'll change your life
You're going crazy
It's not you don't want to work
It's just that you're lazy
And you can change your life- it'll change your mind
It's amazing in the folk of the 80's

And the folk of the 80's, is the folk of the city
Folk of the country is the folk of the 60's
And don't grow a beard- they'll call you a hippie

I wear a construction, lumber jacket and shirt
And I don't really like it, but hey, that seems to work
And all of my friends now, it's the uniform of the day
And I can't get away now, so I just want to say

That the folk of the 80's, is the folk of the city
Folk of the country is the folk of the 60's
And don't cut your hair they'll call you a hippie

I could sing of the trees
I could sing of buttons and bees
Others cry
Oh why should I
And bombs are falling

What happened to Tony?
He dug a hole in the ground
When no one was looking
It took him years to be found
Now, he's making a living
Selling parachutes door to door
You might never need one
But then again, there always a war

Because and the folk of the 80's, is the folk of the city
Folk of the country is the folk of the 60's
And don't cut your beard they'll call you a hippie

I could sing of the trees
I could sing of buttons and bees
Others cry
Oh why should I
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The folk of the 80's, is the folk of the cities
Folk of the country is the folk of the 60's
And don't grow a beard they'll call you a hippie
I could sing of the trees
I could sing of buttons and bees
Others cry
Oh why should I
And bombs are falling
I could sing of the trees
I could sing of birds, love and peace
Others cry

Oh why should I
And bombs are falling
And bombs explode!