Your Mama don't dance and your Daddy don't rock and roll Your Mama don't dance and your Daddy don't rock and roll But when evening comes around and it's time to hit the town Where do you go--You gotta rock it

The old folks say that
You gotta end your date by ten
But if you're out on a date
Don't you bring her home late cause it's a sin
You know there's no excuse,
You know you're gonna lose, you never win
I'll say it again
And it's all because

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Everyone gather round let me tell you all about it
You see I pulled into a drive-in and I found a place to park
We hopped into the backseat where it's always nice and dark
We're just about to move thinking "Bret, this is a breeze"
There's a light in my eye and a guy says
"Out of the car, long hair!"

Oowee--you're coming with me Said the local police

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Your Mama don't dance, no She just don't dance, no Your Mama don't dance and your Daddy don't rock and roll Ah, yeah