

Hip Hop Kids

Portugal. The Man

I went out to take a walk with my baby daughter.
Brought her coat from Paris; that one I bought her.
And we brought some bread to feed the swans,
But they were already gone, they were already gone.

Ya ya the punks are tough
But those rock and rollers
All the hip hop kids
Think we give a shit, well
We don't, we don't, we don't.
We don't, we don't, we don't.

I'm your mother's son, that fucking holy roller
And I just stand still
Watch the world grow colder
And I can't change, I can't change.

Ya ya the punks are tough
But those rock and rollers
All the hip hop kids
Think we give a shit, well
We don't, we don't, we don't.
We don't, we don't, we don't.

And I got work to do when
I'll play with your head in your hands
I'll just lay with my head in my hands.

I'm not afraid to die.
Don't care if I get older.
Cry, cry, no I don't cry,
I just take it over.
I just take it over.

You love those rock and rollers.
You love those rock and rollers.