

The Kids Of Today (don't Understand The Blues)

Tony Martin

What's this, I can't tell
The kind of music that makes me mad
I don't want it, not this
I can't stand it, get it off my deck
I don't need this sound
I don't like it playing in my car
I can't drive with this
It's not gonna take me very far

Tuned down, turned up
Flashed out on a Marshall stack
I survived on stuff like that

Fast songs, fast life
Fast women never slowed me down
Boy bands, girl bands
Mass creation for a tired land

Tuned down, turned up
Flashed out on a Marshall stack
I survived on stuff like that

The kids of today they don't understand
The kids of today they don't understand
The kids of today they don't understand
They don't understand the blues

Beat bop, hip hop, r 'n' b and all that jazz
Fake world, take mine
Those who haven't, and those who have

Tuned down, turned up
Flashed out on a Marshall stack
I survived on stuff like that

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They don't understand