

Pop Is Dead

The Knack

I wonder what they'll say years from now
Who'll understand it all anyhow
Art straight from the heart
Piercing the gloom
On the walls of a tomb

Hey pop is dead
Bring your shovel
Hey pop is dead
Bust your bubble
Hey pop is dead
Please don't trouble me
Not while I'm watching tv

I listened for the sound of the truth
It glistened on the young wasted youth
Bright vision of light
Tossed on the floor
'til it shimmered no more

Hey pop is dead
Bring your shovel
Hey pop is dead
Bust your bubble
Hey pop is dead
Please don't trouble me
Not while I'm watching tv

Feel me
Peel me
Punch me
Steal me

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