

I grew up watching videos
Of Dylan and the Rolling Stones
Ten thousand lighters lit up the black
Dreaming big and blowing smoke
Trying to live like we heard on the radio
But didn't dream the world could change so fast

I still read that King James Bible
And think a song sounds better on vinyl
You say I'm an old soul
But what's so wrong with that
Years fly by and Levi's fade
I know that I can't stop the change
In a crowd full of cell-phone lights
I guess I'm still a BiC-flame guy

I still believe you can fall in love
And when it's real you don't give up
And God's the only one who's fit to judge
I ain't afraid to speak my mind
Been known to work some overtime
And I know I can't be the only one

I still read that King James Bible
And think a song sounds better on vinyl
You say I'm an old soul
But what's so wrong with that
Years fly by and Levi's fade
I know that I can't stop the change
In a crowd full of cell-phone lights
I guess I'm still a BiC-flame guy

I still read that King James Bible
And spend my Sundays on a motorcycle
You say I'm an old soul
But what's so wrong with that
Years fly by and Levi's fade
I know that I can't stop the change
Well, the world can go do its thing, I'll do mine
In a crowd full of cell-phone lights
I guess I'm still a BiC-flame guy
A BiC-flame guy