

Wouldn't you say?
There is something wrong with kids today
They leave on their hats
While they're digging that be-bop jazz
They pout their lips and shrug
All they want to do is jitterbug
Isn't it so?
We're juvenile delinquent wrecks, I know
With our Heavy Metal comic books
And our rock'n'roll
We wear red leatherette
We'll be burning churches next

But I don't want to date the hat check girl
And I don't need to raze the suburbs
But, how am I going to get the girl
If I don't bitch and fuss?
And rage against, rage against, rage against, rage against
Something, anything

What is this noise?
And how are we to tell the girls from boys?
With their safety pins and nihilism and body art
To rise above what?
They're doing the Double Lindy Hop
Oh and I know, I know
The Modern World is not so bad, oh I know
We've got amplified guitars
For playing those whorehouse chords
Come down to the 54
And find your spot out on the floor
Dig it

But I don't want to date the hat check girl
And I don't need to raze the suburbs
But, how am I going to get ahead
If I don't bitch and fuss?
And rage against, rage against, rage against, rage against
Something, anything

How can you say?
There is nothing wrong with kids today
We got post ironic ennui
Queens Of The Stone Age
I love your Vivienne Westwood shirt
Why won't you let me wear it?