Don your best Bib and Tucker and go cut a rug.
Start billing and cooing. Begin with a hug.
Hot rods and Jalopies are things of the past.
Holy Moly, and Jeppers just didn’t last.

Pageboys and Beehives gave way to Afros
And wherever they’ve gone nobody knows.
Shoes that had saddles and skirts that had poodles
Were worn by teenagers with brains we called noodles.

Skate keys and stilts were not banned in Boston
And now we have Rock and Hip-Hop in Austin.
Fiddlesticks and Cooties forever are gone.
They’re memories Old Fogies will always dwell on.

From child to teenager and then to adult
We’re older and wiser, but who will consult
A person who’s learned from mistakes of the past
Who can hardly believe that the years went so fast.

Heavens to Betsy, Gloriosky Zero.
Kilroy was here, but where did he go?
Pshaw, he’s gone where all memories depart
Treasured and kept in each aging heart.

We had radio shows like Amos and Andy
And Fibber McGee who was never handy
We had Benny and Hope, Tonto and Lone Ranger
And Terry fought Pirates in sagas of danger.

The Shadow went where few would dare go.
Only he knew what our young minds didn’t know.
Tarzan ruled the jungle and swung from the trees
Taught by a monkey who often would tease.

Resting awhile from their laundry on Monday
Moms thrilled to the trials of Our Gal Sunday
Or imagined the loves of dear Helen Trent
Until their whole hour of leisure was spent.

Obedience and trust were the trends of the day.
Political Correctness was still years away.
We’ve altered the meaning of words we could say.
No longer can we define happy as gay.

Gone are those days of innocent fun
When all played the game but just one side won.
And, sadly, the Races can no longer blend.
Our foes still despise us and we’re losing our friends.

Our country is weaker at home and abroad
And maybe the reason is that we’ve ignored God.
As respect for His word we pillage and plunder
Since we aren’t under God, we’re a nation gone under.