

(sm May 1969)

Youth

They used to rock and roll  
But now they rock the boat  
For whom the bell may toll  
It tells for the elder goat

Offspring have us by the throat  
Authority, for blight and bloat,  
Is scorned, feathered, tarred  
Growing bald, wrinkle-scarred

Vacate the seat of power  
Surrender the cushy berth  
We're at the wretched hour  
When youth inherits Earth

Flower children love each other  
But spit on Mr. Whistler's mother  
Kick Lord Russell, kill Big Brother

Let junior take a trip or get a fix on  
At least he won't grow up a Richard Nixon.