Little Rockers

Painted faces on thirteen-year-old’s

They’re so young to try to be so cold

They hate their parents

And they hate their school

Fast cars and rock and roll rule

Little rockers, yes they are

Little rockers, would be stars

Little rockers, yes they are

Little rockers

Hanging out at the stop and go

Dreamin’ of the rock and roll show

Painted on your tight blue jeans

Too young to really make the scene

Little rockers, yes they are

Little rockers, would be stars

Little rockers, yes they are

Little rockers

They got spiked hair and spiked heels

Armor for a world that doesn’t feel

They got black shirts and leather jackets

The radio’s loud, so nothing matters

Little rockers, yes they are

Little rockers, would be stars

Little rockers, yes they are

Little rockers

Little rockers, yes they are

Little rockers, would be stars

Little rockers, yes they are

Little rockers

Little rockers

Little rockers

You’re just a baby doll

You think you seen it all

Your heart beet

Is like a drum beet

Your heart beet

Is like a mean street

You still hear the sound

When there’s no one else around

Little rockers, yes they are

Little rockers, would be stars

Little rockers, yes they are

Little rockers