Teenage Idol

He was American Bandstand

By John T. Wurzer

He was a teenage idol; who made teenage idols

Everyone was a fan. He was American Bandstand

He was a game show hoster, a pyramid scheme toaster.

He had the perfect tan, he was American Bandstand

He was a rockin’ New Year; he was the voice of yesteryear

He was a teenage middle-aged man, he was American Bandstand

You gotta jump, shout, and boogie to the top of that pyramid

You gotta watch the crystal ball, fall, in awe of everything that he did

He was the ageless one, America’s son; he had a good long run,

He was a helluva man.

He was American Bandstand.

He was American Music; no one could refuse it

His hourglass out of sand. He was American Bandstand

He was a teenage idol; who made teenage idols

He was American Bandstand