

# 'Don't Tell Me How to Live'—My Three GOATs



by Roger L. Simon

I went to see Kid Rock at Nashville's Bridgestone Arena over the weekend—the first concert I've attended since I don't know when. (I was expecting to be the oldest person in the audience.)

I'm a huge KR fan—note that I have chosen one of his many hits for my title. It should be a mantra for everybody, and I imagine he intended it that way.

I love people who swim against the tide and win. Two of my biggest heroes these days are Kid Rock (né Robert James Richie) and Novak Djokovic.

Mr. Djokovic, that unvaccinated rascal now playing for his eighth Wimbledon title after breaking the Grand Slam record at

23, is finally acknowledged even by his detractors as the GOAT (greatest of all time) in tennis.

Much as we might like to, we can't say the same of Kid Rock because it would be absurd to name a GOAT in music that ranges from Bach to Chuck Berry, even if the man does a great job at everything from "country" to "hip-hop."

But these days, I would submit that we might award a temporary GOAT in cable news to my third hero (actually a friend, so factor that in), Tucker Carlson.

Tucker, as is well known, was recently dropped from Fox News because he was, as Hitchcock would have put it, "The Man Who Knew Too Much"—at least in the Murdochs' eyes, though not in most of ours, quite the contrary.

Undeterred, Mr. Carlson has found his way to his humongous audience via Twitter and now through a Rumble interview with Russell Brand.

That interview contained a tidbit (well, maybe more than that; maybe a smoking gun), regarding the events of Jan. 6, 2021:

"I interviewed the chief of the Capitol Police, Steven Sund, in an interview that was never aired on Fox. By the way, I was fired before it could air; I'm gonna interview him again," Mr. Carlson said.

"'But Steven Sund was totally non-political, worked for Nancy Pelosi, I mean, this was not some right-wing activist. He was the chief of Capitol Police on January 6, and he said, 'Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, that crowd was filled with federal agents.' What? 'Yes.' Well, he would know, of course, because he was in charge of security at the site," he added.

"So, the more time has passed—now, it's been two and a half years—it becomes really obvious that core claims they made about January 6 were lies."

Oh, were they ever!

I think we are all waiting with the proverbial bated breath for that second interview with Mr. Sund.

I also await with bated breath Mr. Djokovic's potential Wimbledon final with the brilliant young Spaniard Carlos Alcaraz as much as I did the Kid Rock concert.

That's called having a good life—while Rome burns. We should all do it. We need heroes, especially now, even if they often have feet of clay, to inspire us to keep fighting.

I know these three men have inspired me as much as Athos, Porthos, and D'Artagnan did when I was a boy.

As for Kid Rock, he was in a word, spectacular, easily among the greatest live performers I have ever seen and that includes Jerry Lewis, Chuck Berry, John Coltrane, and so forth from my youth.

The 20,000-capacity Bridgestone Arena was packed. And as it turned out, I was far from the oldest person in the audience, which was mostly 40 and up.

It was also an extraordinarily patriotic event with some words, via video, from Kid Rock fan Donald J. Trump.

Among dozens of songs during the two-plus hours of non-stop music in which he played, danced, and sang on and with, by my count, six different instruments in multiple genres, Kid Rock performed both "Don't Tell Me How to Live" and "We the People."

I imagine virtually everyone reading this could guess 90 percent of the people whose images—those who have been telling us how to live—were projected during those songs.

If you have any chance to see the "Kid Rock: No Snowflakes Summer Concert" at one of the two remaining cities—Detroit and

Youngstown, Ohio—don't miss it.

Yes, Virginia, we have a culture (just not enough).

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