

AC/DC, School Days

Up in the morning and out to school
The teacher is teaching the golden rule
American history and practical maths
Study hard, hoping to pass
Working your fingers right down to the bone
The guy behind you won't leave you alone

Ring ring goes the bell
The cook in the kitchen is ready to sell
But you'll be lucky to find your seat
You're fortunate if you got time to eat
Back in the classroom, open your books
The teacher don't know how mean she looks

Hail, Hail rock 'n' roll, Hail, Hail rock 'n' roll
Hail, Hail rock 'n' roll, Hail, Hail rock 'n' roll
Hail, Hail rock 'n' roll, Hail, Hail rock 'n' roll

Soon as 3 o'clock goes around
You finally lay your burden down
Throw down your books and outta of your seat
You go down the hallway and into the street
And you're trying to forget just where you been
You find a juke joint, you go in

You drop the coin right into the slot
You gotta hear something that's really hot
With the one you love you're making romance
All day long they wanted to dance
And you feel the music from head to toe
As round and round and round we go

Long live rock 'n' roll, Long live rock 'n' roll
Long live rock 'n' roll, Long live rock 'n' roll
Long live rock 'n' roll, Long live rock 'n' roll

Rock, Rock, Rock 'n' roll, Rock, Rock, Rock 'n' roll
Rock, Rock, Rock 'n' roll, Rock, Rock, Rock 'n' roll
Rock, Rock, Rock 'n' roll, Rock, Rock, Rock 'n' roll

Rock, Rock, Rock 'n' roll, Rock, Rock, Rock 'n' roll
Rock, Rock, Rock 'n' roll, Rock, Rock, Rock 'n' roll
Rock, Rock, Rock 'n' roll, Rock, Rock, Rock 'n' roll