

# Clifford T. Ward, No More Rock 'n' Roll

She gets up every morning at six o'clock  
Feeds the baby, makes the breakfast, gets the kids off to school  
And her husband's always late for work  
No time to tell her she's still beautiful.  
Is this the dream she used to dream?  
It's not the way it used to seem  
She's a housewife and her work's cut out  
No more dancin', no more romance and  
No more Rock 'n' Roll.

Every day seems much the same to her  
Little time to put her feet up or to answer the door  
But she's learnt how to cope and be thankful for her lot  
And she handles it with care as her mother did before.  
By all accounts she has arrived  
To feel her age at twenty five  
She's a housewife and her work's cut out  
No more dancin', no more romance and  
No more Rock 'n' Roll.

Sometimes she lets herself get carried away  
Dreams of a love affair - to brighten up her day.

She's a housewife and her life's cut out  
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