

# Lard, 70's Rock Must Die

I was cruisin' in a car  
Down Melrose Boulevard  
When I stopped all the traffic  
I was laughin' so hard  
Standin' on the corner  
Was this rock n roll dude  
In leather pants thinkin' he was cool  
He had the jacket  
He had the shades  
Farrah Fawcett hair  
Or was that a wig  
Face like a turtle  
Trying in vain to look stoned  
You could tell he'd been practicing  
At home in the mirror  
He'd probably been posing like that all day  
Didn't matter that is was a hundred degrees  
In the shade

Well c'mawn, well c'mawn  
Seventies rock must die  
Well c'mawn, well c'mawn  
Seventies rock must die

Bogus bands, plastic rock stars  
Stupid clothes and the worst made cars  
Country rock making us all sick  
While John Travolta wags his double-knit prick

Being a teen back than  
Man, it was a drag  
Bicentennial and no one burned the flag  
You think we live in pretty desperate times  
When people wanna go back to nineteen seventy five  
My Saturday Night Fever fantasy  
Lock the Bee Gees in a Pinto  
And ram it from the rear  
Burn, baby

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Suck my ego, pay to play  
Got nothing more to say  
As we sell you a stairway to boredom

Look around at the hip people  
Set in their ways  
Reaching back to the things they used to say they hate  
Young old brats playing fossil rock  
Pistols reunions pass for rebellion

Radio and TV gettin' to damn bland  
With collegiate boy Neil Young copy bands  
Underground's becoming an alternative joke  
Even Aerosmith hates all the Aerosmith clones  
I know they don't make 'em like the Son of Sam  
But even punks wanna go back to seventy seven

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