

Saxon, Solid Ball Of Rock

One night in Louisiana
Down by Highway 84
You would hear a strange dog calling
Outside his mama's door
The baby was a killer
The cousin was a priest
The baby upped and said
I play the music of the beast
The devil in concordia
Looked down and waved his hands
The boy with jack-hawk eyes
Became the leader of the band
The connoseur of rhythm
Rock and roll and swing
But when it comes to boogie
You know that he's the king

Solid ball of rock (*)
Solid ball of rock
Solid ball of rock
Crashing out of the sky
Shakin' all over
But he don't know why

The devil went to Memphis
As he flew into the sun
Howled about redemption
With a bible and a gun
The preacher beat his chest
And cried: "Set my people free"
The killer said: "I drag you
To the gates of hell with me

Repeat (*)

The killer he was born again
He saw the gates of hell
The preacher found redemption
In a Jacksonville motel
Devil take the hindmost
They're running out of breath
They're gonna have a reckon
With the chilling hand of death

Repeat * two times