

WASP, Rock And Roll To Death

Thunder pounding my brains in
A six string rock and roll razor
Nobody's gonna save me
The whole world drives me crazy
I hate work, I hate school
I got a case of the rock's dead blues

Friday night I'll be raging
Midnight gonna be wasted
Friday I'm raising
Hell, I'm gonna be wasted
Time to party, raise a glass
Tell everybody to kiss my ass

Let me go- dead or rock, dead or rock
Dead or rock, dead or rock
If rock and roll dies
I'll take my last breath
Rock and roll to death

Dead or rock, dead or rock, dead or rock
Pass the bullets please, dead or rock
Find me a grave, help me dig it
If rock's dead then bury me with it

Dead or rock, dead or rock, dead or rock
Pass the bullets please, dead or rock
To death do us part to my last breath
Gimme rock or gimme death