

Black River, Black'n'roll

I'm leaving that place, my home is where my music goes
I'm letting all the women go, I let them grow old
I let them remember the touch and the thrill
I let them curse, let them hm.. hm... , I let them feel

Fill up tank and hit the gas
Gotta find a new place fast
Searching for another shack
Gotta get my guitar back

Where's my next stop, where's a rest
Kind of tricky concert test
All I wanted, all I have
Gotta make our couch a mess

I loving the place, I'm getting all my bags unpacked
I'm closing the door, I really wanna make a call
I let myself miss, I let myself imagine
The world without music, sorry but I can't get it

Fill up tank and hit the gas
Take me home ,and take me fast
Give me money and rock'n'roll
Fuck the wrinkles, fuck this all

Know the next stop, it's our home
Someone's sitting in our throne
Let him rule but let us know
Fuck the Rock and fuck the Roll

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