

Chuck Berry, Rock Cradle Rock

I was born under the sign of Libra
October, eighteen, seven o'clock
I must have had it bad, 'cause in the cradle I had
My mother said, before noon I was trying to rock
My mother said, before noon I was trying to rock

For years I tried to make A grades
To satisfy my Mom and Pop
In music I'm boss, but in Math, I was lost
I guess my head was full of nothing but rock
I guess my head was full of nothing but rock

Hear they're swinging the Fox Trot at the hotel
Hear the country picking 'round the clock
Pick up some sounds of the jazz around
But if you dig what you hear, you dig rock
Ah, if you dig what you hear, you dig rock

The thing I'm gon' tell my dick jock
So he can sock it to me 'round the clock
Spend an hour of Bach in his original rock
And if you dig what he's playing, you dig rock
And if you dig what he's playing, you dig rock