

# Cozy Powell, Na Na Na

Na na na na

When I was a kid my old man said to me  
When you grow up son what cha gonna be?  
You gonna go to school and get a degree?  
Or you gonna go to work in a factory?

I said

Na na na na

I know what I want and I know what I can  
And I wanna get a job in a rock'n roll band.

Well

the man at the desk said

I know how you feel.

But how d'ya like a job fixing automobiles  
Your card says you got no musical training

I said hey

look man

you just don't get my meaning.

I don't wanna be no guitar star

And the man on the piano works too damn hard.

And the bass man he don't cop for no glamour

I wanna be the man with the fifty pound hammer going.

Na na na na

I know you get your kicks

Playing Hendrix licks

You're a wizard of Wembley Central

You're the J. S. Bach of Belsize park

And me I'm just plain mental.

But when I play my boogie

when I play my blues

It's like a whole tank regiment on the move

You can play the notes and you can tell the story

Me I'll just settle for the power and the qlory.

Na na na na