

Forgotten Rebels, Rock And Roll's A Hard Life

So many years ago my name was something you couldn't face to know.
Until you heard it that one night behind the mask we call rock and roll.
Stage after stage my attitudes and memories changed.
Your values differed are now rearranged.
Another book, a brand new page.
More mountains left to climb.
Many tunnels made of time.
But rock and roll, rock and roll keeps rolling on.
Rock and roll is a hard life.
Baby, it's so hard.
So many things we've done.
Some were right, some were wrong.
Rock and roll is a hard life.
So many things died off from childhood.
Some so bad, some so good.
It makes me really wonder why.
A million directions I had to try.
More mountains left to climb.
Many tunnels made of time.
Feeling lonely in a crowd.
Playing rock and roll so loud.
The louder they rock the harder they fall.
We still see out names spray painted on the walls.