

# Kim Mitchell, Diary For Rock 'N' Roll Men

there's a diary for rock 'n' roll men  
you catch'em as they free their minds  
from one crowded street to another  
from one hog town to the next  
they'll tell you why the world stands on end  
why music is the luck of friends

from any state to any province  
there's a diary for rock 'n' roll men  
there gonna tell ya  
sometimes we got smokin' guns, rock 'n' roll whips  
sometimes we got lemon twist lips  
sometimes we like circles and dots  
sometimes we like love we like open hearts  
sometimes we get electric shocks  
we get our words mixed up  
we get stomach knots  
sometimes we write the diary for rock 'n' roll men  
sometimes we are.....

there's a diary for rock 'n' roll men  
they get anxious and lose their minds  
they dream about setting those misty cities on fire again  
they'll tell you why the world stands on end  
why music is the luck of friends  
from any state to any province  
there's a diary for rock 'n' roll men  
they're gonna tell ya  
sometimes we got smokin' guns, rock 'n' roll whips  
sometimes we got lemon twist lips  
sometimes we like circles and dots  
sometimes we like love we like open hearts  
sometimes we get electric shocks  
we get our words mixed up  
we get stomach knots  
sometimes we write the diary for rock 'n' roll men  
sometimes we are.....

we're going to tell you  
sometimes we got smokin' guns, rock 'n' roll whips  
firecracker eyes and lemon twist lips