

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