

Samson, Too Close To Rock

We had you trained, to be so classical
And you learned to play the guitar at school,
But now we've caught you, you've been playing the fool,
We don't think your musical taste is cool.

Too close to rock and roll,
I paid for the teacher so I own your soul.

Move out of the house, you can't use the car,
You spend your lectures just drinking in the college bar,
You don't wanna get a job, you won't get far
Pretty soon you're gonna come home gonna need your Ma and Pa

Too close to rock and roll,
I paid for the teacher so I own your soul.

Too close to
Too close to
Too close to
Rock and roll