

# St. Simon 3, Rock and Roll Journalist

It may come as no surprise  
A critic's paid to criticize  
so when you meet me on the scene  
You're gonna find out what I mean  
I've got a pencil in my fist  
I'm a rock and roll journalist

Once I tried to cover real news  
But my editor refused  
It seems I didn't have any skill  
And it looks like I never will  
So I wound up as this  
I'm a rock and roll journalist

These are the facts of life though you may try to scoff  
You cannot please everyone but you can piss everyone off  
So when the weekend rolls around, I can hardly wait  
I don't know too much about art but I know what I hate

Once I tried to learn to play guitar  
But I never got very far  
So when I write the way that I do  
I try not to let the envy come through  
But you're on my black list  
I'm a rock and roll journalist

Ever before your band has reached the first chorus  
I'm already looking up words for "distaste" here in my thesaurus  
So when the weekend rolls around, I can hardly wait  
I don't know too much about art but I know what I hate

I speak for the kids or, at least, so I am told  
So please don't mention that I'm 45 years old  
'Cause you may have heard this before and it is no lie  
The pen is mightier than the sword when I'm jamming it in your eye

Your band could be a success  
But it could come to so much less  
And someday you're gonna need a friend  
To set aside his poison pen  
And my ass is waiting to be kissed  
I'm your rock and roll journalist