# Tesla, Time

Time.
You've got to wake up ev'rybody,
Seven-thirty o'clock,
It's time to go to work.
A-send the young to school,
Gonna teach them the golden rule.
Talk about things that they don't wanna know about.
Now teacher, teacher, can't you see,
I'm tired and I need some sleep.
I don't wanna hear whatcha gotta say
About arithmetic or history.
All that jive don't mean a thing to me.
It's all a waste of time.

I ain't got no time for doin' this,
Ain't got no time for doin' that,
Ain't got no time for that at all, no!
I ain't got no time for messin' 'round,
For funky bullshit goin' down.
Just time for rock-n-roll.  Oh yeah.
I just got time to rock-n-roll.

Why now, must they take my favorite song,
Turn around and say it's wrong, when I know it's right?
Now, why don't they just leave it alone,
'Cause it's only rock-n-roll, but I like it!!
Now, listen Mrs. Politician,
Don't ya try to tell me how to sing my song.
Tell me, who do you think you are?!
Who do you think you are?!

I ain't got no time for messin' 'round,
For funky bullshit goin' down.
No time for that at all, no!
I ain't got no time for Uncle Sam,
Taxin' my money, tax my land.
Just time for rock-n-roll, woh yeah!
I just got time to rock-n-roll!

Tell 'em, Frankie!!