

Todd Rundgren, The Death Of Rock And Roll

Just the other day I got a call from a friend
"I heard what you been playin' and I think it's a sin
Why can't you make a living like the rest of the boys
Instead of fillin' your head with all that synthesized noise?"
Jackals wait nearby, watching rock and roll die
And no one dared to help it
Vultures fill the sky
I thought we was supposed ta, supposed ta be free
But we all got sold
It must be the Death of Rock and Roll
The critics got together and they started a game
You get your records for nothing