

# Todd Rundgren, The Death Of Rock & 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  
And you call each other names

Things got out of hand and somebody got sore  
Now we're all tuning up for the rock and roll war  
Time to take up sides, helping rock and roll die  
Pick up your check at the window  
No one left to cry  
I thought we was supposed ta, supposed ta be free  
But we all got sold  
It must be the death of rock and roll  
Nobody paid, nobody played, nobody stayed  
Just my lonely guitar  
Nobody paid, nobody stayed, nobody played  
Just my lonely guitar