

# WASP, Rock'n'Roll To Death

Thunder pounding my brains in  
A six string rock and roll razor  
Nobody's gonna save me  
The whole world drives me crazy  
I hate work, I hate school  
I got a case of the rock's dead blues

Friday night I'll be raging  
Midnight gonna be wasted  
Friday I'm raising  
Hell, I'm gonna be wasted  
Time to party, raise a glass  
Tell everybody to kiss my ass

Let me go-dead or rock, dead or rock  
Dead or rock, dead or rock  
If rock and roll dies  
I'll take my last breath Rock and roll to death  
Dead or rock, dead or rock, dead or rock  
Pass the bullets please, dead or rock  
Find me a grave, help me dig it  
If rock's dead then bury me with it  
Dead or rock, dead or rock, dead or rock  
Pass the bullets please, dead or rock  
To death do us part to my last breath  
Gimme rock or gimme death