

If You Got It at Five, You Got It at Fifty

Norma Jean

Rock N Roll has such a terrible name, who is to blame?
Perching birds drug by a string in the air, stitched together with careless intention.
Cleaner than the dagger that hollowed it out.
Masked and forgotten or no face at all.
It's got something or nothing to say.
Yeah don't we all?
A trance and a trust fund stitched at the same time and sold to the hogs.
All eyes on you. Whatever it takes the bottom line is the only one that you'll cross.
Keep selling what they want to hear, arrogant and insincere.
You've got something to say, but what's the pay? A million before you and more in line.
I've seen it a thousand times.
Built to die and dying.
Built to last and lasting.
Go along to get along.
I will not be defiled by the kings' meat.
The noise ain't noise anymore, who's to blame?
You and I.