

Rockunroll

Elastica

Rock and roll is dead,
I put that thing in its head.
I told it what I said.
Who wants to sha-la-la with or without you,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la with or without love.
Rockunroll is bred,
When its shiny skin is shed,
With a poison pencil lead,
You all rock until you're bled.