

## 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.