

The Last Rock and Roll Star

Paul Gilbert

Put me in a roadcase
Lock the handles tight
Roll me on an airplane
Fly me through the night
I answer every call
To play the concert hall

I'll survive the pressure
Straightens out my spine
Riding with my guitar
Rocking all the time
In Hong Kong or L.A.
I need it every day

Thank God I finally
Got out of high school
No more wasting my time
Paid my dues. Now look at me

I'm the last rock and roll star

Run me through the red light
Get me to the show
Step into the spotlight
Deal our first crushing blow
In Paris or Bombay
We'll take your pain away

Thank God I finally
Got out of high school
No more wasting my time
Paid my dues. Now look at me
I'm the last rock and roll star