

Rock And Roll Heroes

Impellitteri

There's blood on the boards where passionate words
Bleed down from the stage to arena
The pilgrims are back with money they stashed
A gift to the gods of the hour
Never too loud drummer kicks the band right in the ass
No one shot gun, they're all drivers - this is the master class

Rock & Roll heroes
Forever immortal
The masters of music
Idols and legends

The man with the voice has opened his throat
Spits out the words of the story
His fingers are speeding, shredding the strings
Stripping them down to the wire
Photographs on cotton T-shirts - 30 bucks a pop
Ball hats, sweatshirts, come and get your pictures autographed

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