

This Is Not Goodbye, Just Goodnight

Kill Your Idols

At age 41, the king was dead
It wasn't the beginning or the end
Shouting for his freedom
He was silenced again
Maybe for the last time
The government
Just couldn't stand
To see their morals questioned
Another example of non freedom of speech
"he needs to be silenced"
In 1962 he plead guilty
To the lies of the state
After years of urging rebellion
He moved out west
A peaceful existence?
I don't think so
Retreated, lost and beaten
He sunk into depression
Losing battles to bottles
No money for bills
And no will to live
New years 1965 is when he collapsed
And the bottle took his life
At age 43 he died alone and broke
With nothing but his family
A physical existence can be erased
But true legends never die
And where were his friends
When the end took him away?
No where to be found he gave it
A name and direction "rock and roll"
End: I hope its true that when we die
We can look back on what we have done
Because I think Alan Freed would be glad to know
That the rebellion still carries on
Whenever someone raises their middle finger
And goes against the norm
I hope he knows that he didn't die in vain
Its not goodbye, just goodnight