

# The majesty of rock

Spinal Tap

There's a pulse in the new-born sun;  
A beat in the heat of noon;  
There's a song as the day grows long,  
And a tempo in the tides of the moon.  
It's all around us and it's everywhere,  
And it's deeper than Royal blue.  
And it feels so real you can feel the feeling!

And that's The Majesty Of Rock!  
The fantasy of Roll!  
The ticking of the clock,  
The wailing of the soul!  
The prisoner in the dock,  
The digger in the hole,  
We're in this together...and ever...

In the shade of a jungle glade,  
Or the rush of the crushing street,  
On the plain, on the foamy main,  
You can never escape from the beat.  
It's in the mud and it's in your blood  
And its conquest is complete.  
And all that you can do is just surrender.

To the Majesty of Rock!  
The Pageantry of Roll!  
The crowing of the cock,  
The running of the foal!  
The shepherd with his flock,  
The miner with his coal,  
We're in this together...and ever...

When we die, do we haunt the sky?  
Do we lurk in the murk of the seas?  
What then? Are we born again?  
Just to sit asking questions like these?  
I know, for I told me so,  
And I'm sure each of you quite agrees:  
The more it stays the same, the less it changes!

And that's The Majesty Of Rock!  
The Mystery of Roll!  
The darning of the sock,  
The scoring of the goal!  
The farmer takes a wife  
The barber takes a pole.  
We're in this together...and ever...