

Rock On

The Kentucky Headhunters

Tommy went to school down in Selma, Alabama
Where football will always reign king.
All his folks worried, one day he would starve,
Living dreams through his six-string machine.
Then Tommy started doing good
Found himself in Hollywood
Picking on the silver screen.
Though he never threw a pass
All the girls dig his class
And the record people think he's a smash.
So rock on,
Let your heart be handy with a song.
Don't ever let go
Of those dreams that you hold
As the river of life rolls on,
Baby rock on

Tammy was a waitress in Morgantown Kentucky
Where table tips were always a dime.
All the neighbors told her you better settle down
Get a man cause her dreams wouldn't fly
She took her pilots test
Now her neighbors can rest
She's flying with the big boys now
Hey the tables have turned
A lesson is learned
That dreams don't have to crash and burn.

So rock on,
Let your heart be handy with a song.
Don't ever let go
Of those dreams that you hold
As the river of life rolls on,
Baby rock on

Tammy flew a plane out of Southern California
Tommy had a ticket onboard
She never heard his records
But she kinda liked his smile
She never felt this way before
She flies her own plane
Tommy picks his six-string
They're making all their dreams come true
Now there ain't no question
They were always destined
To find that magic thing called love

So rock on,
Let your heart be handy with a song.
Don't ever let go
Of those dreams that you hold
As the river of life rolls on,
Baby rock on