

The Death of Rock 'n' Roll

Todd Rundgren

Just the other day I got a call from a friend
"i heard what you been playin' and I think it's a sin
Why can't you make a living like the rest of the boys
Instead of fillin' your head with all that synthesized noise? "
Jackals wait nearby, watching rock and roll die
And no one dared to help it
Vultures fill the sky
I thought we was supposed ta, supposed ta be free
But we all got sold
It must be the death of rock and roll
The critics got together and they started a game
You get your records for nothing
And you call each other names

Things got out of hand and somebody got sore
Now we're all tuning up for the rock and roll war
Time to take up sides, helping rock and roll die
Pick up your check at the window
No one left to cry
I thought we was supposed ta, supposed ta be free
But we all got sold
It must be the death of rock and roll
Nobody paid, nobody played, nobody stayed
Just my lonely guitar
Nobody paid, nobody stayed, nobody played
Just my lonely guitar