

## Raised On Rock

Helen Reddy

I remember as a child I used to hear  
Music that they played Lord with a feel'  
Some call it folk, some call it soul  
People let me tell you it was rock and roll

I was raised on rock, I got rhythm in my soul  
Every day when I got home I turned on my radio

Listening to the music that my idols made  
I knew every single record the DJ's played  
A honky tonk a Hound Dog, a Johnny B. Goode  
Chain Gang, Love Is Strange, Knock On Wood

I was raised on rock, I got rhythm in my soul  
I was born to love the beat I was made for rock and  
roll

I thought it was a fad, thought that it would pass  
But the younger generation knew it would last  
Time's gone by, the beat goes on  
But every time I hear it Lord it takes me home

I was raised on rock, I got rhythm in my soul  
Every day when I got home I turned on my radio

Mother played recordings of Beethoven's Fifth  
Mozart's sonatas down the classical Liszt  
My papa loved to listen to his country songs  
While I was in the back room rockin' on

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