

There Won't Be No Country Music (There Won't Be No Rock 'N' Roll)

C.W. McCall

Well, it's only gonna be about an hour, friend
Till they dam your favorite river
So you can water-ski just one more reservior
And them supersonic ships are gonna take you
'Cross a sea of pavement
To one more faceless brickyard on the shore

Yeah, it's only gonna be about an hour or so
Till they rip off all your mountains, boy
And that one last tired old eagle bites the sand
And all of that high-and-mighty scenery's
Gonna be leveled to the ground, boy
By a bunch a' them mindless strip mines on the land

So listen well, my brothers
When you hear the night wind sigh
And you see the wild goose flying
Through the gray, polluted sky
There won't be no country music
There won't be no rock 'n' roll
'Cause when they take away our country
They'll take away our soul

Well, it's only gonna take about a minute or so
Till the junkyards fell the prairies, boy
And them smokin' yellow grass fires start to burn
And the warnings on them beer cans
Gonna be buried in them landfills
No deposit, no sad songs, and no returns

Yeah, it's only gonna take about a minute or so
Till the factories blot the sun out
You gonna have to turn your lights on just to see
And them lights are gonna be neon, sayin'
"Fly Our Jets To Paradise"
And the whole damn world is gonna be made of styrene

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Yeah, it's only gonna be about a second, boy
Till they take away all'a this country
And they'll tell you not to listen to this here song
And that far-off sound of freedom's
Gonna be an echo from the past
And the final tune is gonna be sad and long

And it's only gonna be about an eye-blink, boy
Till they pull out the wool to blind us
So we just can't read all the messages on the wall
But the only words that matter

Oughta be scribbled all over them billboards
In big old black and bloody letters, ten feet tall

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