

# Rock Cradle Rock

Chuck Berry

I was born under the sign of Libra  
October, eighteen, seven o'clock  
I must have had it bad, 'cause in the cradle I had  
My mother said, before noon I was trying to rock  
My mother said, before noon I was trying to rock

For years I tried to make A grades  
To satisfy my Mom and Pop  
In music I'm boss, but in Math, I was lost  
I guess my head was full of nothing but rock  
I guess my head was full of nothing but rock

Hear they're swinging the Fox Trot at the hotel  
Hear the country picking 'round the clock  
Pick up some sounds of the jazz around  
But if you dig what you hear, you dig rock  
Ah, if you dig what you hear, you dig rock

The thing I'm gon' tell my dick jock  
So he can sock it to me 'round the clock  
Spend an hour of Bach in his original rock  
And if you dig what he's playing, you dig rock  
And if you dig what he's playing, you dig rock