

To Rock or Not to Be

Krokus

was standing at the jukebox humming to the good old tunes
My heart beat the rhythm but my soul was feeling the blues
I called the boys and we jammed all through the night
After all these years we never lost the bite

All aboard, roll the trucks, destination stage
Hear the call, join the gang, you gotta break out of the vicious cage

To rock or not to be
Take this ride with me
To rock or not to be
Gonna set us free free free

The bassdrum's pounding and the guitars screaming along
Amps on eleven 'til the fuses are all blown
Loud and proud, sea of sweat, all hands in the air
If you can't get enough, we'll rock you through the night, 'til you get your share

All aboard, roll the trucks, destination stage
Hear the call, join the gang, you gotta break out of the iron cage

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To rock or not to be
Take this ride with me
To rock or not to be
Oh yeah, rock it