

Brighton Rock

Spinal Tap

Now you may see me at the Rainbow
Kinda stapled to the bar
Or maybe stumblin' down Sunset
Lookin' for my car
If I was halfway conscious
I'd be totally under control

I'm the East-End charmer
With the West-Coast soul
They call me
"Brighton Rock meets California Roll"

I'll tell you all about the '60s
If you buy me a drink
And how I played with everybody
But the kitchen sink
I'd rather freeload in comfort
Than be freezin' back home on the dole

Ooh, yeah
I'm the Soho loner at the Hollywood Bowl
I'm Mister Brighton Rock Meets California Roll

I bet your mama had
A picture of me on her wall
I bet I coulda had her
Just like I coulda had 'em all

I'm the guitar hero
With the chops half gone
I'm the '67 Rickenbacker
Out of pawn
But when you
Hear me tell it, baby
Everything's just solid gold
Ooh, yeah

I'm the sly Brit spy coming out of the cold
I'm Agent Brighton Rock Meets California Roll

California Roll, ooh yeah
California Roll, ooh yeah
California Roll