Rock While I Can Rock

Steve Forbert

One, two, three...

"My father dead and gone", he said, "That poor old stubborn man
Spent his whole life arguin' with that red clay Georgia land
Finally got so weak an' all he could not even walk
It all went down from there an' I swear; he could not even talk
"
Hey, life'll wear you down now dude an' time will take its toll
Try'na rock while I can rock, I'm try'na roll while I can roll

My father met my ma; they almost married on the spot
Turned eighteen in church an' moved in right back on the lot
An' all them work years later, she's the only gal he'd known
It might be fine for him but I got lightnin' in my bones
I dreamed a thousand dreams; I got travelin' in my soul
Try'na rock while I can rock, I'm try'na roll while I can roll

They laughed at me at school an' said that I always ate too fas
t
That's just what it got to when you'd always wound up last
I've always been the smallest in a house a seven kids
I never got my share back there, no matter what I did
Now I'm off an' runnin' boys with two good simple goals
Try'na rock while I can rock, I'm try'na roll while I can roll

Well, I'm sailin' off for England soon; I'm workin' on a boat
See this whole wide world before I'm old enough to vote
I might write home to mama but I sure won't tell it all
He grabbed his Guns N' Roses cap an' walked on down the hall, y
eah
"On your feet an' fine", he said, "And the next damn day you're
 old"
Try'na rock while I can rock, I'm try'na roll while I can roll

Oh yeah!

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