

Bastards of Beale

Tora Tora

Whiskey flows on the rocks
The river rolls as the sunset drops
On the riverside
We'll have good time be a late night
A millionaire built this spot
Where a bugle boy lends his chops
Under street lights neon signs like the old times
This all started with a man named Church
Bought some land and street of dirt

All hail! rocknroll long live the bastards of Beale
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Revelers raising hell
Drink nirvana from the well
Rolling dice games
Getting sideways showing switchblades
Madame Blue and her southern belles
Welcome all the clientele
Glory days, bring the champagne, let the money rains
From Jagger Richards, Plant and Page
They were all born to carry the flame

All hail! rocknroll long live the bastards of Beale
All hail! rocknroll long live the bastards of Beale
Roll on Bluff city long live the bastards of Beale
All hail to the kings!! Long live the bastards of beale
Hey, hey, hey

All hail! rocknroll long live the bastards of Beale
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