Sunday Morning Paper

Turnpike Troubadours

Sunday morning paper said
"Rock 'n' Roll is surely dead!"
Somethin' hit me deep down in my soul
Lord I know, it's just Rock 'n' Roll

Never one time did I ever

Dream you wouldn't live forever

Betcha never planned on gettin' old

Looked like you were born to lose

Your slicked back hair and your prison blues

Mother tried to keep you from that road

Lord I know, it's just Rock 'n' Roll

Well you showed up from the underground Bakersfield, Tulsa-town An inch away from needin' crowd control Lord I know, Oh Lord I know!

Women, wine and Benzedrine
Out to break the Big Machine
Gettin' off the low-down for the truth
Fightin' at it fingernail and tooth

Somewhere between 10 and 2 Someone's wishin' they were you Make a livin' off your highs and lows Lord I know, it's just Rock 'n' Roll

Never one time did I ever

Dream you wouldn't live forever

Betcha never planned on getting old

Bangin' on a baby grand

Play that thing to beat the band

Screamin' out for everything you're worth

Well you dressed up like the greatest show on Earth

Sunday morning paper said
"Rock 'n' Roll is surely dead!"
I don't think I'll ever let it go
Even though it's just Rock 'n' Roll