

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