

Frank Black & The Catholics

"I Want Rock & Roll"

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I want to go back to fifty-five
Ten before I was burned alive
There ain't no use in a stupid dream
My head is tired from this enthymeme

I want to hear the holy rampage
I don't mind a little ear damage
Henry Sloane in my soca soul
I'm not ashamed to say

I want rock & roll, I want rock & roll
I want rock & roll, I want rock & roll
I want rock & roll, I want rock & roll

I'd like to hear some Chubby Checker
Crush my heart with Desmond Dekker
Little itty bitty of Freddy Fender
Start me up, return to sender

I want rock & roll, I want rock & roll
I want rock & roll, I want rock & roll
I want rock & roll, I want rock & roll

I want to go back to fifty-five
Ten before I was burned alive
The world can be so very cold
Nothing to say except

I want rock & roll, I want rock & roll
I want rock & roll, I want rock & roll
I want rock & roll, I want rock & roll

If you're going to San Francisco
Just remember it all is disco

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