

Jet Set Roger

"Too Old To Rock 'n' Roll"

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The old rocker wore his hair too long, wore his trouser cuffs too tight.

Unfashionable to the end - drank his ale too light.
Death's head belt buckle - yesterday's dreams -
The transport café prophet of doom
Ringing no change in his double-sewn seams, in his post-war baby-gloom

Chorus:

Now he's too old to rock'n'roll but he's too young to die
yes he's too old ... etc.

He once owned a Harley Davidson and a Triumph Bonneville
Counted his friends in burned out spark plugs and prays that he always will
But he's the last of the blue blood greaser boys
And all his mates are doing time
Married with three kids up by the ring road
Sold their souls straight down the line
And some of them own little sports cars and meet at their tennis club
do's
For drinks on a Sunday - work on Monday
They've thrown away their blue suede shoes

Chorus:

Now they're too old to rock'n'roll but they're too young to die
Yes they're too old ... etc.

So the old rocker gets out his bike to make a ton before he takes his leave
Upon the A1 by Scotch Corner just like it used to be.
And as he flies tears in his eyes -
His wind-whipped words echo the final take
As he hits the trunk road doing around 120

With no room left to brake

Chorus:

And he was too old to rock?n?roll

And he was too young to die

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