

Lard

"Rock Must Die"

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I was cruisin' in a car
Down Melrose Boulevard
When I stopped all the traffic
I was laughin' so hard
Standin' on the corner
Was this rock n roll dude
In leather pants thinkin' he was cool
He had the jacket
He had the shades
Farrah Fawcett hair
Or was that a wig
Face like a turtle
Trying in vain to look stoned
You could tell he'd been practicing
At home in the mirror
He'd probably been posing like that all day
Didn't matter that is was a hundred degrees
In the shade

Well c'mawn, well c'mawn
Seventies rock must die
Well c'mawn, well c'mawn
Seventies rock must die

Bogus bands, plastic rock stars
Stupid clothes and the worst made cars
Country rock making us all sick
While John Travolta wags his double-knit prick

Being a teen back than
Man, it was a drag
Bicentennial and no one burned the flag
You think we live in pretty desperate times
When people wanna go back to nineteen seventy five
My Saturday Night Fever fantasy
Lock the Bee Gees in a Pinto
And ram it from the rear
Burn, baby

Well c'mawn, well c'mawn
Seventies rock must die
Well c'mawn, well c'mawn

Seventies rock must die

Suck my ego, pay to play
Got nothing more to say
As we sell you a stairway to boredom

Look around at the hip people
Set in their ways
Reaching back to the things they used to say they hate
Young old brats playing fossil rock
Pistols reunions pass for rebellion

Radio and TV gettin' to damn bland
With collegiate boy Neil Young copy bands
Underground's becoming an alternative joke
Even Aerosmith hates all the Aerosmith clones
I know they don't make 'em like the Son of Sam
But even punks wanna go back to seventy seven

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