

The Doors

"Rock Is Dead"

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Hi, you lady, alright, babe, gonna love ya

When I was just a little boy, 'bout the age of five
I went to sleep, I heard my mama and papa talking
She said, "We got to stop that boy, he's gettin' too far
out
He's goin' wild, we gotta stop that child"

And I lay there listening, feeling bad
You know, people, I was feeling bad
Mama didn't like the way I did my thing
The old lady, she didn't get with that thing

But my daddy was a sailor, get his head around
And he said, "Boy, you got to do it, son, get yourself
intact
You gotta love, love, love, love, love, my baby tonight
Let me tell you, baby, 'bout the death of rock

I used to be a boy in my home block
Used to feel alone then I heard some news
Bunch o'cats got the rockin' news
You know I love my rock 'n' roll people

You know we got some fun
We gonna rock tonight, yeah c'mon
Rock and roll is dead
Rock and roll is dead

Must be something else instead
You got to lay right down and die, die, die, die yeah
It's all over baby, that's it
We gotta go, we had some good times
But it's gone, it's all over

I got a few things on my chest, I got to get 'em off
Now listen, listen, listen, listen, listen
Now I don't want to hear no talk about no revolution
And I swear to God I don't want to hear

No talk about no constitution
And in my frame of mind I am in no mood for

No talk about no cremation
The only thing I'm interested in
I wanna have a good time

I don't wanna hear no talk about no riots
No demonstrations, no cacitritions, no
impablermations
There's only one thing I want to see
That's some dancin', we're gonna have some fun
We're gonna have a good time, let's roll

O boogie, all night long, yeah
Rocky little woman, be my pal
Gonna be the fool, gotta deep-dap-doo
You gotta love, love, love ya baby little lotta-gita-do
Yeah c'mon

Yeah, wait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute
Wait a minute, now listen here people
I'm talkin' about the death of rock and roll
And who killed it

I'm talkin' about the blues
I'm talkin' about the news
Have you heard, have you heard
Have you heard the word?

Rock is dead
Rock is dead

Now I didn't want to be the one to lay it on ya
sweetheart
But I used to be a little fellow traveler
I used to think we had the whole thing sewed up, mama
Then I realized, rock and roll is dying, baby

I wanna see some fun
I wanna see some hanging out
I wanna see my people
Non-political, arithmetical
Transcendental, irathamadental
Coolambindang bupalookanimbo

Are you ready? Are you ready?
Are you ready to sing the blues, my baby?

Yeah, I like it real slow, I like it real bad
I like to get myself together
I love to hear you get undressed
Naked woman, out of doors

I don't care how loud you snore
Sun goin' down, way out on the sea
Here she comes, little girl, gonna set me free
Alright c'mon, now one more time

Yeah, tTrain a'ride, sixteen coaches long
Train a'ride, sixteen coaches long
Well, I got my baby
Gonna get on the train and run, yeah

Well, that big black train gonna get my baby
Big black train, yeah, the big black train gonna get my
love
Gonna take her, gonna hug her, gonna, whoa
Gonna love, love, love, love a dingo yeah, big black
train

Now when I got home, I heard my daddy say
"You want a little piece? Do you want a little peace?
Do you want a little soul? Do you want a little soul?"

I could not help myself, I could not help myself
I could not help, help, help
I'm dyin', I'm dyin', I'm dyin'
I'm die, die, digadigadoohdah, whoa

It's over, it's over
Have mercy, have mercy
Have mercy on your poor son

We had some good times
We had a few good times
But those good little times, you know where they are?
They're absolutely, positively under the ground

And as long as I got breath, the death of rock
Is the death of me and rock is dead
Well, we're dead, alright, yeah
Rock is dead

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