

W.A.S.P.
"Rock And Roll To Death"

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Thunder pounding my brains in
A six string rock and roll razor
Nobody's gonna save me
The whole world drives me crazy
I hate work, I hate school
I got a case of the rock's dead blues
Friday night I'll be raging
Midnight gonna be wasted
Friday I'm raising
Hell, I'm gonna be wasted
Time to party, raise a glass
Tell everybody to kiss my ass
Let me go- dead or rock, dead or rock
Dead or rock, dead or rock
If rock and roll dies
I'll take my last breath
Rock and roll to death
Dead or rock, dead or rock, dead or rock
Pass the bullets please, dead or rock
Find me a grave, help me dig it
If rock's dead then bury me with it

Dead or rock, dead or rock, dead or rock

Pass the bullets please, dead or rock

To death do us part to my last breath

Gimme rock or gimme death

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