

Elliott Murphy

"Last Of The Rockstars"

Visit "[Last Of The Rockstars](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Naked telephone poles can't describe
The way I'm feeling about you tonight
And a feeling on my back like an old brown jacket
Like to stay in school but I just can't hack it
And I'm out on the street feeling like dirt
I'm afraid to get married because I know it's gonna hurt
And I say

Oh oh oh - there's the last of the rock stars
And me and you
Oh oh oh - rock 'n roll is here to stay
But who will be left to play

Well I dreamed I saw the king in a fifty three chevy
Had a band on his mind and his hands looked heavy
And he rolled down his window I guess to say hi
I couldn't see his face 'cause of the purple haze inside
And he was born to be the king - he was born to be the
man
And he died though he was holy - although I doubt he'd
understand
When I say

(Chorus)

Adolescent predrug habit - if it means guitar you gotta
have it
And you got your axe and you got your group
And your old man thinks it's a waste of loot
And you wait all week for a Sullivan show
And you know that's just where you wanna go
And you homework now is never complete
You don't care - cause you have got that beat

So a highdy hi and a heydy hey
And a girls that home on Friday night and a boy that's
out to play
And some of us are masters and some or us are slaves
And than there's that boy who knows he's gotta play
And a messy desk drawer full of broken strings
You know these kids and you know of those things

(Chorus)

Come on mama please don't cry
Don't you know how I feel inside

Visit [Elliott Murphy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.