Robert Calvert "Evil Rock"

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Hey Ma, take a look at your boy Up on the stage with his latest toy His hair to his shoulders, growing it down to his knees He looks like he's suffering from a social disease

Rock 'n' roll music has taken his soul Possesses his mind, your baby it stole Rock 'n' roll music, is it out of control It's evil music; it's rock 'n' roll

Hey Ma, take a look at your kid
He's summoned a demon straight out of the id
He don't know what he's doin' now, he's blindly
inspired
The boss has just told him "I'm afraid son, you're fired"

Rock 'n' roll music has taken his soul Possesses his mind, your baby it stole Rock 'n' roll music, is it out of control It's evil music; it's rock 'n' roll

(All right, Nik, let's rock)

Your daughters have dropped out of panties and bras They walk around naked at music bazaars They lie down with long-hairs, they make love to guitars They ride round in vans, not in limousine cars

Rock 'n' roll music has taken their souls Possesses their minds, your babies it stole Rock road to ruin it's full of great holes It's evil music; it's rock 'n' roll

Rock 'n' roll music killed all your best sons
Dying for the sins that you never done
Their songs pressed in plastic and they're dressed as
tin cans
They just didn't ask it, they never made plans

They just along askin, and more made plans

Rock 'n' roll music has taken their souls Possesses their minds, your babies it stole Rock 'roll music yeah it's takin' its toll It's evil music; it's rock 'n' roll

I like it

I know it's evil

But I like it

Oh, it's evil rock

Yes, I like it

It's evil

But I like it

It's evil

But I like it

It's evil

But I like it

It's evil

Evil, but I like it

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