Rock n Roll Man

Elizabeth Cook

He got all of his money tied up in guitars
His poster hangin up at an east side bar
Sets his tip bucket up by the microphone stand
He don't think about it, he's a rock n roll man
I tried to run him off and set the record straight
He said girl you know better now, we're soulmates
Only one speaker working and his amp's blown out
Doesn't get what the hell the Grateful Dead is about
Wears a gold lightening bolt in one of his ears
Likes to talk about Elvis, but only in the Sun years
He got sheets over the windows and records on the floor
A poster of Jimi Hendrix on his bedroom door
He didn't go to college but he's read a lot of books
Married one time for money and one time for looks
There's always fist-fightin and drama in the band
Over cigarette ashes in a Budweiser can
Left town one time and didn't call me for 3 days
But he lets me know he loves me in other ways
Got my name spelled out in a dagger a tattoo
Says I'm the only woman that he can talk to
Thinks Brando and The Wild One and The Mystery Train
Are proof that rock n roll cannot be explained
Owes all kinds of money, but don't believe in debt
He'll be the first to tell ya, it ain't over yet
Sometimes we're Sid and Nancy or Courtney and Kurt
We get higher than heaven we get lower than dirt
It's the fightin' and the lovin' that make it work
Too lazy to be mean, and too mean to hurt
Make up and take me shopping at the Southern Thrift
Thanks the devil for his story and God for his gift
He got all of his money tied up in guitars
His poster hangin up at an east side bar
Sets his tip bucket up by the microphone stand
He don't think about it, he's a rock n roll man
He's a rock n roll man
He's my rock n roll man

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