

Rock Is Dead

The Doors

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, hes gettin' too far out
Hes goin wild, we gotta stop that child" And I lay there listening, feeling bad
You know, people, I was feeling bad
Mama didnt like the way I did my thing
The old lady, she didnt 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 ocats got the rockin news
You know I love my rock n roll people You know we got some fun
We gonna rock tonight, yeah cmon
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
Its all over baby, thats it
We gotta go, we had some good times
But its gone, its all over I got a few things on my chest, I got to get em off
Now listen, listen, listen, listen, listen
Now I dont want to hear no talk about no revolution
And I swear to God I dont 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 Im interested in
I wanna have a good time I dont wanna hear no talk about no riots
No demonstrations, no cacitritions, no impablermations
Theres only one thing I want to see
Thats some dancin, were gonna have some fun
Were gonna have a good time, lets 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 cmon Yeah, wait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute
Wait a minute, now listen here people
Im talkin about the death of rock and roll
And who killed it Im talkin about the blues
Im talkin about the news

Have you heard, have you heard
Have you heard the word? Rock is dead
Rock is dead Now I didnt 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 dont care how loud you snore
Sun goin down, way out on the sea
Here she comes, little girl, gonna set me free
Alright cmon, now one more time Yeah, tTrain aride, sixteen coaches long
Train aride, 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
Im dyin, Im dyin, Im dyin
Im die, die, digadigadoohdah, whoa Its over, its 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?
Theyre 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, were dead, alright, yeah
Rock is dead

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