

# What Is Rock?!

## Turbonegro

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

What is rock?

Rock is the area between the balls  
And the anus of a dom or other man

What is rock?

Rock is the possibility of choking on your own vomit  
In the back of a rapist's van

Denim clad satanists making love

In the sewers of Birmingham during Maggie Thatchers prime

What is Rock?

Rock is meeting the grim reaper

In a sports arena stampede at the tender age of nine

We keep on trucking why, oh why?  
Spreading like cancer my, oh my

What is rock?  
Backwards messages to boys and girls

To bring machines guns to the schools

What is rock?

No, I'm not talking about Canadian producer

And 5th Metallica Bob Rock, you fool

What is rock?  
Oh AC/DC, Cleveland, Ohio, well basically it's harder, heavier

And slightly more blues based than pop

What is rock?

Historians keep nagging about Fun House

But me? I think Kill City is where it's at

After decades of Indian house  
6 cats from Oslo killed the mouse

We saved rock 'n' roll all on our own  
And forced the toll on rock 'n' roll

We saved rock 'n' roll with our bare hands

We saved that god damned rock 'n' roll, so skull

But it ain't for free, we gotta group, there are our employees  
They need to be catered, got their own nice bus

They got worthy lives, thanks to us

And this wait at the airport to pick up my bags  
Feeling so tired, I could lay down and die

Runes walking on stage and plays the wrong chord

Roadies laughing so hard, they're wiping their eyes

Many of them skilled musicians, multiracial and tattooed  
But we're the main attraction

Goddamn it, those guys ain't got a clue  
After the show sometimes we Friday nights  
Together in the talk back lounge  
Pat each others shoulders try to groove on a feeling  
Digging the old school sounds  
We ride and ride into the night  
And the temperature's getting hot  
But somehow the chemistry's ain't that right  
'Cause we're doing blow and they smoke pot  
We saved rock 'n' roll all on our own  
And forced the toll on rock 'n' roll  
We saved rock 'n' roll with our bare hands  
We saved that god damned rock 'n' roll  
Where do we go from here, what can we do?  
We can go left, we can go right or you can go down on me  
What are we doing here? What's important in life?  
My generation? My wife? Wow, what is rock? I don't care  
Where's the cash, where's the cash?  
The money, the money, the money, money, money  
Where's the cash, where's the cash?  
The money, the money, the money, money, money  
Where's the cash, where's the cash?  
The money, the money, the money, money, money  
The money, the money, the money, money, money  
The money, the money, the money, money, money

Lyrics provided by