

# Cleveland Rocks

## The Presidents Of The United States Of America

Three, Four!

Three, Four!

Three, Four!

All this energy callin' me

Back where it comes from.

It's such a crude attitude,

Its back where it belongs.

All the little kids growin' up on the skids are goin':

Cleveland Rocks, Cleveland Rocks.

Jumpin' James Jean, is moonin' James Dean while goin':

Cleveland Rocks, Cleveland Rocks, Cleveland Rocks, Cleveland Rocks,

Cleveland Rocks, Cleveland Rocks, Cleveland Rocks, Cleveland Rocks.

Mama knows but she don't care;

She's got her worries too.

Seven kids and a phony affair,

And the rent is due.

All the little chicks with the crimson lips go:

Cleveland Rocks, Cleveland Rocks.

Livin' in sin with a safety pin goin':

Cleveland Rocks, Cleveland Rocks, Cleveland Rocks, Cleveland Rocks,

Cleveland Rocks, Cleveland Rocks, Cleveland Rocks, Cleveland Rocks.

I got some records from World War Two,

I Play 'em just like me grand dad do.

He was a rocker and I am too.

Now Cleveland Rocks, yeah, Cleveland Rocks.

Cleveland Rocks, Cleveland Rocks, Cleveland Rocks, Cleveland Rocks,

Cleveland Rocks, Cleveland Rocks, Cleveland Rocks, Cleveland Rocks,

Cleveland Rocks, Cleveland Rocks, Cleveland Rocks, Cleveland Rocks,

Cleveland Rocks, Cleveland Rocks, Cleveland Rocks, Cleveland Rocks,

Cleveland Rocks, Cleveland Rocks, CLEVELAND ROCKS!

Ohio.

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by Hunter, Ian

Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>