

Long live rock n' roll

Altstämmman

At the end of a dream if you know where I mean,
when the mist just starts to clear.
In the similar way at the end of today,
I can feel the sound of writing on the wall.
It cries for you. It's the least thing you can do.
Like a spiral on the wind. I can hear it screaming in my mind.
Long live rockn'roll
Long live rockn'roll
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In the different time, when the words didn't rhyme,
you could never quite be sure.
And then on with the change, it was simple but strange
and you know the feeling seemed to say it all,
It cries for you. It's the least thing you can do.
Like a spiral on the wind. I can hear it screaming in my mind.
Long live rockn'roll.
Long live rockn'roll
Long live rockn'roll.

If you suddenly see what has happened to me,
you should spread the word around.
And tell everyone here that is perfectly clear
they can sail above it all on what they've found.
it cries for you. It's the least thing you can do.
Like a sound that's everywhere. I can hear it screaming through the air
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