

Where Did The Rock Go?

Back when I was younger, wild and bold and free,
I can still remember, how the music used to be.
Chords like rolling thunder, loud beyond control,
Every note and lyric branded right across my soul.

Where did the rock go?
Where's the rush of those electric guitars?
Where are all those voices raised in heaven,
Blazing down like shooting stars?

Tell me where is the passion?
Where's the rattle and the roar and the buzz?
Where do last year's one-hit-wonders go to?
And what happened to the girl I was?

Somehow I got older, year by busy year.
Guess the songs kept playing, but I didn't stop to hear.
All that youth and swagger turned to grown-up doubt,
as the world spun like a record, and the music faded out.

Where did the rock go?
Where's the pounding of the drums in my veins?
When did all the static fill the airwaves?
When it's gone, then what remains?

Tell me where did the time go?
Where's the joy I used to know, way back when?
Where's the power and the beauty?
Then the frantic end, the rapture?
Where's the magic of the moments only rock could ever capture?
Now the only thing I'm hearing, are the echoes disappearing.

Sorry for the outburst. Please, I'll be okay.
Let's keep this our secret. Who'd believe it anyway?
We'll pretend it never happened, file it and forget.
Still, thanks for the reminder that there's music in the end.

Where did the rock go?
All those feelings that I learned to ignore?
If you flip the record and start over, does it sound the way it did before?
Where did the rock go?