

In the Name of Rock 'n' Roll

Count Raven

Now won't you listen, all you pretty boys
In magazines you look like plastic toys
Superstars of rock, you just pretend
A blasphemy that never seems to end

Ugly bastard, you think you look good
But there are things you never understood
With lipstick and mascara in your hand
Bet you're not even sure you're a man

Now listen

Hairdryer soldiers marching out to war
Can't you see yourself, you're such a bore
Why don't you all just lie down and die?
The world's a mess and you're the reason why