

Die Rockin

Whiskey Myers

I was born a wild child in fear of the Holy Ghost
Raised on field holler with the spirit in my bones
I turned 15, I was lost to the Pentecost
I felt a woman's breast and heard Sway by the Stones
Next thing you know Lord, I'm in the band
We come from East Texas, a river bottomland
Harder than a Bois d'Arc tree, too drunk to stand
With cowboy hats and old guitars and Copenhagen cans

I'm gonna rock until I die, I'm gonna die rockin'
I'm gonna rock until I die, I'm gonna die rockin'
I'm gonna rock until I die, I'm gonna die rockin'
Gonna die rockin', gonna die rockin'

Gather around you children, come on take my hand
I'm gonna take you to a place, but it ain't, ain't the Promised
Land
It's got every thing you want, baby, but nothing's for sell
It's a lost highway, it's a California hotel
It's where the ones who came before, they paid it with their li
ves
They gave their souls to rock n roll, I'm gonna rock until I di
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