

OLD SOLID GOLD ROCK AND ROLL

Remembering life and the love of rock and roll in the 1950s

Back in '59, graduation time
My shoes were superb, my hair was immaculate
I had the perfect date
I said we cannot wait
She said if you be cool, I might let you be the first to tackle it

And my new chrome pipes, and my racing stripes
My '57 Chevy was the creme of the creme-de-la-creme
And in a school that small
No competition at all
When it came to the hop, without a doubt you were queen of the gym

*Chain me, chain me to the back beat (last time: back seat)
Chain me down and let the good times roll
And ev'ry now and then, my feet'll fly again
To the beat of that old solid gold rock and roll*

We had the beat from the back
We had a grumblin' Strat
We knew we were part of somethin' too big to deny
And as I stood watchin' all night long
You and I danced to every song
And we sang all the words to ev'ry star in the sky