

THE PRICE OF ROCK AND ROLL

it's hard to look at him (E)
sunken eyes and withered form
he smokes another cigarette (A)
he's trying to keep warm
it's hard to believe (B)
he once was so alive
bouncing along without a care (E)
watch him shuck and jive

it's hard to know
how he really feels
he smiles and shrugs his shoulders
all thoughts he does conceal
at times i try to push him
to help him look inside
tell me what it feels like
where does your heart reside

but the years they have taken their toll (A, E)
i guess that's just the price of playing rock and roll (B, A)
the endless nights they melt into the searing dawn
one more cup of coffee and then i'm gone

when i see myself
reflections on the pain
i realize i'm just like him
getting older, barely sane
it's hard to look at him
his hopeless tired gaze
seeing him is seeing me
we're both fading in the haze