

**God Save Rock And Roll**  
**Kid Rock**

Kid Rock " God Save Rock N Roll Lyrics

Intro (**G**)

**G**

Boy next door not too complacent  
Lost till he found how to pound the pavement

**D** **C** **G**  
He walked like a saint lost far in a world of sin

No mama to assure his situation  
A misfit piss poor education  
He talked a big game but never could seem to win

**C**

**G**

And southwest Detroit ain't a place to talk no trash  
**D** **C**

**G**

You can throw some dap but it's best not to flash no cash  
You grow up quick, fightin' for the upper end of lower class  
And sometimes ya feel like sand in an hour glass  
Hey there young man, you better dig down deep in your soul  
You better learn to play and pray God save rock n roll

**G**

He got a four-piece band for his graduation  
A second hand van and they toured the nation

**D** **C** **G**  
But no one seemed to ever wanna sing a long

They headed out west to find salvation  
But the Sunset Strip's a big temptation  
The girls and cocaine seemed to write every song

**C**

**G**

But east LA ain't a place to talk no trash  
**D** **C**

**G**

You can play for tips but how long can that life last  
You grow up quick, writin' checks your ass can't cash  
And sometimes ya feel like life's movin' way too fast  
Hey there young man, you better dig down deep in your soul  
You better find your way and pray God save rock n roll

**C**

**G**

Yeah God, save rock n roll

**D**

**C**

**G**

If you could find a way I swear I won't sell my soul

Hey God, save rock roll  
Pave the way and hey God save rock n roll

Solo: (C-G-D-C-G)

G

He got pegged to be the next sensation  
A big fat check for his aggravation

D

C

G

And a renegade spot tucked way high up in the hills

His songs played strong on every station  
And MTV in full rotation  
And his garage was filled up with big Cadillac DeVilles

He sold his soul it was fabrication  
Found success but lost his patience  
Cuz livin' on the road ain't all it's cracked up to be

He got dropped in the middle of consolidation  
His wife took half and then taxation  
Left him right back at the alter on his knees

C

G

And southwest Detroit ain't a place to talk no trash

D

C

G

Hey mister big shot, how's it feel to be back?  
Yeah you made it, became a member of the upper class  
Forgot your roots and made everybody kiss your ass  
Hey there young man, I bet ya never thought you'd get this old

D

I'm still tryin' to be, I'm still singin' in key, I'm still livin' free

C

G

So fuck you all I said long live rock n roll!