

Not in the Mood for Rock n Roll (Goodnight Mrs Amando)

I'm not in the mood for Rock `N`Roll
I can't play it straight at all
I can't sing high when I'm down
There lives an old bag next door
The one with the creepy wicked snore
And she'd wake up and start knocking on the wall

I'm not in the mood for Rock `N`Roll
Don't wanna dance cause I might fall
I want to keep it quiet and slow
And turn the volume down on 4
Or 4 and a half
Or a little more
Cause I want her to know
That I'm turning it low
Out of mercy on her
Cause if I wanted I could cut a parting in her old style
Hairdo

Good night Mrs Amando
You're the first to hear my new song
And it might not be one of my loudest
But it's going to be long

Good night Mrs Amando
Let me just get one thing straight:
I could easily blow your head
If I turned it up on eight

I'm not in the mood for Rock `N`Roll
It has no consequence at all
Except that my band makes fun of me
For not wanting to raise my voice
And scream out my lungs
But I got no choice
Cause she'd hear me when I shout
And she'd catch me on the stair the next morning
And I'd say hello to her and without warning
She would press her hands on her ears and make me feel
Bad

Good night Mrs Amando
You're the first to hear my new song
And it might not be one of my loudest
But it turned out to be long

So u like to tell me that I should be quiet

But I don't like to do what I'm told
I'd much rather play in the sand
Instead of digging after gold

Good night Mrs Amando
I'm sure you won't understand
That I'd rather play in a band than
Wreck my brains and my hands