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SESSION CREDITS

Johnny Pierre – Vocals, Guitars, Keyboards, Bass, Bass Synthesizer

Ray Finch – Intro Guitar Riff (Track 1), Lead Guitar (Track 3)

Chris James – 1st Guitar solo (Track 1), Lead Guitar (Track 7)

Dave Filloramo – 2nd Guitar Solo (Track 1), Lead Guitar (Track 12)

Jeff “Shadow Groove” Goldstein – Bass Guitar (Tracks 1, 3, 10, 12)

Rusty Walker – Keyboards (Tracks 2,4, 6, 7, 8,)

Jim Treutlein – Acoustic Guitar & Backing Vocal (Track 1)

Rudy Schnee – Acoustic drums, Drum machine & Percussion

Don Rentier – Bass Guitar (Track 4, 6, 7, 13)

John “Buck” Green – Lead Guitar (Track 10)

Alex Zander – Lead Guitar (Track 8)

Produced by: The Mad Turk

Recorded @ Mind Smoke Studios Nov. 2018– March 2019



George Reiger

This album is dedicated to my dear friend George Reiger. I met George in my first year at the University of Dayton. George had a genuine rock & roll attitude which made a big impression on me. Over my years in college, George really influenced the way I felt about rock & roll. Thanks George!

As a songwriter, I've always enjoyed writing in a wide variety of musical genres but the rock & roll genre has always been my favorite genre. More often than not, rock & roll music has always been there to help me regain an optimistic outlook on things. So, it was in the middle of having to deal with ongoing medical issues over the past 5 months that I decided that the only thing that would help me regain my sanity was to write and record a genuine lo-fi rock & roll album. Of course, as soon as I started working on the album (which would be called *Rock & Roll is a State of Mind*), my imagination drifted back to how big a role rock & roll music has played in my life. Every once and awhile during the

recording sessions, I would suddenly get lost in the memories of all of the countless bands that I had played in when I was growing up.



Verdun France 1966

In 1965 I was an army brat living in Verdun, France. I have a vivid memory of the first night when I arrived in France. I was watching that old tv show *Guns n' Roses* on television and it was disconcerting to see Matt Dillon exclaim, "Zoot Alors!" I quickly changed the channel and stumbled upon a music show (it might have been [BEAT CLUB](#), a show out of Germany). Suddenly the explosive sound of The Who was blasting out of the television set as the band roared through "My Generation". Zowie! I was hooked! I got even more excited when, during the song's finale, Pete Townshend (Guitar) and Keith Moon (Drums) destroyed their instruments. Shortly after this big event in my life, I managed to convince my parents that I needed an electric guitar in order to survive living in Europe. Much to their credit, they saw the wisdom of this and soon enough I was playing in various garage bands. Over the course of posting on this blog over the past several years, I've chronicled some parts of my rock & roll life blog; most notably on a post called [MY FIRST GIG](#) which detailed the start of my life in rock & roll in 1966.

After my disastrous first gig, I ended up as the lead singer in a band called (what else?) US (the band name was due to the influence of band names like The Who and Them). We had somehow managed to wrangle a series of gigs at various Canadian Air Force bases where we would play at the NCO club. Our first gig at one of those joints was (what else?) a real disaster. When we set up our equipment at the NCO club, we had forgotten that in Europe that had a different electrical circuit system and our amps were wired for the US electrical system. When we turned on our amps to start the show a huge cloud of smoke filled the club! Our audience was a crowd of drunk Canadian Air Force Sergeants. As the smoke drifted around the club, some of these servicemen began cursing in French and one or two empty beer cans flew through the air. What happened next pretty much made me see that I was born to do this. I quickly told the drummer to start playing a military beat and then started singing an Acapella version of The Beatles "Yellow Submarine". As luck would have it, this delighted the inebriated Canadians to no end and

the entire club stood up and sang along for the better part of 20 minutes or so as the Dad of the bass guitarist (who just happened to be an Army electrician) quickly set up two spare amps we had in the van and hooked them up to work with the European electrical current. Along with my disastrous first gig, this gig was yet another fine introduction to the art of show business!

By 1970, I was in Ohio attending The University of Dayton and besides showing up at campus parties and playing solo, I had joined up with a blues combo called Leftover Blues which enabled me to celebrate my love of [HOWLIN WOLF](#) and other great Chess Records artists.



Ray, JP & Chuck

1972 to 1973 was spent performing in coffeehouses with a popular folk-rock outfit called Chuck, Ray & John. Besides performing some of the popular folk-rock material of the day, we also were known for playing our own material which, at the time, was considered an unusual thing to do. During this point of my college "career", I was an Anthropology major and at one point I was offered the chance to go on an anthropological dig in the Bahamas and I turned down that offer while saying to my professor, "Gosh, I can't go on that dig, I got some gigs to play!" Turning my back on a potential career in academia pretty much made me see the writing on the wall: making music had claimed my soul once and for all.

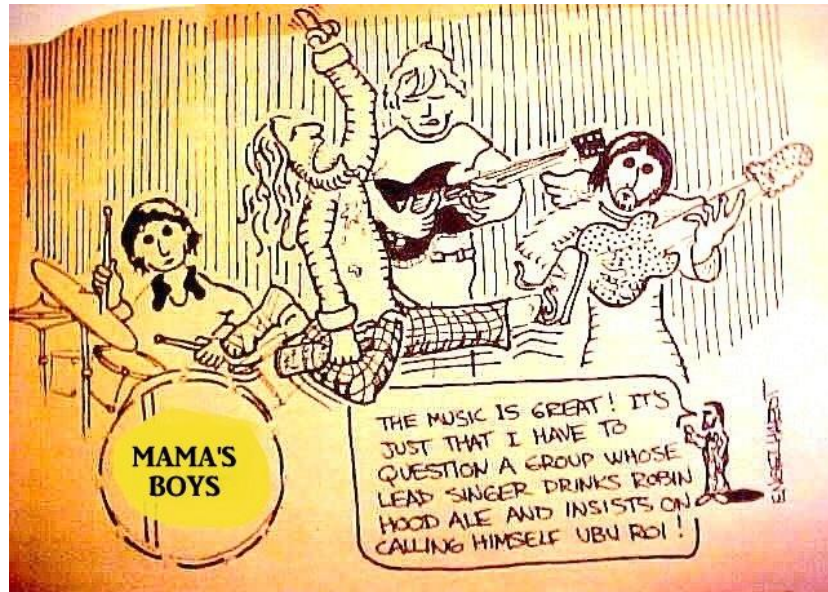


Billy "The Mountain" Cairns

In 1974, I met my all-time favorite rock & roll drummer, the one and only Billy "The Mountain" Cairns. I was at a party at one of the off-campus houses and went upstairs to use the bathroom. When I came out of the bathroom, Billy leaped out of the shadows, grabbed me by the shoulders and (what else?) threw me down the stairs! Apparently, Billy had seen me playing around at various places on the college campus and wanted to do some gigs with me. After throwing me down the stairs, Billy shouted, "Hey! I could play with you!" As I lay in a heap at the bottom of the stairs, the only response I could think of was, "You're Hired!" and thus a great friendship was born!



In 1974, Billy and I formed the first lineup of the Freelance Vandals. The band also included Paul Polanski who brought a definite free jazz influence into the material we were doing. Our repertoire was an oddball collection of some Van Morrison and Bruce Springsteen songs, cajun music, original songs, some Broadway show tunes (say what?!) and jazz material by Sun Ra and Rahsaan Roland Kirk.



The day after I graduated from college, my buddy Ray and I got in his car and drove to Maryland where we were part of a rock band called Mama's Boys (which included future members of the 3rd lineup of Freelance Vandals). To this day, I still can't figure out why this band managed to only play one gig in that entire year!

In 1976, I returned to Dayton and played in a 2nd lineup of Freelance Vandals. This lineup included Joe "Lipper" Lipinski on bass, Billy Cairns on (what else?) drums, Bob Silk (lead guitar), George Hallett (keyboards) and myself. The drum chair was taken over by Jeff Keating when Billy returned to the Long Island area of New York to pursue his rock & roll dreams in a punk rock combo called The Magnets.

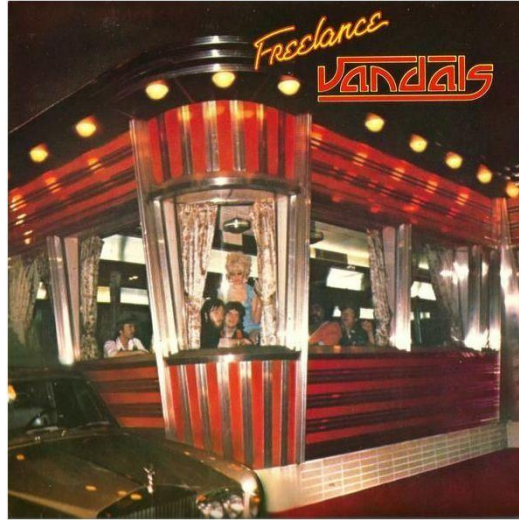


The 1976 Freelance Vandals lineup played one gig that still pops up in my memory box every now and then. One of my college buddies, a wild Irishman by the name of Chris Kerwin, was living outside of town on a farm and he staged a party that was sponsored

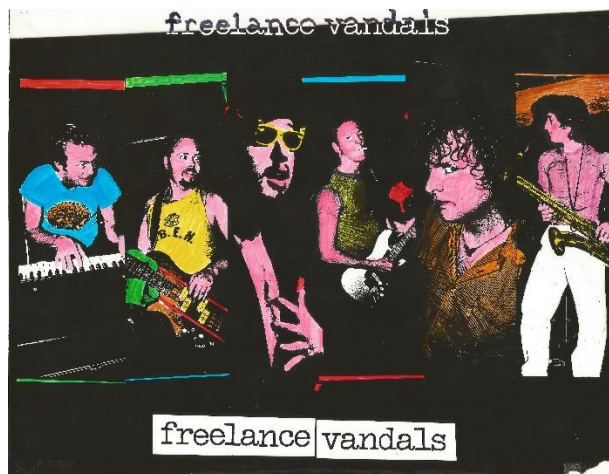
by a fictitious organization called "The Sexual Congress". The band set up and played in the living room of the farmhouse. During our last number, which was a bizarre cover version of (what else?) "Sing This All Together" (from the Rolling Stones Santanic Majesties Request album), the large crowd began jumping up and down to the music. We could all feel the floorboards starting to give away. Attempting to avoid a total collapse of the floor we abruptly ended the song which brought forth a chorus of boos and flying beer cans. Sweet mystery of life at last I've found you!



By 1977, I was trying to find a way to get a break in the music business. I ended up moving to Long Island to be part of the 3rd lineup of Freelance Vandals. This lineup immediately proved to be a popular band on the Island. This lineup of the band consisted of Garry Pritchett (Bass / Vocals), Jack Finch (Keyboards), "Diamond" Ray Finch (Lead Guitar / Vocals), Billy Cairns (Drums / Vocals) and myself (Lead Vocals / Rhythm Guitar). This lineup was steeped in a meat & potatoes style of rock & roll a la the Rolling Stones and The Faces. In 1978 we recorded an album for RCA records which subsequently got shelved due to some shady practices by our producer with whom we had signed a production contract. The producer broke the contract with RCA which subsequently got the album shelved and the band got tagged with a rep for breaking contracts. Overnight, we became persona non grata to every major record label. This was a real eye opener. Welcome to the Music Business! This 3rd lineup of the Freelance Vandals is the lineup that appears on some of the tracks on the band's [VANDALOGY](#) album.



In 1979, the band persevered by starting their own record label called Dog Records and releasing a double 45 set called the [DOUBLE DOG PAK!](#) We had a strange gig at a Long Island amusement park called Adventure Land which was booked to promote the Dog Pak. Unfortunately, the band was set up right in front of the roller coaster ride and so every couple of minutes there was a big WHOOSH! as the roller coaster ride sailed on by leaving the sound of the band non-existent in mid-song! Our reaction to this was to end our set with a rousing LOUD version of the Rolling Stones song "Star Star" (aka "Starfucker"). I remember looking out into the crowd as we blasted through the song and seeing the look of horror on some of the faces of the parents who had placed their hands over the ears of their kids.



This 4th lineup of the Freelance Vandal's in 1980 had more of a pop influence as the band reflected some of the current new wave music styles that were popular at the time. The addition of Mike Adams on bass whose playing emulated the style John Entwistle of the Who gave the band more punch and Chuck Ciany's vocals and saxophone work opened

up the band's sound quite a bit. I remember thinking, "This is a long way from the old garage days!" Tracks from this lineup of the band can be found on the [VANDALOGY](#) compilation album.

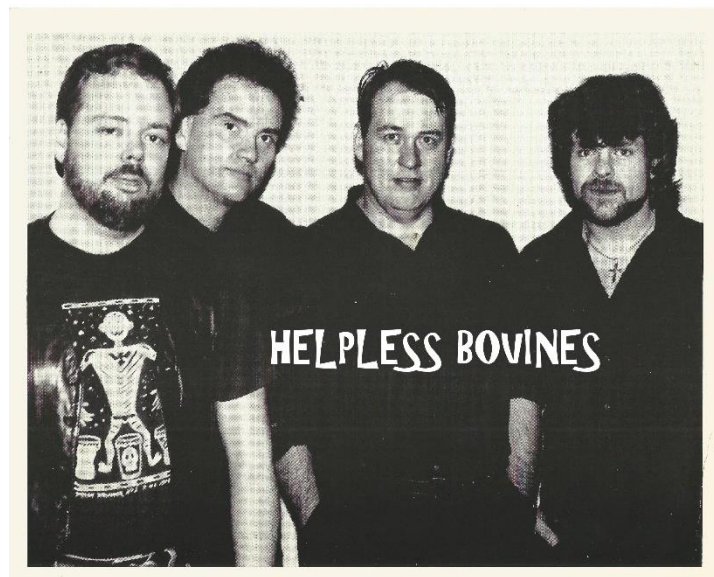


This final and 5th lineup of the Freelance Vandals, which came together in 1983, was a different kind of animal altogether. Our newest band members, saxophonist Tommy Yamasaki, brought some cool jazz influence into the group and Al Speed provided a unique approach when playing his keyboards. This lineup appears on the band's 1984 live album, [YER MONEY OR YER EARS](#). Shortly after the release of the live album, the band announced that it was disbanding. Over the next several years, the band would perform at some reunion shows from time to time.

By the end of my tenure with the Freelance Vandals, I had to quit playing live due to having polyps on my vocal chords; the only way I would get my singing voice back was to stop playing live for awhile. During this time of my life, many changes took place; I got married after which I became a Dad with the arrival of my beautiful daughter. Even though I couldn't play any gigs, I kept on concentrating on my songwriting. To make ends meet, I somehow managed to wrangle a career for myself in the restaurant business as a chef and later part owner of several restaurants that featured the Cajun/Creole cuisine of Louisiana. I always loved cooking but it never was as passionate a thing as music was. I do have say, though, that working as a Chef actually had some impact on my songwriting. What I learned as I was cooking was that if you add too much of something, your dish is going to be a disaster. Economy and deliberation is what's called for and the same philosophy can be applied to writing songs. As to be expected, It wasn't long before I found myself missing the energy of playing live music.



By the mid-80's, I started playing gigs at my restaurants with a new band called The Mighty Young Fish. The Fish were a rowdy combo that had a definite Robert Johnson Meets The Rolling Stones type of vibe. The band included Jeff Goldstein on bass (who I currently play with in the Biscuit Kings), Peter Conway on lead guitar and tomfoolery, Billy Cairns on (what else?) drums, Mark Mancini on keyboards and myself on lead vocals and rhythm guitar. It was around this time that I suddenly realized that one of the benefits of owning my own restaurant was that I had a gig whenever I wanted one!



In the 90's, I was also part of a rock & roll combo called The Helpless Bovines which included Tommy Martin (Lead Guitar/vocals) and three members of the Freelance Vandals; Mike Adams on bass, Billy Cairns on (what else?) drums and myself. The most memorable thing that The Helpless Bovines played was Mr. Quasimodo, a rock opera about the Hunchback of Notre Dame which was based on a Freelance Vandals song that was called (what else?) Mr. Quasimodo. We only performed the entire rock opera twice. I can recall after one of those shows, I heard an audience member say, "*What's next...Brigadoon?*"



Around 1995, I also started playing with the first lineup of the Biscuit Kings, an Americana Blues combo, which was put together by myself and my favorite bass player, Jeff Goldstein. Currently, we have Dave Filloramo on lead guitar for our trio gigs and once in a blue moon we get to do a show as a full 5 piece combo.



In 2007, the Freelance Vandals played their last show with our immortal drummer Billy Cairn. Billy passed away due to cancer in 2008. I still wish he was around to throw me down the stairs one more time!



MIND SMOKE RECORDS

COOL SOUNDS FOR A MODERN WORLD!

Shortly after playing my last Vandals gig with Billy, I decided to start my own record label, Mind Smoke Records. The impetus behind this move was to not only achieve some visibility as a songwriter but to also keep the musical legacy of the Freelance Vandals alive by releasing some of the band's archive recordings. To this day, when it comes to music, I'm still a prisoner of my imagination!



So here I am 53 years later...releasing a new rock & roll album. Time flies when you're having a good time, eh?



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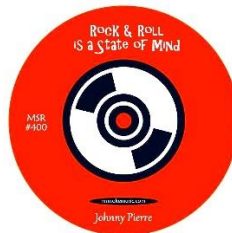
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SONG LYRICS

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A LITTLE ROCK & ROLL

Time is like a shadow, it taps you on the back
You're looking in the mirror, nothing's looking back
Never too young, never too old, all you really need is a little rock & roll
So put a little spit shine on your soul and get yourself a little bit of rock & roll
When you wake up in the morning and it feels like yesterday
You have no destination, you have no right of way
Never too young, never too old, all you really need is a little rock & roll
So put a little spit shine on your soul 'cause all you really need is a little bit of rock & roll
Now you're living on your memories, down at the local bar
One of these days the clocks are gonna stop and we'll find out who we are
Never too young, never too old, all you really need is a little rock & roll
So put a little spit shine on your soul 'cause all you really need is a little bit of rock & roll
All you really need, all you really need, all you really need is a little rock & roll
All you really need, all you really need, all you really need is a little rock & roll
I said, all you really need, all you really need, all you really need is a little rock & roll
All you really need, all you really need, all you really need is a little rock & roll

DEVIL'S KISS

Don't wanna live in world like this, always looking for the devil's kiss

Everything is hit or miss so don't go looking for the devil's kiss

Don't wanna live in world like this, always looking for the devil's kiss

Too many things that you can't resist so don't go looking for the devil's kiss

You think the sun shines outta your ass; You think you're a genius, that ain't gonna last

The devil's gonna come and ring your bell and You'll be selling ice cubes down in hell

Don't wanna live in world like this, always looking for the devil's kiss

Everything is hit or miss so don't go looking for the devil's kiss

So, don't go looking for the devil's kiss, don't go looking for the devil's kiss

Don't go looking for the devil's kiss, don't go looking...hey! Hey! hey!

Don't wanna live in world like this, always looking for the devil's kiss

Everything is hit or miss so don't go looking for the devil's kiss

So, don't go looking for the devil's kiss, don't go looking for the devil's kiss

Don't go looking for the devil's kiss, don't go looking!

THE CURIOUS STAIN

This is the house that ate my brain, it's taken its last grain of salt again
It's left me in a place that has no name in search of an answer to the curious stain
This is my life and everything I did with it; This is the hole and I put my soul in it
This is the way I'm gonna deal with it
Too many demons to dream, too many demons to dream...that's right...pick it up now!
This is my house and everything I put in it; this is my car and everywhere I went in it
This is my life and the mess I made of it
Too many demons to dream, too many demons to dream
Sisters and brothers, all you wild lovers who are waitin' for the check to arrive
Put your face in the wind, come on do it again 'cause we're all getting much too old to cry
This is my life and everything I did with it; This is the hole and I put my soul in it
This is the way I'm gonna deal with it
Too many demons to dream...hah! Too many demons to dream...hah!
Too many demons to dream...hah! Too many demons to dream...hah!
Get in your car, drive down the road, find that place, the place you wanna go
Dig up that hole, get back your soul, tell me little baby where you wanna go
You got to dream baby dream...hah! Dream baby dream...hah!
Dream baby dream...hah! Dream baby dream...hah!
This is my life and everything I did with it; This is the hole and I put my soul in it
This is the way I'm gonna deal with it
Too many demons to dream, too many demons to dream
Too many demons to dream, too many demons to dream
Dream baby dream, dream baby dream, you got to dream baby dream
This is the house that ate my brain, it's taken its last grain of salt again
This is the house that ate my brain in search of an answer to the curious stain

HOUSE OF WOMEN

I'm living in a house of women and I'm just about to lose my mind

I'm living in a house of women and I'm thinking 'bout the things I left behind

Now they're talking that way, I can hear myself say

This is a cul de sac and it's breaking my back

I'm living in a house of women and I can't find my way to the door

I'm living in a house of women and I think I must have lived here once before

Now they're talking that way, I can hear myself say

This is a cul de sac and I can't get back to it

I'm living in a house of women and I'm just about to lose my mind

I'm living in a house of women and I'm thinking 'bout the things I left behind

Now they're talking that way, I can hear myself say

This is a cul de sac and I can't get back to that

House of women, house of women, house of women

House of women, house of women, house of women

UP ALL NIGHT

4 am, 4 am, here I am again at 4 am; 4:01, 4:01, there ain't no more time for having fun

4:02, 4:02, well I'm wide awake and I don't know what to do

4:03, 4:03, well I'm waitin' on the sandman to set me free

4:04, 4:04, if I ever find my dreams, I'll be out the door

4:04, 4:04, if I ever find my dreams, I'll be out the door; out the door, out the door, out the door

5 am, 5 am, you know I can't remember who I am

5:04, 5:04, the sandman's banging on my door

5:08, 5:08, my eyes are open that's a big mistake

5:09, 5:09, I think I'm gonna sleep until the end of time; till the end of time!

6 am, 6 am, coffee in my cup the sun is coming up

6 am, 6 am, here I am up all night again, here I am up all night again, here I am up all night again

"What time is it?"

Coffee in my cup, the sun is coming up; coffee in my cup, the sun is coming up

Coffee in my cup, the sun is coming up; coffee in my cup, the sun is coming up

6 am, 6 am here I am up all night again, here I am up all night again, here I am up all night again

ONE BIG STREET

What if the world was one big street, what if the pigs lived up in the trees
What if we all walked around like we please, walking down one big street
What if the world was one big clock, what if the hands would never stop
What if life was like a parking lot and you couldn't find your car because you forgot
Where it is, where it is, where it is; Where it is, where it is, where it is
Sometimes life can be like this walking down one big street
What if the world was one big street, I'd stroll down to China for a cup of tea
And think about life's big mysteries walking down one big street
What if the world was one big clock, I'd pick it all up and put it in my sock
What if life was like a parking lot and you couldn't find your car because you forgot
Where it is, where it is, where it is; Where it is, where it is, where it is
Sometimes life can be like this walking down one big street
Where it is, where it is, where it is; Where it is, where it is, where it is
Sometimes life can be like this walking down one big street...booyah!
One big street, one big street, that's where all the cool kids meet

HASH TAG BABY

Hash tag baby, making the scene,
hypnotized by your little cell screen
Just can't leave that thing alone,
your lights are on but nobody's home
Hash tag baby, out in the world,
everybody loves a hash tag girl
Hash tag baby, cool shake baby
Hash tag baby, running wild
You talk like a baby, you're a little child
Everybody knows you're the twitter-in-chief
You're living your life like a strange disease
Hash tag baby, out in the world,
everybody loves a hash tag girl
Hash tag baby, cool shake baby
Hash tag baby, it's all gone south
The only thing you do is run your mouth
Everybody knows it's never gonna end
Maybe you can make yourself great again
Hash tag baby, you're no President
You're a little rich boy who's badly bent
Hash tag baby, adios baby!

TOOL SHED SHANGRI-LA

You're living in a tool shed Shangri-la
with your teenage girlfriend and an old guitar
Someone's banging on the door with a 2X4,
your mommy and daddy can't take it no more
Broken music on the radio, sounds like a prayer that you used to know
You're a big piece of trouble, no matter where you go
you're living in a world gone wrong
No matter where you are, you're living in a tool shed Shangri-La
How you got this far, you think you're the king of Mardi Gras
Money in your pocket, a big bag of weed, everybody knows you're a real bad seed
Broken music on the radio, sounds like a prayer that you used to know
You're a big piece of trouble, no matter where you go
you're living in a world gone wrong
Living in a world gone wrong, living in a world gone wrong,
living in a world gone wrong
You're living in a tool shed Shangri-la
with your teenage girlfriend and an old guitar
Someone's banging on the door with a 2X4,
your mommy and daddy can't take it no more
Broken music on the radio, sounds like a prayer that you used to know
You're a big piece of trouble, no matter where you go
you're living in a world gone wrong
Broken music on the radio, sounds like a prayer that you used to know
You're a big piece of trouble, no matter where you go
you're living in a world gone wrong
Living in a world gone wrong, living in a world gone wrong,
living in a world gone wrong
Somebody's knocking on the door!

KING OF POP

Man in the mirror, China doll
Listen to the babies weep and crawl
Hoedown Motown, that's alright
Saw you on the TV late last night
Looking like a ghost with a hot dog grin
Get on board, let's do it again
Look out kid, here we come
Run to the land of the rising sun
Hey Hey! Whadd'ya say, gotta make a getaway
Change your face, feed your head
The King of Pop is dead!
Thriller was a killer when we went nuts
Dancing on the stage with just one glove
A-B-C gee, what's the point
Looking like a prize in a Thai boy joint
Hey Hey! Whadd'ya say, gotta make a getaway
Change your face, feed your head
The King of Pop is dead!
Listen to the children call his name
Mannequin boy, he's so strange
Man in the mirror, China doll
Listen to the babies weep and crawl
Hey Hey! Whadd'ya say, gotta make a getaway
Change your face, feed your head
The King of Pop is dead!
The King of Pop is dead!
King of Pop! King of Pop! King of Pop! King of Pop!

BUSY WORLD

It's a busy world out there; it's a busy world out there
That much is true, you know it too
Folks are flying around in the air
They never seem to get anywhere
Oh Lord, it's a busy world
It's a busy world out there; it's a busy world out there
That much I know, I see it everywhere I go
Folks make lots of noise, playing with all their little toys
Oh Lord, it's a busy world
Time starts here, then it goes there
It has a cup of coffee then it goes upstairs
It runs around in circles, it puts you in the race
Sometimes it puts you in a quiet place
It's a busy world out there; it's a busy world out there
That's the way the deal gets done, then you run outta fun
We all want that pie in the sky
Even though time is passing us by
Oh Lord, it's a busy world
Oh Lord, it's a busy world
Oh Lord, it's a busy world

CEMETERY MOONLIGHT

My Cadillac girlfriend is banging on the door
She's a real live wire; She always wants a little more
Don't blame it on the moonlight,
Don't blame it on me
All the things that kill you dead
Are gonna set you free
Cemetery moonlight dancing in the yard
It's a living nightmare
if you don't know where you are
Don't blame it on the moonlight,
Don't blame it on me
All the things that kill you dead
Are gonna set you free
Don't call me no doctor;
Don't call me no priest
Don't call me late-for-supper
'cause I'm feelin the heat
Blame it on the moonlight;
Don't blame it on me
All the things that kill you dead
Are gonna set you free
All the things that kill you dead
Are gonna set you free
All the things that kill you dead
Are gonna set you free

ROCK & ROLL IS A STATE OF MIND

Hank was in the back of his limousine; he was gone by dawn if you know what I mean

Bird sat down and he started to play; all the stars in the sky got up and ran way

Move it ahead, don't get left behind; Rock & Roll is a State of Mind

The things you can't remember, the things you leave behind; Rock & Roll is a State of Mind

Kurt was such a sweet All-American boy, catcher in the rye when Johnny got home

Janis was a mess when she hit the ground, Jimmy took a bath when the sun went down

Move it ahead, don't get left behind; Rock & Roll is a State of Mind

The things you can't remember, the things you leave behind; Rock & Roll is a State of Mind

Johnny was so sweet, he liked to play with guns

Jeffrey liked to swim out where the river runs

Danny sat down and began to play, all the stars in the sky got up and ran away

Move it ahead, don't get left behind; Rock & Roll is a State of Mind

The things you can't remember, the things you leave behind; Rock & Roll is a State of Mind

Move it ahead, don't get left behind; Rock & Roll is a State of Mind

The things you can't remember, the things you leave behind; Rock & Roll is a State of Mind

Roll, roll, roll, roll, roll, roll rock; Roll, roll, roll, roll, roll, roll rock

Roll, roll, roll, roll, roll, roll rock; Roll, roll, roll, roll, roll, roll rock

ROCK & ROLL CODA

Rock & Roll is a State of Mind!

I said, Roll roll roll, rock & roll roll rock; Roll roll roll, rock & roll roll rock

Roll roll roll, rock & roll roll rock; Roll roll roll, rock & roll roll rock

Roll roll roll, rock & roll roll rock; Roll roll roll, rock & roll roll rock

In your heart, in your soul, never gonna get old!



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