

CLOSE ENOUGH FOR ROCK AND ROLL

Words & Music: Mike Appel © 2005

(Ballad of Corinne & Junah)

Speedin' in a PT Cruiser, near the Carroll County Line
Smashed on French Sauvignon Blanc, hearin' a familiar siren
But they lost those troopers in a blueberry patch, two of 'em high as a kite
'cept Corinne and Junah had other ideas, they ain't ready to call it a night
They're fumblin' in the back seat, workin' to get his Garrison belt undone, their passions overrun
Breathless in the moment, tangled bodies playin' some one on one, they're about to succumb
They were tryin' like hell to get it on, but sometimes you're just too far-gone
It was anticlimactic if the truth be told,
Though he came up short, she said it's Close Enough For Rock 'n' Roll,
Close Enough For Rock 'n' Roll, Close Enough For Rock 'n' Roll

In the interest of fostering competition, he dragged her to a topless bar
Corrine was fumin', can you blame her; she said, who do you think you are?
She sat in that car cursing him out; he said you sure you won't come along?
Inside Brandy, a Sugar Shack doll, was swayin' in a latex thong
He figured this private dancer 'id be everything Corinne was not, she was over the top
She told him he was handsome and whispered baby you're so hot, let me see what you got
Before he knew it she was in his face, close up and personal for just a taste
Then she jumped back and swung around her stripper pole
She said it ain't the real thing, but it's Close Enough For Rock 'n' Roll, Close Enough For Rock
'n' Roll, Close Enough For Rock 'n' Roll

Instrumental:

They took the highway due northwest, and finally hit the Vegas strip
Junah went through his money in a flash, playin' only hundred dollar chips
Corinne learned somethin' from Brandy after all; and bought a pink micro mini skirt
Junah lost count while countin' cards, and damn near lost his shirt
But they booked themselves the grand suite, with an ice bucket and bottle of Absolut, and a
bowl of Kiwi fruit
They slipped into that hot tub, naked save for them saddle stitched cowboy boots, in a pair of
birthday suits
From the booze they felt fuzzy and warm, but it dulled their senses and they couldn't perform
A well known side effect of alcohol, it could've been Nirvana it was Close Enough For Rock 'n'
Roll, Close Enough For Rock 'n' Roll, Close Enough For Rock 'n' Roll, Close Enough For Rock 'n'
Roll, Close Enough For Rock 'n' Roll, Close Enough For Rock 'n' Roll