

James Taylor, Steamroller

Well, I'm a steamroller, baby, I'm bound to roll all over you.
Yes, I'm a steamroller now, baby, I'm bound to roll all over you.
I'm gonna inject your soul with some sweet rock 'n roll and shoot you full of rhythm and blues.

Well, I'm a cement mixer, a churning urn of burning funk.
Yes, I'm a cement mixer for you, baby, a churning urn of burning funk.
Well, I'm a demolition derby, yes, a hefty hunk of steaming junk.

Now, I'm a napalm bomb, baby, just guaranteed to blow your mind.
Yeah, I'm a napalm bomb for you, baby, just guaranteed to blow your mind
And if I can't have your love for my own, sweet child, won't be nothing left behind,
It seems how lately, baby, got a bad case steamroller blues.