

Joe Ely, What's Shakin' Tonight?

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Slap on some rouge, show your tatoos,
Put on your patent leather highheel shoes.
Moon out tonight, you're lookin' just right,
I feel like messin' with dynamite!

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Come on pretty babe let's put some wind in our ears.
We got the thing movin' now we just gotta steer.
Tell the folks back at work that we just gone beserk
Bossman, find yourself a new kind of jerk.

Rip out reverse, strain every nerve
Ram it to the red line don't let it swerve.
Spin it around, swim it or drown.
I smell the deisel in the Border Town.