

Rod Stewart, All In The Name Of Rock 'N' Roll

Went downtown on the two fourtynine,
play'n for recognition of the New York town.
See, me and the boys got a rock 'n' roll band;
they were so damn good, gonna lift up the man.
Well, we got ups, we got downs,
we got just so high till the sun goes down.
Got the ego, can be abused;
I got my two-toned shoes,
and I can sing the blues.
Look out, kids, it's the F B I;
we got a problem, you keep me high.
Put on your clothes, take the smile off your face
and put your money where your mouth is or get out this place.
New York town is a meanass town,
we got a thousand bands singin' underground.
Way down in New Orleans it's the same old thing;
emotion'l music a merry old thing.
Old King Soul, he final'y gave us a jolt;
he played the vibes till nine and read from ten to four.
He played upside down, he played inside out;
then a uniform band he was thrown into jail.
Look out, kids, it's the F B I;
we got a problem, you keep me high.
Put on your clothes, take the smile off your face
and put your money where your mouth is or get out this place.
Gettin' hungry I know little woman,
can't get a smell 'cause my nose is blocked.
I'm so high, I can't believe it;
hotel dogs are knockin' on my door.
Two night of singin' nearly out on the end,
left the two parts red, oh what a square.
As soon as the man, there's no sweeter song,
listen, Mc Cartney, we're the band on the run.
Look out, kids, it's the F B I;
we got a problem, you keep me high.
Put on your clothes, take the smile off your face
and put your money where your mouth is or get out this place.
Oh yeah