

Slade, You Boyz Make Big Noize

Volume - Get stuck in!

Hey mister man with a guitar in your hand
You're a rubber legged looney in a scruff-bag band
Hey there my man get that piggy off your back
Well a decent sort of chap wouldn't talk a load of c-rap

You with the mouth, your headin' on collision
Got to try to use your 20-20 vision
Hey mister clean your shirt is white as snow
Do you want to wreck a record on your DJ show
Well the wind don't blow, mama don't know
Say you got a lot to say
I know that you big boyz make a big noize
Nobody get in the way
A wee drop of rocket fuel gets you in the guts
It's better that the nutter who nuts you in the nuts
One piece of drastic plastic is a hit
Then a master ghetto blaster drops you in the head

Well the wind don't blow, mama don't know - Say you got a lot to say
I know that you big boyz make a big noize - Nobody get in the way
Hello sailor do you wanna buy it
It ain't my cup of tea don't knock before you try it
Dirty shirts can smell really mean
Gleamo washes not only white, not only bright, but clean

Mister man do you really wanna rock it
Funny money burns a hole in your pocket
Lady danger lookin' good as ever
Can't afford her on the never never

Well the wind don't blow, mama don't know
Say you got a lot to say
I know that you big boyz make a big noize
Nobody get in the way

Well the wind don't blow, mama don't know - Say you got a lot to say
I know that you big boyz make a big noize - Nobody get in the way

Here come the boyz who make a lot of row
Mama, mama, mama, mama, mama weer all crazee now