

The Manhattan Transfer, Shaker Song

The fool screams, 'no more!'
He grabs his shirt and hits the door
What she needs from him he ignores.
It's a bore. Oh it's a bore. Oh it's a bore. Oh it's a bore.
(Oh it's a ...)

Blast the radio.
The hits just come and go.
Block out what he knows that he has blown
(That he has blown...)

The night hangs its head
As the fool crawls into bed.
Still his hungry heart begs to be fed
All the words she once said
(That she said. That she said. That she said.)

So then he grabs his Chevrolet
In one more attempt to get away
But the thoughts of all the crimes of passion lay in his way.

He can shake the blues,
But you know he still can get confused.
It seems like such a waste
'Cause he can't shake her.
He can shake his tail,
But you know his moves are getting stale
He's on the make, but oh, his heart can't fake
That he can't shake her.
He can't shake her.
No, he can't shake her.

Romance falls like rain
But all the motives are insane
Everytime that he plays the game he feels the pain
(He feels the pain. Who is to blame? Who is to blame?)

He finds a joint that's jive
Guys are spinning girls like 45's.
All of the live bait sink for his lines they are so high

He knows he is beat
As his heart puts on the heat
Run from the street that don't even fit his feet
(Don't fit his feet. Now he can see. Now he can really see)

Tell him here's a telephone
He can beg to let the fool come home
He tells her that his life's a drag alone
(Can't be alone)

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