

Ben Folds, Weather Channel Music

Could you get me some more, um, thumb, uh, finger, uh, tapes

[audience:] "Band-Aids!"

Band-aids! Thank you. I am losing... the... use... of...

[audience:] ""[[Ben Folds:Rock This Bitch]Rock This Bitch]]"!"

Thanks.

I've done, we've done

I personally, probably, have done

Maybe fifty different styles of "Rock This Bitch";

There's no more styles left

[audience member:] "Don't do it! Make a new one right now!"

I, I

[audience member:] "Rock out with your cock out"

I have sang this song so many times

In different styles

I think I will stop tonight

I'm not going to do this anymore

I am not going to play "Rock This Bitch";

No I'm not

No I'm not

No I'm not gonna rock the fucker rock, a-rock, rock rock-rock-rock

Rock this motherfuckin' bitch

I'm gonna rock out

I'm gonna rock out with

I'm gonna rock out

Rock out

Rock out

Rock out with this motherfucking

Cock out

Rock out with the cock out, yeah yeah

Rock out with the cock out

Rock out with the cock out, ba-baby

Rock out with the cock out

Rock out with the cock out

Rock out with the cock out

Rock out with the cock out

Rock out with the cock out

Baby baby ba-babay

Kick out some of that Weather Channel shit!

[plays jazzy piano solo]

He's not gonna rock out with his cock out really

But he might rock out without his socks on

He might rock it

Rock it

Rock it

Rock it

Rock it with this motherfuckin' blue shirt on

How distinctive is that?

He's not gonna rock out with his cock out, baby baby

Thank you Weather Channel shit!