

Burton Cummings, Roll With The Punches

You know, this here's the sotry oabout a guy who thought he had it all figured out
Until one day he realized that every day of life is a brand new kick in the teeth
But as he read somewhere in a book a long time ago...
"If your teeth get kiced in, replace 'em, and turn the other cheek
And let that son of a bitch kick 'em back out again,
And ROLL WITH THE PUNCHES!"

Doin' my private paper chase, yes I'm readin' 'bout King Lear
Along comes some uppity foreigner singin' "Future shock is here!"
And I gotta roll with the punches
Gotta roll with the punches
Gotta roll with the punches else they might eat me for breakfast, too.

Women are fine and women are sweet: hanks of hair and piece of bone
But even President Tito's leavin' Mrs. T. at home
He's gotta roll with the punches
He's gotta roll with the punches
Gotta roll with the punches else they might eat him for breakfast, too.

You know I love the ladies, they're as juicy as can be
But all I want for Christmas is a penicillin tree
I gotta roll with the punches
Better roll with my punches
Better keep rollin' each night with my punches else I'll get eaten for breakfast, too.

Rollin' ...gonna play it one time...

In my years of healthy travel, had a million just like you
You got hardening of the arteries and you're barely 22...
You better roll with the punches
Gotta roll with my punches
Better keep rollin' each night with my punches, else they might eat me for breakfast, too.