

Chuck Berry, Move It

Fifty-five Ford died right on the road
Drove for the curb, raised up the hood
Couldn't see nothing wrong, line o' cars long
Traffic bogged down, tryin' to drive around
Officer Lamar, walkin' toward the car:
"Move it!", "Come along move it",
"You cannot stop it here, now move it", "Move it"
"Get out of there, move it"

Three and two the count, bases loaded down
Slugger at the plate, known to hit 'em straight
Tension from the fans, shoutin' in the stands
Signal from the catch, pitcher's in the stretch
Bat 'n' ball crack, pitcher's backin' back:
"Move it!", "Move it!", "Get along, move it!"
"The ball is droppin' past, now" "Move it!"
"Let the ball, now, let's go home, now, move it!"

She drives a Mustang, she lets her hair hang
She dresses like a fish, makes you look and wish
Puts you in a trance, body built to dance
Disco queen, twistin' in between
Play a super song, watch her get it on
Pretty, wow!
"Get hip, move it!" "Move it"