

Chuck Berry, Too Much Monkey Business For Me

YOU CAN'T CATCH ME

Chuck Berry

I bought a brand-new air-mobile
It custom-made, 'twas a Flight De Ville
With a pow'ful motor and some hideaway wings
Push in on the button and you will get a scene

CHORUS:

Now you can't catch me, baby you can't catch me
'Cause if you get too close, you know I'm gone like a cool breeze
New Jersey Turnpike in the wee wee hours
I was rollin' slow because of drizzlin' showers
Here come a flat-top, he was movin' up with me
Then come wavin' goodbye a little' old souped-up jitney
I put my foot in my tank and I began to roll
Moanin' siren, 'twas a state patrol
So I let out my wings and then I blew my horn
Bye bye New Jersey, I'd be come and gone

(chorus)
Flyin' with my baby last Saturday night
Not a gray cloud floatin' in sight
Big full moon shinin' up above
Cuddle up honey, be my love
Sweetest little thing I've ever seen
I'm gonna name you Maybellene
Flyin' on the beam, set on flight control
Radio tuned to rock 'n' roll
Two, three hours have passed us by
I'll be 2 dropped to 5:05
Fuel consumption way too fast
Let's get on home before we run out of gas
(chorus)

From: Collins Crapo