

Edgar Winter, More Rock 'N' Roll

The band is burnin' and the place is packed
There's no room to walk
Hot crowd and music so loud
You can't here yourself talk

Turn it up, you know I just can't hear
Turn it up, I got a rock 'n' roll ear
Turn it up, blast it clear to the rear
Turn it up, blow the head off my beer

More rock 'n' roll
More rock 'n' roll tonight
More rock 'n' roll
More rock 'n' roll alright

Slip outside to the parkin' lot
The band's off on a break
Bad boys, wonder what they got
I wonder what they take

Let me in, I want to get on the bus
Let me in, I won't make no fuss
Let me in, now my hand's gettin' sore
Let me in, I'm gona bust in the door

More rock 'n' roll
More rock 'n' roll tonight
More rock 'n' roll
More rock 'n' roll alright

(guitar/synth solo madness)

More rock 'n' roll
More rock 'n' roll tonight
More rock 'n' roll
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More rock 'n' roll
More rock 'n' roll tonight
More rock 'n' roll
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(outro pandemonium)