

Ian Dury And The Blockheads, The Roadette Song

Shaken on her shoulder, shaking on her arse
Ain't no doubt about it she's a gamey lass
Jerking with her elbow, clever with her knee
Way she move it over, that's the place to please
Diction very bad, friction double rich
Brazen little hussy, rock 'n' rolling bitch
When it come to business takes off like a jet
Rocking's her vocation
She's a very high roadette

Young man
There ain't no need to hustle
Young man
Slow down your hustle bustle
You can take your time, young man
Some of this is muscle
all right

Lightning in her legs
Spitfire on her hip
Rock 'n' roll's a habit
Guitar wrote the script
Messed up on her history
Won the schooling praise
Does her heavy thinking
Bristols in m' face
Never had a teacher
Messing with her brain
You should see her pupils
Music's in her veins
Shifting her transmission
Chevrolet, Corvette
Rock 'n' roll relations
With a very high roadette

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There ain't no need to hustle
Young man
Slow down your hustle bustle
You can take your time, young man
Some of this is muscle
guitar

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