

# 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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Shaking on her arse  
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Some of this is muscle, all right  
1,2, 1-2-3-4, 1