

James Taylor, Steamroller Blues

Well, I'm a steamroller, baby
I'm bound to roll all over you
Yes, I'm a steamroller, baby
I'm bound to roll all over you
I'm gonna inject your soul with some sweet rock 'n roll
And shoot you full of rhythm and blues
Well, I'm a cement mixer
A churning urn of burning funk
Yes, I'm a cement mixer for you, baby
A churning urn of burning funk
Well, I'm a demolition derby
A hefty hunk of steaming junk
Now, I'm a napalm bomb, baby
Just guaranteed to blow your mind
Yeah, I'm a napalm bomb for you, baby
Guaranteed to blow your mind
And if I can't have your love for my own
Sweet child, won't be nothing left behind.
It seems how lately, baby
Got a bad case steamroller blues