

John Cale, Dirty Ass Rock'n'Roll

Well it's too damn early and your eyes are bleeding
From the vicious bottle the night before
And the last thing you need is a nicety-nice
And small talk crawls out your ears
Maybe it makes you feel just like an undercover Sigmund Freud
I hear it makes you feel just like an undercover Sigmund Freud
Hey there, hey now, hey there, hey now
Well you can make a pacemaker blink, yeah, easy thing
Make a man's heart go bippity-bom bippity-bom bippity-bom
Like a gentle drum
And knowing you it ain't ever done
So go on, go on, go on, darling, go on
Yeah go on, go on darling, go on, go on
Yeah, the secretaries and typewriters chattering away
Chatter-chatter-chatter-chatter
chatter-chatter-chatter, chatter away
It ought to make you sick when you hear a woman cry
When she don't get just whatever she wants
But not my woman, she just keeps on keeping on,
That's my woman, my woman
That moving on shuffle side to side
That sure can turn me on
Dirty ass rock'n'roll
Dirty ass rock'n'roll
Dirty ass rock'n'roll
Dirty ass rock'n'roll
Hey now, hey now, hey now, hey now
And the beach is a thing and the bees don't sting
Like complaining from a downtown whore
I got my plasma patches and my hypodermic in hermetically sealed kid gloves
Yeah tell me
Tell me tell me tell me tell me
Tell me
Tell me tell me tell me tell me
Dirty ass rock'n'roll
Dirty ass rock'n'roll
Dirty ass rock'n'roll
Dirty ass rock'n'roll