Manfred Mann's Earth Band, Get Your Rocks Off

It was late one night on Blueberry Hill One man turned to the other man with a blood-curdlin' chill

Get your rocks off Get your rocks off Get your rocks off, baby Get your rocks off me

You know, there's two old maids layin' in their bed One picked herself up, to the other one she said

Get your rocks off Get your rocks off Get your rocks off, baby Get your rocks off me

We was cruisin' down the highway in an old Greyhound bus All kinds of children in the side road, they were hollerin' at us Layin' down around Mink Muscle Creek One man turned to the other man, he began to speak

Get your rocks off Get your rocks off Get your rocks off, baby Get your rocks off me