

Nat Stuckey, Roll Over Beethoven

Well I'm a write a little letter gonna mail it to my local DJ
Yes it's a jumpin' little record I want my jockey to play
Roll over Beethoven I gotta hear it again today
You know my temperature's risin' and a jukebox blowin' a fuse
My heart's A beatin' rhythm and my soul keeps a singin' the blues
Roll over Beethoven and tell Tchaikovsky the news
I got the rockin' pneumonia I need a shot of rhythm and blues
I caught the rollin' arthritis sittin' down at a rhythm review
Roll over Beethoven they're rockin' in two by two
Well if you feel you like it go get your lover then reel and rock it roll it over
Then move on up just a trifle further then reel and rock with one another
Roll over Beethoven dig these rhythm and blues
(guitar)
Well early in the mornin' and I'm givin' you my warnin'
Don't you step on my blue suede shoes
Hey diddle diddle I'm a playin' my fiddle ain'T got nothin' to lose
Roll over Beethoven and tell Tchaikovsky the news
You know she wiggles like a glow worm dance like a spinnin' top
She got a crazy little partner you oughta see 'em reel and rock
Long as she's got a dime she must won't ever stop
Roll over Beethoven roll over Beethoven roll over Beethoven roll over Beethoven
Roll over Beethoven roll over Beethoven roll over Beethoven roll over Beethoven
And dig these rhythm and blues