

Neil Sedaka, You're Knockin' Me Out

When we start a'dancing I'm a nervous wreck,
your kinda shaking has a rare effect.
I can't stop a'flipping over what you're doing,
that kinda beat can drive a man to ruin.
Slow down baby, can ya hear me shout.
Stop! You're knockin' me out.
Crazy 'bout your rhythm when you're rocknrolling,
all I'm asking honey is that you control it.
Your dancing is entrancing, oh, yes indeedy,
but my one objection is you're much too speedy.
Slow down baby, can ya hear me shout.
Stop! You're knockin' me out.
We go dancing, and everything is fine,
We're romancing, the music is divine,
then the band starts to syncopate,
you jump from thirty three to seventy eight.
Spinning like a record on a record machine,
you've got me going dizzy over your routine.
The way ya shake your shoulders and the way ya twist 'em
starts a chain reaction in my nervous system.
Slow down baby, can ya hear me shout.
Stop! You're knockin' me out.
Oh now, we go dancing, everything is fine,
we're romancing, the music is divine.
Then the band starts to syncopate,
you jump from thirty three to seventy eight.
Spinning like a record on a record machine,
you've got me going dizzy over your routine.
The way ya shake your shoulders and the way ya twist 'em
starts a chain reaction in my nervous system.
Slow down baby, can ya hear me shout.
Stop! You're knockin' me out.
Slow down baby, can ya hear me shout.
Stop!