

Peter Cincotti, Raise The Roof

Lock the door and stop complaining
Gather round and listen well
From now on we're entertaining; how to hotten up this hell?
Hold the movement, Hold the chatter
Skip the food and stop the clatter
Can't you hear that pitter patter?
We're not here to eat
We came for the heat
Let's raise the roof
Let's make a scene
Let's hope the gods of love will shine above and show the way
Let's call the shots
Let's roll the dice
Take my advice it always pays
To raise the roof
Crush the ice and shake forever
Tell the evening where to go
If you'd like a new endeavor
Well I could teach you what I know
Grab your partner by the collar
Bribe the bar man with a dollar
Just ignite that mighty holler
Just lead me to the trough
Till the lights go off
Let's raise the roof
Let's make a scene
Let's hope the gods of love will shine above and show the way
Let's call the shots
Let's roll the dice
Take my advice it always pays
To raise the roof
Cut the strings and set the table
And gather roses on your way
Welcome to our tower of fable
Learn the language come what may
Spare me how the wind is blowing
If you keep the whisky flowing
You can reap what you've been sowing
If you walk the plank
You've got me to thank
Let's raise the roof
Let's make a scene
Let's hope the gods of love will shine above and show the way
Let's call the shots
Let's roll the dice
Time for play nice has run
Before the big hand hits the one
We've got to do what must be done
Raise the roof
Raise the roof
Raise the roof
Raise the roof