

# Rory Gallagher, Jackknife Beat

Shake it baby, before it shakes you  
Get it baby and let it take you  
Where you want it to

Don't you maybe  
That just won't do  
You say I'm crazy  
But this music's got me feelin' good

I know it's fever  
I don't need a cure  
You're the doctor  
I'm your patient that's for sure  
I'm your patient that's for sure

Hear it baby  
Sneaking on through  
You'll know it baby  
When that music gets inside your shoes

It's too late baby, what do you do  
Hear it baby  
Hear it baby  
Sneaking on through  
You'll know it baby  
When that music gets inside your shoes  
You know it's creeping up on you

Scat

We got that Jackknife beat  
A killer of a back beat  
Sounds like an ice truck  
Rolling down a back street

Yeah, we got the whole thing going like a pneumatic drill  
The guitar man's playing like he's fit to kill, oh yeah

We got that Jackknife beat  
A killer of a back beat  
Siphon off the syrup  
Let it take a back seat  
What's cooking in the kitchen has boiled to the brim  
What's brewing in the basement  
Is bound to over spill, oh yeah

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