

The Byrds, Roll Over Beethoven

I'm gonna write a little letter
Gonna mail it to my local DJ
It's a rockin' rhythm record
I want my jockey to play
Roll over Beethoven, I gotta hear it again today

You know, my temperature's risin'
And the jukebox blows a fuse
My heart's beatin' rhythm
And my soul keeps on 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 think I'm rollin' arthritis
Sittin' down by the rhythm review
Roll over Beethoven rockin' in two by two

Well, if you feel you like it
Go get your lover, then reel and rock it
Roll it over and move on up just
A trifle further and reel and rock it, roll it over
Roll over Beethoven rockin' in two by two

Well, early in the mornin' I'm a-givin' you a warnin'
Don't you step on my blue suede shoes
Hey diddle diddle, I am 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 partner
Oughta see 'em reel and rock
Long as she got a dime the music will never stop

Roll over Beethoven
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Roll over Beethoven
Roll over Beethoven and dig these rhythm and blues