

Yardbirds, Honey in your hips

When I get out on the dancing floor,
There ain't no stopping for an hour or more,
I go rocking up and down and around and round,
I go reeling to the beat of that crazy sound.
I can't stop, I want to kiss your pretty lips,
'Cause I know, pretty babe, you got honey in your hips.
I can't stop my feet and I can't stop my hands,
When I hear the sound of a rock 'n' roll band.
Gotta rock, gotta roll, gonna jump and shout;
Nobody better come and turn me out.
I'm staying all night till I get my kicks,
'Cause you know, pretty babe, you got honey in your hips.
I want you and you want me,
We're gonna dance all night till we both feel free,
We'll shake and we'll shimmy right across the floor,
When it gets late, we'll dance out the door.
You better get ready with your pretty lips,
'Cause you know, pretty babe, you got honey in your hips.