

# James Taylor, Steamroller Blues

Well, I'm a steamroller, baby  
I'm bound to roll all over you  
Yes, I'm a steamroller, baby  
I'm bound to roll all over you  
I'm gonna inject your soul with some sweet rock 'n roll  
And shoot you full of rhythm and blues  
Well, I'm a cement mixer  
A churning urn of burning funk  
Yes, I'm a cement mixer for you, baby  
A churning urn of burning funk  
Well, I'm a demolition derby  
A hefty hunk of steaming junk  
Now, I'm a napalm bomb, baby  
Just guaranteed to blow your mind  
Yeah, I'm a napalm bomb for you, baby  
Guaranteed to blow your mind  
And if I can't have your love for my own  
Sweet child, won't be nothing left behind.  
It seems how lately, baby  
Got a bad case steamroller blues