Rod Stewart, You're Insane

(R. Stewart / P.Chen)

You must be crazy or half insane Look at your eyeballs, street cocaine You drink that white rum, you hit the roof What do you expect, one-five-one proof

You drive your mustang down Sunset Strip And in the back seat, a big black whip Look at your lipstick, all 'round your face Everything you do is in bad taste

Chorus:

Baby I think you're cute But there's no substitute for love Honey it's a crying shame This whole mad town thinks you're insane

You take me dancing but I can't dance but when I try to, you start to laugh You shake your hips child like a rattle snake You make me jealous make no mistake

You went to Woodstock and all that trash Your generation is fading fast You wear them hot pants, they're out of style You like brown sugar, I think it's vile

(Chorus)

One of these nights child, it won't be long Somebody somewhere who's big and strong In a dark alley, a blood stained coat He'll stick his long thing right down your throat

(Chorus)

Lord have mercy Hey baby, I think you're insane baby You got no brain, you're insane

Tell me baby, can you play harp Can you play bass Can you play guitar Can you play drum Then you're insane