

Rolling Stones, If You Can't Rock Me

(M. Jagger/K. Richards)

The band's on stage and it's one of those nights, oh yeah
The drummer thinks that he is dynamite, oh yeah
You lovely ladies in your leather and lace
A thousand lips I would love to taste
I've got one heart and it hurts like hell
If you can't rock me somebody will
If you can't rock me somebody will
Now who's that black girl in the bright blue hair, oh yeah
Now don't you know that it's rude to stare, oh yeah
I'm not so green but I'm feelin' so fresh
I simply like to put her to the test
She's so alive and she's dressed to kill, but
If you can't rock me somebody will
If you can't rock me somebody will
If you can't rock me somebody will
If you can't rock me somebody will
Now I ain't lookin' for no pretty face, oh no
Or for some hooker workin' roughish trade
And there ain't nothing like a perfect mate
And I ain't lookin' for no wedding cake
But I been talkin' 'bout it much too long
I think I better sing just one more song
I've got one heart and it hurts like hell
I'm simply dying for some thrills and spills
Oh yeah
If you can't rock me
If you can't rock me, somebody will
Somebody will, somebody will
If you can't rock me
Well, well, well, well