

The Beatles, Roll Over Beethoven

Well gonna write a little letter
Gonna mail it to my local D.J.
It's a rockin' little 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's blowin' a fuse
My hearts beatin' rhythm
And my soul keeps a-singing the blues
Roll over Beethoven
And tell Tchaikovsky the news

I got a rockin' pneumonia
I need a shot of rhythm and blues
I think I caught an arthritis
Sittin' down by the rhythm review
Roll over Beethoven
We're rockin' in two by two

Well if you fell you like it
Well get your lover and 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
A rockin' in two by two , oh

Well early in the mornin'
I'm a givin' you the warnin'
Don't you step on my blue suede shoes
Hey diddle diddle
I'm a-playin' my fiddle
Ain't got nothing to lose
Roll over Beethoven
And tell Tchaikovsky the news

You know she winks like a glow worm
Dance like a spinnin' top
She got a crazy partner
Oughta see 'em reel an rock
Long as she's got a dime
The music will never stop
Roll over Beethoven
Roll over Beethoven
Roll over Beethoven
Roll over Beethoven
Roll over Beethoven
And dig these rhythm and blues