

## **Rolling Stones, The**

### **"If You Can't Rock Me"**

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The band's on stage and it's one of those nights,  
Oh yeah  
The drummer thinks he's 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 with 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'd 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 aint' 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.

