

## **Webb Wilder**

### **"Flat Out Get It"**

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Three, two, one  
Do you know where your accountants are?  
Would you believe young mothers  
Have deserted their broods to dance  
At new age satanists rallies?

Have you ever known  
Of the Rock And Roll Justice League busting  
A locking tremolo in your community  
Or are they merely paying lip service  
To your local guitar authorities?

These and other questions  
Are raised in the following excerpt  
From Webb Wilder's Motivational Tips  
For Teens Manifesto And Rock And Roll Pamphlet

At this juncture, let us deviate from the  
Preface to these illusory comments  
To clear our minds of all secular  
And non ascetic questions and answers  
Which all will be covered in God's good time  
And play the electric guitar

All right ha, ha, ha, ha  
All right ha, ha, ha, ha  
All right ha, ha, ha, ha  
All right ha, ha, ha, ha

Come on little baby, don't you think its time to dry your  
eyes?  
Something got you down and Lord knows I can  
sympathize  
But why'd you even come If all your gonna do is mope  
around?  
Save it all for Sunday 'cause tonight we're gonna rock  
this town

Let you feet lose their mind  
Do the dog, do the swim, do the Frankensteins

Well, all right ha, ha, ha, ha

All right ha, ha, ha, ha  
All right don't sweat it, flat out get it  
I got a hunch you're gonna like it a bunch

Come on everybody, don'tcha be a sittin' on your  
hands  
Pick a wall flower start a swingin' like old Tarzan  
Make a monkey of yourself, be the best you've ever felt  
I know  
I'm a monkey man myself, I'm makin' peanuts after  
every show

Thats all right I'm doin' fine  
You gotta stop and smell the dandelion

Well, all right ha, ha, ha, ha  
All right ha, ha, ha, ha  
All right don't sweat it, flat out get it  
I got a hunch you're gonna like it a bunch

Well, rock and roll is gettin' old now, they got it sellin'  
soap  
But its my only vice, I don't need liquor dice or dope,  
no  
What the heck I hit the deck and burnin' rubber off your  
soul  
Radio the woman don't forget the mist will knock you  
cold  
Just honky tonk all night long 'cause tomorrow we'll all  
be long gone

Well, all right ha, ha, ha, ha  
All right ha, ha, ha, ha  
All right ha, ha, ha, ha  
All right ha, ha, ha, ha  
All right don't sweat it, flat out get it  
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