

Bob Dylan

"Get Your Rocks Off"

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by Bob Dylan

You know, there's two ol' maids layin' in the bed,
One picked herself up an' the other one, she said:
"Get your rocks off!
Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)
Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)
Get your rocks off-a me! (Get 'em off!)"

Well, you know, there late one night up on Blueberry Hill,
One man turned to the other man and said, with a blood-curdlin' chill, he said:
"Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)
Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)
Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)
Get your rocks off-a me! (Get 'em off!)"

Well, you know, we was layin' down around Mink Muscle Creek,
One man said to the other man, he began to speak, he said:
"Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)
Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)
Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)
Get your rocks off-a me! (Get 'em off!)"

Well, you know, we was cruisin' down the highway in a Greyhound bus.
All kinds-a children in the side road, they was hollerin' at us, sayin':
"Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)
Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)
Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)
Get your rocks off-a me!"

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