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Elvis Costello "Roadette Song (Live)"

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She can roll her shoulder, she can roll her ass Ain't no doubt about it, she's a gamely lass Jerking with her elbow, clever with her knees When she move it over, does the best to please

Diction very bad, friction double rich
Brazen little hussy, rock 'n' rolling bitch
When it comes to business take off like a jet
Rocking's her vocation, she's a very high roadette

Young man there ain't no need to hustle Young man slow down your hustle bustle You can take your time, young man Some of this is muscle

Lightning on her leg, spitfire on her hip Rock 'n' roll's a habit, guitar wrote the script Messed up on her history, won the schooling prize Does her heavy thinking with her Bristols and her thighs

Never had a teacher messing with her brain You should see her pupils, music's in her veins Shifting her transmission like Chevolet Corvette Rock 'n' roll relations with a very high roadette

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