

Elvis Costello "Roadette Song"

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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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