

James Taylor "Steamroller"

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James Taylor

Well, I'm a steamroller, baby
I'm bound to roll all over you
Yes, I'm a steamroller now, baby
I'm bound to roll all over you
I'm gonna inject your soul with some sweet rock 'n roll
And shoot you full of rhythm and blues
Well, I'm a cement mixer
A churning urn of burning funk
Yes, I'm a cement mixer for you, baby
A churning urn of burning funk
Well, I'm a demolition derby (yeah)

A hefty hunk of steaming junk
Now, I'm a napalm bomb, baby
Just guaranteed to blow your mind
Yeah, I'm a napalm bomb for you, baby
Oh, guaranteed, just guaranteed to blow your mind
And if I can't have your love for my own (now)
Sweet child, won't be nothing left behind
It seems how lately, baby
Got a bad case of steamroller blues

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