

# Jerry Lee Lewis

## "Juke Box"

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Juke Box Trk 11  
(Tony Colton)  
Jerry Lee Lewis  
London Session 1973 (outtake)  
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...I'll fake it  
But some how-a old Jerry comes through  
Sometimes I feel like I, I just can't take it  
But somehow the Killer comes through  
Ye-aah

(instrumental & piano solo)

I was born in Ferriday, Lou'siana  
Lord, I was born feet first  
Come out jumpin', been jumpin'ever since  
Lord, I know how to take it  
Oh, the Killer's gotta come through

Pick your guitar, fella

(instrumental & piano)

Born on the farm in Lou'siana  
Lord, I had a hard time choppin' that cotton  
Ooooooh, mama used to say  
'Son, I'm gonna get ya a piano  
'And you may turn out to be rotten'  
But I didn't

Ooh, I'm gonna make it  
I gotta make it  
'Look out son, you might get yourself in trouble'  
But I didn't  
Woo-hoo!  
Turned out good!  
What am I gonna do now?  
Wouldn't know if I could

Take it, son

(instrumental & guitar solo)

New Orleans, Louisiana  
Found me a little Cajun queen  
We were doin' pretty good  
One night she shook that thing  
And then we vowed to marry, Lord  
What a big mistake, I made it  
But, I'll make it wait and see

Woo! Give it to me, now

(Piano)

C'mon, I gotta make it  
Wooo-wooo-wooo-ooo!  
I hear ya  
Just layin' it in, hangin' it in  
A-like Gunga Dinh

Woo!

Pick it, son!

(Instrumental & guitar solo) Oooh-OOOH!

Ooh, the floor is shakin' with that juke box  
And ev'rybody is singin', 'yeah-yeah-yeah'  
Woo!

Do ya love me baby?  
Don't you think I'm out of sight?  
Mama, she rolls but she don't roll right  
Think about it, umm

The town is burnin' with the heat wave  
The weather broadcast keeps sayin'  
Fine, fine, fine, fine

Do ya love me baby?  
Don't ya think I'm outta sight?  
Mama, she rolls but she don't roll all night  
Yeah

(Instrumental & piano)

Yes, the town is burnin' with the heat wave  
The weather broadcast keeps sayin'  
Fine, fine, fine  
Do you love me, baby?  
Don't you think I'm outta sight?

Oh mama, she rolls, but she don't roll right

Play it organ, stud! Ho!

(Instrumental & organ) Woo!

The floor is shakin' with the juke box  
And ev'rybody is singin' ha, ' yeah-yeah-yeah'  
Do ya love me baby?  
Do you think I'm outta sight?  
Mama, she rolls, but she don't roll right

(Jerry Lee yodles a verse )

Well mama, she rolls, but she don't roll right.

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