

## Joe Ely "Screaming Blue Jillions"

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Here's a little ditty 'bout Screamin Blue Jillions

It was a stormy night there was a cyclone comin'  
In a back street shack was a young boy strummin'  
Born and raised in the Texas sand  
Every thing he wore was second-hand

The life he lived was a cryin' shame.  
So that very night he changed his name  
He grabbed the cyclone with his hands.  
That was the start of a hurricane band.

(Bass and Drums and a Guitar hail  
Keyboard clickin his fingernails)

Come on baby, baby clap your hands  
I know he needs your lovin' don't you understand  
Come on baby, baby clap your hands  
Shake it, shake it any way you can  
Here come Blue like hell on wheels  
Tryin' anything just to feel the feel  
Love is the medicine that moves his soul  
He gets his kicks from rock and roll

Look out baby its fixin to scream  
Blue Jillions rockin'to Smithereens

Come on baby, baby clap your hands  
I know he needs your lovin' don't you understand  
Come on baby, baby clap your hands  
Shake it, shake it any way you can

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