Rod Stewart
"All In The Name Of Rock 'n' Roll"

Went downtown on the two forty-nine
Play'n for recognition of the New York town
See, me and my boys, got a rock 'n' roll band
They were so damn good, gonna lift up the man

Well, we got ups, we got downs
We got just so high 'til the sun goes down
Got the ego, can be abused
I got my two-toned shoes and I can sing the blues

Look out kids, it's the FBI
We got a problem, you keep me high
Put on your clothes, take the smile off your face
And put your money where your mouth is or get out this
place

New York town is a meanass town
We got a thousand bands, singin' underground
Way down in New Orleans, it's the same old thing
Emotion'l music a merry old thing

Old King soul, he final'y gave us a jolt
He played the vibes 'til nine and read from ten to four
He played upside down, he played inside out
Then a uniform band, he was thrown into jail

Look out kids, it's the FBI
We got a problem, you keep me high
Put on your clothes, take the smile off your face
Put your money where your mouth is or get out this
place

Gettin' hungry, I know little woman
Can't get a smell 'cause my nose is blocked
I'm so high, I can't believe it
Hotel dogs are knockin' on my door

Two nights of singin' nearly out on the end
Left the two parts red, oh, what a square!
As soon as the man, there's no sweeter song
Listen McCartney, we're the band on the run

Look out kids, it's the FBI
We got a problem, you keep me high
Put on your clothes, take the smile off your face
And put your money where your mouth is or get out this
place
Oh yeah