

Got Going by Liz Phair

"Baby Got Going"

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Baby got goin' on a southern train, you know
Fired up the pistons driving below
And the whole vibration, seat upholstery
Silky underwear, oh conductor, let's roll, roll, roll, roll
Let's roll, roll, roll, roll, roll...!

Baby got goin' but I can't complain, you know
It knocks me out when she acts so strange, it's like a
Big Mac truck cut across three lanes in my soul,
conductor
Let's throw some metal down, roll, roll, roll, roll

Squeeze her knees underneath a book, you know
A real good shakin' is all it took
'Cause my baby's hooked on me, and as you can see
I'm wild about her!

She got goin' but I can't complain, you know
It knocks me out when she acts so strange, it's like a
Big Mac truck cut across three lanes in my soul,
conductor, let's roll...
Let's roll, roll, roll, roll, roll...!
Let's roll

She gets mad when it goes too slow, so I'm beggin' you
man
Keep a shovelin' that coal and let's roll!
Let's roll, roll, roll, roll, roll...
Dinah, blow your horn!

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