Where It's At

There's a destination a little up the road From the habitations and the towns we know A place we saw the lights turn low The jig-saw jazz and the get-fresh flow

Pulling out jives and jamboree handouts Two turntables and a microphone Bottles and cans just clap your hands Just clap your hands

Where it's at! I got two turntables and a microphone Where it's at! I got two turntables and a microphone Where it's at! I got two turntables and a microphone Where it's at!

[robot vocal effect:]
I got two turntables and a microphone

(take me home with my elevator bones!)
(that was a good drum break)

Pick yourself up off the side of the road With your elevator bones And your whip-flash tones Members only hyponotizers Move through the room like ambulance drivers Shine your shoes with your microphone blues Hirsute with your parachute fruits Passing the dutchie from coast to coast Let my man Ken Wilson (rock the most)

Where it's at! I got two turntables and a microphone Where it's at! I got two turntables and a microphone

[Man speaking:]
("What about those who swing both ways? AC-DC's?")

Two turntables and a microphone Two turntables and a microphone

Where it's at! I got two turntables and a microphone Where it's at! I got two turntables and a microphone

Oh, dear me. Make-out City's a two-horse town [girl speaking:]
("That's beautiful, Dad.")

(Got my microphone...) There's a destination a little up the road From the habitations and the towns we know A place we saw the lights turn low The jig-saw jazz and the get-fresh flow

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I got plastic on my mind (make it out, baby) yeah, yeah, yeah let's make it out, baby yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

telephone plastic baby
Ah, so good
oh, yeah
let's play good
ow wow wow wow wow