Kick Out The Jams

Entombed

Well, I feel pretty good
and I guess that I could
get crazy now, baby.
'Cause we all got in tune and when the
dressing room got hazy now, baby.

I know how you want it, child:
hot, sweet, and tight.
The girls can't stand it when you doin' it right;
when you're up on the stand.

And let me kick out the jams, yes!
Kick out the jams.
I Wantta Kick 'em Out!

Yes, I'm startin' to sweat,
you know my shirt's all wet.
What a feelin'.

And the sound that abounds and
resounds and rebounds off the ceiling.
You gotta have it baby, you can't do without,
when you get the feelin', you got the sound above.
Put that mike in my hand

And let me kick out the jams, yes!
Kick out the jams.
I WANTTA KICK 'EM OUT!

So you gotta get it up, you know ya
can't get enough, Miss Mackenzie.
Well, it gets in your brain,
it drives you insane with a frenzy.

The wailing guitars, girl, the crash of the drums,
makes me wanna keep a-rockin' till the morning comes.

Let me be who I am.
And let me kick out the jams, yes!
Kick out the jams.
I DONE KICKED 'EM OUT!

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