

Roadhouse Blues

Frankie Goes to Hollywood

Ah keep your eyes on the road
Your hands upon the wheel
Keep your eyes on the road
Your hands upon the wheel
Yeah, we're going to the roadhouse
Gonna have a real good-time
Yeah, the back of the roadhouse
They've got some bungalows
Yeah, the back of the roadhouse
They've got some bungalows
They dance for the people
Who like to go down slow
Let it roll, baby, roll
Let it roll, baby, roll
Let it roll, baby, roll
Let it roll, all night long
Do it, Robby, do it
You gotta roll, roll, roll
You gotta thrill my soul, alright
Roll, roll, roll, roll-a
Thrill my soul, yeah right
I gotta beep a gunk a chucha
Honk konk konk
Ka gancha each you puna eachya bop a luba
Each yall bummo a kechonk
Ease sum konk ya ride
Ashen lady
Ashen lady
Give up your vows
Give up your vows
Save our city
Save our city
Ah, right now
Well, I woke up this morning
And I got myself a beer
Well, I woke up this morning
And I got myself a beer
The future's uncertain and the end is always near
Let it roll, baby, roll
Let it roll, baby, roll
Let it roll, baby, roll
Let it roll, all night long