Jukebox

Jerry Lee Lewis

...I'll fake it
But some how-a old Jerry comes through
Sometimes I feel like I, I just can't take it
But somehow the Killer comes through
Ye-aah

I was born in Ferriday, Lou'siana
Lord, I was born feet first
Come out jumpin', been jumpin'ever since
Lord, I know how to take it
Oh, the Killer's gotta come through

Pick your guitar, fella

Born on the farm in Lou'siana
Lord, I had a hard time choppin' that cotton
Oooooh, mama used to say
'Son, I'm gonna get ya a piano
'And you may turn out to be rotten'
But I didn't

Ooh, I'm gonna make it
I gotta make it
'Look out son, you might get yourself in trouble'
But I didn't
Woo-hoo!
Turned out good!
What am I gonna do now?
Wouldn't know if I could

Take it, son

New Orleans, Louisiana
Found me a little Cajun queen
We were doin' pretty good
One night she shook that thing
And then we vowed to marry, Lord
What a big mistake, I made it
But, I'll make it wait and see

Woo! Give it to me, now

C'mon, I gotta make it
Wooo-wooo-wooo-ooo!
I hear ya
Just layin' it in, hangin' it in
A-like Gunga Dinh

Woo!

Pick it, son!

Ooh, the floor is shakin' with that juke box
And ev'rybody is singin', 'yeah-yeah-yeah'
Woo!

Do ya love me baby?

Don't you think I'm out of sight?
Mama, she rolls but she don't roll right
Think about it, umm

The town is burnin' with the heat wave
The weather broadcast keeps sayin'
Fine, fine, fine, fine

Do ya love me baby?
Don't ya think I'm outta sight?
Mama, she rolls but she don't roll all night
Yeah

Yes, the town is burnin' with the heat wave
The weather broadcast keeps sayin'
Fine, fine, fine
Do you love me, baby?
Don't you think I'm outta sight?
Oh mama, she rolls, but she don't roll right

Play it organ, stud! Ho!

The floor is shakin' with the juke box
And ev'rybody is singin' ha, ' yeah-yeah-yeah'
Do ya love me baby?
Do you think I'm outta sight?
Mama, she rolls, but she don't roll right

Well mama, she rolls, but she don't roll right.

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