

# Shake It Down

Sam Phillips

There's a pretty thing up on the shelf  
You can't reach it by yourself  
Close your eyes and let me  
Shake it down, shake it down, shake it

When this town is closed up tight  
You knock all day and walk all night  
You don't have to force it  
Shake it down, shake it down, shake it

If it's all up in your head  
And never comes to bed  
Raise your hands up  
Shake it down, shake it down, shake it

When the spirit leaves you lost and weak  
Shake it down, shake it down, shake it

Shake it, shake it down

Shake it, shake it