

There's a lotta smartarse songwriters
Who think they're got the answers
I wish they'd all just shut their mouths
And get down with the dancers
All those fancy words and major thirds
Don't mean much to me
And if you want me to listen to that
Don't tell me no philosophy

Oh well, there's a lotta smartarse songwriters
Who think they're got it down
I wish they're all just drop their pens
Get up and jump around
All those stolen phrases and latest crazes
Don't cut no ice with me
And if you want me to listen to that
Don't tell me your misery

I don't wanna hear no love songs, seventy-eight piece
Orchestra, girl choirs, fancy session men, multi-track
Harmonies, conga drums, moog synthesizers, electric
Pop-up toasters, Phase 3 GT Falcons with suckpower...

You all know what I want
You all know what I need
You all know what I gotta have
Why don't you gimme some
Why don't you gimme some
Why don't you gimme some

Gimme some of that rock'n'roll melody
Gimme some of that rock'n'roll beat
Gimme some of that rock'n'roll ecstasy
Knock me right off my feet...

Oh yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
There's a lotta smartarse songwriters
Who think they've got the answers...