

Music Place

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If You Can't Rock Me / Get Off Of My Cloud

alessandro · Sunday, February 1st, 2015

The band's on stage and it's one of those nights, oh yeah
The drummer thinks that he is dynamite, oh yeah
You lovely ladies in your leather and lace
A thousand lips I would love to taste
I've got one heart and it hurts like hell
If you can't rock me somebody will
If you can't rock me somebody will
Now who's that black girl in the bright blue hair, oh yeah
Now don't you know that it's rude to stare, oh yeah
I'm not so green but I'm feelin' so fresh
I simply like to put her to the test
She's so alive and she's dressed to kill, but
If you can't rock me somebody will
If you can't rock me somebody will
If you can't rock me somebody will
If you can't rock me somebody will
Now I ain't lookin' for no pretty face, oh no
Or for some hooker workin' roughish trade
And there ain't nothing like a perfect mate
And I ain't lookin' for no wedding cake
But I been talkin' 'bout it much too long
I think I better sing just one more song
I've got one heart and it hurts like hell
I'm simply dying for some thrills and spills
Oh yeah
If you can't rock me
If you can't rock me, somebody will
Somebody will, somebody will
If you can't rock me
Well, well, well, well

I live in an apartment on the ninety-ninth floor of my block
And I sit at home looking out the window
Imagining the world has stopped
Then in flies a guy who's all dressed up like a Union Jack

And says, I've won five pounds if I have his kind of detergent pack
I said, Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Don't hang around 'cause two's a crowd
On my cloud, baby
The telephone is ringing
I say, "Hi, it's me. Who is it there on the line?"
A voice says, "Hi, hello, how are you
Well, I guess I'm doin' fine"
He says, "It's three a.m., there's too much noise
Don't you people ever wanna go to bed?
Just 'cause you feel so good, do you have
To drive me out of my head?"
I said, Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Don't hang around 'cause two's a crowd
On my cloud baby
I was sick and tired, fed up with this
And decided to take a drive downtown
It was so very quiet and peaceful
There was nobody, not a soul around
I laid myself out, I was so tired and I started to dream
In the morning the parking tickets were just like
A flag stuck on my window screen
I said, Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Don't hang around 'cause two's a crowd
On my cloud
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Hey! You! Get off of my cloud
Don't hang around, baby, two's a crowd

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