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There's a destination a little up the road
From the habitations and the towns we know
A place we saw the lights turn low
The jig-saw jazz and the get-fresh flow
Pulling out jives and jamboree handouts
Two turntables and a microphone
Bottles and cans just clap your hands
Just clap your hands
Where it's at!
I got two turntables and a microphone
Where it's at!
I got two turntables and a microphone
Where it's at!
I got two turntables and a microphone
Where it's at!
[robot vocal effect:]
I got two turntables and a microphone
(take me home with my elevator bones!)
(that was a good drum break)
Pick yourself up off the side of the road
With your elevator bones
And your whip-flash tones
Members only hyponotizers
Move through the room like ambulance drivers
Shine your shoes with your microphone blues
Hirsute with your parachute fruits
Passing the dutchie from coast to coast
Let my man Ken Wilson (rock the most)
Where it's at!
I got two turntables and a microphone
Where it's at!
I got two turntables and a microphone
[Man speaking:]
("What about those who swing both ways? AC-DC's?")
Two turntables and a microphone
Where it's at!
I got two turntables and a microphone
Where it's at!
I got two turntables and a microphone
Oh, dear me.
Make-out City's a two-horse town
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[girl speaking:] ("That's beautiful, Dad.") (Got my microphone...) There's a destination a little up the road From the habitations and the towns we know A place we saw the lights turn low The jig-saw jazz and the get-fresh flow Pulling out jives and jamboree handouts Two turntables and a microphone Bottles and cans and just clap your hands And just clap your hands Where it's at! I got two turntables and a microphone $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) +\left(1$ Where it's at! I got two turntables and a microphone I got plastic on my mind (make it out, baby) yeah, yeah, yeah let's make it out, baby yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

telephone plastic baby Ah, so good oh, yeah let's play good ow wow wow wow