

Roll Over Beethoven

The Byrds

I'm gonna write a little letter,
Gonna mail it to my local DJ.
It's a rockin' rhythm record
I want my jockey to play.
Roll over Beethoven, I gotta hear it again today.

You know, my temperature's risin'
And the jukebox blows a fuse.
My heart's beatin' rhythm
And my soul keeps on singin' the blues.
Roll over Beethoven and tell Tchaikovsky the news.

I got the rockin' pneumonia,
I need a shot of rhythm and blues.
I think I'm rollin' arthritis
Sittin' down by the rhythm review.
Roll over Beethoven rockin' in two by two.

Well, if you feel you like it
Go get your lover, then reel and rock it.
Roll it over and move on up just
A trifle further and reel and rock it, roll it over,
Roll over Beethoven rockin' in two by two.

Well, early in the mornin' I'm a-givin' you a warnin'
Don't you step on my blue suede shoes.
Hey diddle diddle, I am playin' my fiddle,
Ain't got nothin' to lose.
Roll over Beethoven and tell Tchaikovsky the news.

You know she wiggles like a glow worm,
Dance like a spinnin' top.
She got a crazy partner,
Oughta see 'em reel and rock.
Long as she got a dime the music will never stop.

Roll over Beethoven,
Roll over Beethoven,
Roll over Beethoven,
Roll over Beethoven,
Roll over Beethoven and dig these rhythm and blues