

# Get Your Rocks Off!

Bob Dylan

You know, there's two ol' maids layin' in the bed,  
One picked herself up an' the other one, she said:  
"Get your rocks off!  
Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)  
Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)  
Get your rocks off-a me! (Get 'em off!)"

Well, you know, there late one night up on Blueberry Hill,  
One man turned to the other man and said, with a blood-  
curdlin' chill, he said:  
"Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)  
Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)  
Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)  
Get your rocks off-a me! (Get 'em off!)"

Well, you know, we was layin' down around Mink Muscle Creek,  
One man said to the other man, he began to speak, he said:  
"Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)  
Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)  
Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)  
Get your rocks off-a me! (Get 'em off!)"

Well, you know, we was cruisin' down the highway in a Greyhound  
bus.  
All kinds-  
a children in the side road, they was hollerin' at us, sayin':  
"Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)  
Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)  
Get your rocks off! (Get 'em off!)  
Get your rocks off-a me!"