

# Hit Record

Brook Benton

People always ask me  
How do make a hit record  
And I tell them, it's you  
The public who make hit records

But here's what I do  
Now I get a little beat  
And I get a little song  
And I get a little group  
Then the band comes along

That's all, that's all  
That's all, that's all  
That's all I need  
To make a hit record

Then I met a man  
With a long cigar  
I said, look here, man  
I wanna be a star

Listen to my beat  
Listen to my song  
Now dig the group  
Ain't that pretty  
Man, we can't go wrong

Well, he made me sign  
The paper for twenty years  
But I didn't mind that paper  
Cause the people cheered  
When they heard my beat

Ah, hit it, brother

When they heard my song  
When they dug the group  
Go on, children  
Well, it didn't take long

Now, I'm walking on air  
I ain't got a care  
Said, why don't you  
Try the same thing too

Just get a little beat  
Go on and get it, brother  
Get yourself a song  
Now dig the group  
Man, you can't go wrong