

Roland The Roadie And Gertrude The Groupie

Dr. Hook

Now Roland the roadie was only a toadie
Who set up the lights and the mics for the shows
And Gertrude the groupie was a rock 'n' roll fan
Who stood by the stage door in the rains and the snows

Ok, Roland the roadie met Gertrude the groupie
At a rock concert back in Bayonne...ow...
He tried to seduce her, said he'd introduce her
To all of the Beatles and Stones

So Roland the roadie got Gertrude the groupie
A seat in the balcony above...oh...
And Gertrude the groupie felt grateful and groovy
But Roland the roadie felt love

And some folks loves ham hocks and some folks loves pork chops
And some folks loves vegetable soup...yow...
And Roland the roadie loves Gertrude the groupie
But Gertrude the groupie loves groups

She stood up and screamed as the amber spot beamed
On her heroes, so skinny and tall
With their eyelids so droopy and Gertrude the groupie
Now she was in love with them all

Roland the roadie told Gertrude the groupie
To wait and he'd be her man...oh...
But while he dreamed of a rose covered home
She was out with the group in the van

Gerty! Gerty!
Come on, baby
Come on out here
I know you're in there!
The whole trailer's moving, baby!
What about me?
Gerty!
Gerty?

Now Roland the roadie is back on the road
His heart has been broken again
And Gertrude the groupie waits out in the cold
For the very next group to come in

And some folks loves ham hocks and some folks loves pork chops
And some folks loves vegetable soup...yeah...
And Roland the roadie loves Gertrude the groupie
But Gertrude the groupie loves groups, groups, groups, groups...
Anybody, baby, anybody...