

## More Rock 'N' Roll

Edgar Winter

The band is burnin' and the place is packed  
There's no room to walk  
Hot crowd and music so loud  
You can't here yourself talk

Turn it up, you know I just can't hear  
Turn it up, I got a rock 'n' roll ear  
Turn it up, blast it clear to the rear  
Turn it up, blow the head off my beer

More rock 'n' roll  
More rock 'n' roll tonight  
More rock 'n' roll  
More rock 'n' roll alright

Slip outside to the parkin' lot  
The band's off on a break  
Bad boys, wonder what they got  
I wonder what they take

Let me in, I want to get on the bus  
Let me in, I won't make no fuss  
Let me in, now my hand's gettin' sore  
Let me in, I'm gona bust in the door

More rock 'n' roll  
More rock 'n' roll tonight  
More rock 'n' roll  
More rock 'n' roll alright

(guitar/synth solo madness)

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(outro pandemonium)