

Rock-A-Ho

Jackyl

Smoke signal rising from my cigarette
Like an Indian warrior taking all I can get
You're never quite sure just how much I know
Only that they call me Chief Rock-A-Ho

'Cause I'm always thinking dirty, always thinking sin
Always moving over, sliding it in
Pumping like a diesel, stopping on a dime
I been a bad boy for such a long time

And I'm feelin' sleazy dirty, feelin' kinda mean
Feelin' up and down and in between
Feelin' kinda cocky, feel I'm on a rise
Feel myself a coming between your thighs

You wear you war paint, it looks good to me
Hey baby why don't you step inside my tepee?
Smoke on my peace pipe, it'll make you high
You never know until you give it a try

'Cause I live for the right now day after day
I'll use you up and then I'll throw you away
I pump you like a diesel, stop you on a dime
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