

## Dirty-Ass Rock 'N' Roll

John Cale

Well it's too damn early and your eyes are bleeding  
From the vicious bottle the night before  
And the last thing you need is a nicety-nice  
And small talk crawls out your ears  
Maybe it makes you feel just like an undercover sigmund freud  
I hear it makes you feel just like an undercover sigmund freud

Hey there, hey now, hey there, hey now  
Well you can make a pacemaker blink, yeah, easy thing  
Make a man's heart go bibbity-bom bippity-bom bippity-bom  
Like a gentle drum  
And knowing you it ain't ever done

So go on, go on, go on, darling, go on  
Yeah go on, go on darling, go on, go on

Yeah, the secretaries and typewriters chattering away  
Chatter-chatter-chatter-chatter  
Chatter-chatter-chatter, chatter away  
It ought to make you sick when you hear a woman cry  
When she don't get just whatever she wants  
But not my woman, she just keeps on keeping on,  
That's my woman, my woman  
That moving on shuffle side to side  
That sure can turn me on

Dirty ass rock'n'roll  
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Hey now, hey now, hey now, hey now  
And the beach is a thing and the bees don't sting  
Like complaining from a downtown whore  
I got my plasma patches and my hypodermic in hermetically sealed kid gloves  
Yeah tell me  
Tell me tell me tell me tell me  
Tell me  
Tell me tell me tell me tell me

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