

Groove a Little

T. Rex

You can call somebody captain
Under pressure you can flip
You can be a rock commando
But you can't pilot the ship

Groove a little baby, groove a little now
Groove a little baby, you might know what you want

But I'll show you how

You can trip the light fantastic
Become a space grotesque
You can fossilize your thought dreams
Behind a rusty desk

You might know what you want
But I'll show you how

You can read the works of Shakespeare
In the Academy of Life
You can punk the skunks of freedom
With you jeweled Etruscan knife