

He's the man without a plan
To shake it up and set you down again
A Bo Diddley walk a no more messing round the block
A seventeen watts is a all of what you got
So take me out and mess me 'round
I don't want style without a sound
It ain't clean but dig the scene
I heard the message now the message is mine

I heard the man, he bought the news
It came in loud and out of tune
Now I sleep like a bus conductor and dribbles like a dog
A double timing scratch to find the sound I'm thinking of

So take me out and mess me 'round
I don't want style without a sound
It ain't clean but dig the scene
I heard the message now the message is mine

Urgh all night, just be there
It don't make sense, think I care?

I heard the message, the message is mine