

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