

Steamroller Blues

James Taylor

Well, I'm a steamroller, baby
I'm bound to roll all over you
Yes, I'm a steamroller for your love, baby
I like nothing better than a roll all over you
I'm gonna inject your soul with some sweet rock 'n roll, oh
And shoot you full of rhythm and blues Well, I'm a, well, I'm a cement mixer, baby
A churning urn of burning funk
Yeah, I'm a cement mixer for you, baby
A churning urn of burning funk
Well, I'm a demolition derby, baby
A hefty hunk of steaming junk, I got the blues for you and me, so wait and say nothing Well, I'm a napalm bomb
for her
Stone guaranteed to blow your mind, honey
I'm a napalm bomb for you, babe, gotta tell you one more time
To sit down, stand up, go home back to L.A.
Stone guaranteed to blow your mind, yeah
And if I can't have your love for my own to take home and keep me warm
There won't be nothing left behind
Oh, bookin' on, boogin' on
I just don't seem to can't lose
They say low-down
Nowhere, half-life, freeze-dried, fat-fried, chicken-choking
Mother-father-king
Oh, roll on over, I got those steamroll blues

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