

Juke Box

Jerry Lee Lewis

Juke Box Trk 11

(Tony Colton)

Jerry Lee Lewis

London Session 1973 (outtake)

Transcriber: Awcantor@aol.com...I'll fake it

But some how-a old Jerry comes through

Sometimes I feel like I, I just can't take it

But somehow the Killer comes through

Ye-aah(instrumental & piano solo)I was born in Ferriday, Lou'siana

Lord, I was born feet first

Come out jumpin', been jumpin'ever since

Lord, I know how to take it

Oh, the Killer's gotta come throughPick your guitar, fella(instrumental & piano)Born on the farm in Lou'siana

Lord, I had a hard time choppin' that cotton

Ooooooh, mama used to say

'Son, I'm gonna get ya a piano

'And you may turn out to be rotten'

But I didn'tOoh, I'm gonna make it

I gotta make it

'Look out son, you might get yourself in trouble'

But I didn't

Woo-hoo!

Turned out good!

What am I gonna do now?

Wouldn't know if I couldTake it, son(instrumental & guitar solo)New Orleans, Louisiana

Found me a little Cajun queen

We were doin' pretty good

One night she shook that thing

And then we vowed to marry, Lord

What a big mistake, I made it

But, I'll make it wait and seeWoo! Give it to me, now(Piano)C'mon, I gotta make it

Wooo-wooo-wooo-ooo!

I hear ya

Just layin' it in, hangin' it in

A-like Gunga DinhWoo!Pick it, son!(Instrumental & guitar solo) Oooh-OOOH!Ooh, the floor is shakin' with
that juke box

And ev'rybody is singin', 'yeah-yeah-yeah'

Woo!Do ya love me baby?

Don't you think I'm out of sight?

Mama, she rolls but she don't roll right
Think about it, ummThe town is burnin' with the heat wave
The weather broadcast keeps sayin'
Fine, fine, fine, fineDo ya love me baby?
Don't ya think I'm outta sight?
Mama, she rolls but she don't roll all night
Yeah(Instrumental & piano)Yes, the town is burnin' with the heat wave
The weather broadcast keeps sayin'
Fine, fine, fine
Do you love me, baby?
Don't you think I'm outta sight?
Oh mama, she rolls, but she don't roll rightPlay it organ, stud! Ho!(Instrumental & organ) Woo!The floor is
shakin' with the juke box
And ev'rybody is singin' ha, ' yeah-yeah-yeah'
Do ya love me baby?
Do you think I'm outta sight?
Mama, she rolls, but she don't roll right(Jerry Lee yodles a verse)Well mama, she rolls, but she don't roll right.~

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