Down At The Twist And Shout

The Chipmunks

Saturday night and the moon is out.
I wanna head on over to the Twist and Shout,
find a two-step partner and a cajun beat,
when it lifts me up, I'm gonna find my feet
out in the middle of a big dance floor.
When I hear that fiddle, wanna beg for more.
Wanna dance to a band from a Lousian' tonight.

And I never have wandered down to New Orleans,
never have drifted down a bayou stream.
But I heard that music on the radio,
and I swore someday I was gonna go:
down a highway 10 past Lafayett;
there's a Baton Rouge.
and I won't forget to send you a card with my regrets
'cause I'm never gonna come back home.

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Hey!

They gotta alligator stew and a crawfish pie,
a gulf storm blowin' into town tonight.
Livin' on the delta it's quite a show.
They got hurricane parties ev'ry time it blows.
But here up north it's a cold, cold rain,
and there ain't no cure for my blues today;
except when the paper says
Beousoleil is a comin' into town.
baby let's go down.

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Bring your mama, bring your papa, bring you sister too.
They got lots of music and lots of room.
When they play you a waltz form a nineteen ten,
you're gonna fell a little bit young again.
Well you learn to dance with you rockin' roll,
you learn to swing with do-si-do.
But you learn to love at the fais do
do when you hear a little Jolie Blon.

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Whoo!

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