

# Raise the Roof

Peter Cincotti

(Music & Lyrics by Andrew Lipa) Lock the door and stop complaining  
Gather 'round and listen well  
From now on we're entertaining  
How to hotten up this hell. Hold the mood and hold the chatter  
Skip the food and stop the clatter  
Can't you hear that pitter-patter?  
We're not here to eat.  
We came for the heat! Let's raise the roof  
Let's make a scene  
Let's hop the gods of love  
Will shine above  
And show the way.  
Let's call the shots  
Let's roll the dice  
Take my advice  
It always pays  
To raise the roof! Crush the ice and shake forever  
Tell the evening where to go  
And if you need a new endeavor  
I can teach you what I know Grab your partner by the collar  
Bribe the barman with a dollar  
Just ignite that mighty holler  
Lead me to the trough  
Till the light goes off! Let's raise the roof  
Let's make a scene  
Let's hop the gods of love  
Will shine above  
And show the way.  
Let's call the shots  
Let's roll the dice  
Take my advice  
It always pays to raise the roof! Cut the strings and set the table  
Gather roses on your way  
Welcome to our Tower of Babel  
Learn the language, come what may. Spare me how the wind is blowing  
If you keep the whiskey flowing  
You can reap what you've been sowing  
If you walk the plank  
You've got me to thank Let's raise the roof

Let's make a scene  
Let's hope the gods of love  
Will shine above  
And show the way.  
Let's call the shots  
Let's roll the dice The time for playing nice has run  
Before the big hand hits the one  
We've got to do what must be done Raise the roof  
Raise the roof  
Raise the roof  
Raise the roof

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