Roll Over Beethoven

The Playtones

I'm gonna write a little letter,
gonna mail it to my local DJ.
Yeah an' it's a jumpin' little record
I want my jockey to play.
Roll Over Beethoven, I gotta hear it again today.
You know, my temperature's risin'
The jukebox's blowin' a fuse.
My heart's beatin' rhythm
and my soul keeps a-singin' the blues.
Roll Over Beethoven and tell Tschaikowsky the news.
I got the rockin' pneumonia,
I need a shot of rhythm and blues.
I caught the rollin' arthiritis
sittin' down at a rhythm review.
Roll Over Beethoven they're rockin' in two by two.
Well, if you feelin' like it
go get your lover, then reel and rock it.
Roll it over and move on up just

a trifle further and reel and rock with it,
roll it over,
Roll Over Beethoven, dig these rhythm and blues.
Well, early in the mornin' I'm a-givin' you a warnin'
don't you step on my blue suede shoes.
Hey diddle diddle, I am playin' my fiddle,
ain't got nothin' to lose.
Roll Over Beethoven and tell Tschaikowsky the news.
You know she wiggles like a glow worm,
dance like a spinnin' top.
She got a crazy partner,
Ya oughta see 'em reel and rock.
Long as she got a dime the music wont never stop.
Roll Over Beethoven,
Roll Over Beethoven,
Roll Over Beethoven,
Roll Over Beethoven,
Roll Over Beethoven, dig these rhythm and blues.

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