

Soakin' The Bone

Foghat

Peverett - Loentz Music - ASCAP Where was Nero when Rome burned? He wasn't worried 'bout the flames.

The cat didn't play no fiddle, he had his mind on better games.

He was down in the cellar with a girl he called B-Betty Lou,

Drinking juice from the grape vine, Chianti BC '52.

The Roman city was burnin', but Nero didn't face it alone,

He was soakin' the bone,

Just soakin' the bone,

He was soakin' the bone,

He was soakin' it. Napoleon he said to Josie, "I'm gonna rule the world for a start."

Josephine said, "Hey Nappy, you're crazy!

Would you rather shake it down Bonaparte?"

The world was there to be conquered, Napoleon, he couldn't leave home,

'Cause he was soakin' the bone,

He was soakin' the bone,

He was soakin' the bone,

He was soakin' it. {Rod - Solo} About the Spanish Armada, it didn't faze Sir Francis Drake.

20,000 gun-totin' galleons, but Frankie didn't quiver or quake.

He was down on the beach head, rollin' in the pebbles and stones,

He was soakin' the bone,

He was soakin' the bone,

He was soakin' the bone,

He was soakin' it. He was soakin' the bone,

He was soakin' the bone,

He was soakin' the bone,

He was soakin' it,

Oh. {Rod - Solo} (Soakin the bone, gonna' wet the whistle a little bit)

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