

What's Shakin' On the Hill

Nick Lowe

There's a cool wind blowing in the sound of happy people
At a party given for the gay and debonair
There's an organ blowing in the breeze
For the dancers hid behind the trees But I ain't never gonna see That I someday may be joining in is just wishful
thinking
Cause admission's only guaranteed to favored few
There's a waiting list and plenty more
In a long line leading to the door
So I'll never know for sure I'm too blue to be played with
And I get heartaches
So they tell me no dice
It isn't allowed
In that carefree crowd
To be seen with tears in your eyes So I make out I don't wanna know but I'm the pretender
Kicking cans 'round while that happy sound keeps cracking on
Though I long so strong to be inside
With the blues is where I do reside So I'll forever be denied
Though I long so strong to be inside
With the blues is where I do reside So I'll forever be denied
What's shakin', what's shakin', what's shakin', what's shakin', shakin' on the hill
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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