

All Mama's Children (feat. John Fogerty)

Carl Perkins

There was an old woman that lived in a shoe
Had so many children, she didn't know what to do
They were doin' all right, 'til she took 'em to town
The kids started pickin' 'em up and puttin' 'em down
Now all your children wanna rock, mama
All your children want to roll
They wanna roll, wanna rock, wanna bop 'til they pop
All your children want to rock
Well, we're not tryin' to live too fast
But we might as well try to live in class
We better move out 'fore the rent comes due
'Cause we wanna live in a blue suede shoe
All your children want to rock, mama
All your children want to roll
We wanna roll, wanna rock, wanna bop 'til we pop
All your children want to rock
Well, every night when it's quiet and still
You can hear it echoing through the hill
Through a blue suede shoe on a mountain top
All of mama's children are doin' the bop
All your children wanna rock, mama
All your children want to roll
They wanna roll, wanna rock, wanna bop 'til they pop
All your children want to rock
Well, all your children wanna rock, mama
All your children wanna roll
They wanna roll, wanna rock, wanna bop 'til they pop
All them children want to rock

Songwriters

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