

# Kick Out the Jams

[Jeff Buckley](#)

Well, I feel pretty good  
And I guess that I could get crazy now, baby  
'Cause we all got in tune  
When the dressing room got hazy now, baby I know how you want it, child  
Hot, sweet and tight  
The girls can't stand it  
When you're doing it right When they're up on the stand  
And then they kick out the jams, yes  
Kick out the jams, I like to kick 'em out Yes, I'm startin' to sweat  
You know my shirt's all wet  
What a feelin' and the sound that abounds  
And resounds and rebounds off the ceiling You gotta have it, baby  
You can't do without  
When you get the feelin'  
You've got the sounds above Put that mic in my hand  
And let me kick out the jams  
Yes, kick out the jams, got to kick 'em out So you got to get it up  
And then can't get enough  
That's what [unverified]  
'Cause it gets in your brain  
It drives you insane, makes you crazy The [unverified] the faster you funk  
If you wanna feed my rocket  
Till the morning comes  
Let me be who I am And let me kick out the jams  
Yes kick out the jams  
I done kick 'em out

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