

Raise The Roof

Peter Cincotti

(Music & Lyrics by Andrew Lipa) Lock the door and stop complaining
Gather 'round and listen well
From now on we're entertaining
How to hotten up this hell. Hold the mood and hold the chatter
Skip the food and stop the clatter
Can't you hear that pitter-patter?
We're not here to eat.
We came for the heat! Let's raise the roof
Let's make a scene
Let's hop the gods of love
Will shine above
And show the way.
Let's call the shots
Let's roll the dice
Take my advice
It always pays
To raise the roof! Crush the ice and shake forever
Tell the evening where to go
And if you need a new endeavor
I can teach you what I know Grab your partner by the collar
Bribe the barman with a dollar
Just ignite that mighty holler
Lead me to the trough
Till the light goes off! Let's raise the roof
Let's make a scene
Let's hop the gods of love
Will shine above
And show the way.
Let's call the shots
Let's roll the dice
Take my advice
It always pays to raise the roof! Cut the strings and set the table
Gather roses on your way
Welcome to our Tower of Babel
Learn the language, come what may. Spare me how the wind is blowing
If you keep the whiskey flowing
You can reap what you've been sowing
If you walk the plank
You've got me to thank Let's raise the roof

Let's make a scene
Let's hope the gods of love
Will shine above
And show the way.
Let's call the shots
Let's roll the dice The time for playing nice has run
Before the big hand hits the one
We've got to do what must be done Raise the roof
Raise the roof
Raise the roof
Raise the roof

Songwriters

RIDENHOUR, CARLTON / BOXLEY III, JAMES HENRY / SADLER, ERIC T. Published by
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