The Shake

The Elms

When the week is done, and the evening sun is sinking back into the hills,
Well the neon lights start flickerin' on and the roadhouse starts to fill.
You can bet your ass by ten o'clock it'll be all that you can take
To squeeze inside with the girls and guys who come out to do the shake. Shake it 'til you can't shake it out no more!
Do it 'til your feet come off the floor.
Put a little shake in your rattle and roll.
Shake it 'til you can't shake it out no more!
The air is thick with the sweat and smoke comin' off everybody's skin,
And the rhythm grows in people's bones like it's coming from within.
Don't come out here lookin' just to chill or to sit down and take a break.
The only thing to try 'round here tonight is get up - and do the shake!
We're all the same when we come out here, don't matter who your daddy is.
What side of the street that you grew up on don't count for anything.
Come down alone, or with a friend in tow, just get down here for God's sake.
Bring folding money and a pack of smokes, and get down here and shake!

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