

Razzle Dazzle

Bill Haley & His Comets

I don't have the time of day
I don't know what day it is
Someone's falling on my head
Get up, get up, we're going out on the raz
Razzle dazzle, call it what you want
To me it doesn't matter, it's where I belong
It's a matter of distinction, a real fine line
Between an orgy of destruction and a wonderful time
And this room's so cold and bare
And there's nothing here for me
I've got to find some heat somewhere
Get up, get up, we're going out on the raz
Razzle dazzle, call it what you want
It really doesn't matter when I'm bangin' on a gong
While someone's holding out to a willing congregation
And we can all forget about the state of the nation
Can't hear a thing but I see your lips are moving
I'm working on my thinking and I think it's improving
I'm going to get the blame so I might as well deliver

If only I can swim across this weird human river
I know I started out with the best of intentions
Some blinding inspiration and a few not-to-mention
And now I'm looking deep into the last dying embers
Shouting what are we doing here and nobody remembers

I've lost a friend or two
I don't know where they have gone
Now only one thing I can do
Get up, get up, I'm going out on the raz
Razzle dazzle, call it what you want
To me it don't matter, it's where I belong
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