

It's Showtime

David Lee Roth

Lights, camera, action
There's a star upon your door
Have your machine call my machine
We'll do lunch on the cutting floor
We're over budget
98 percent not there
And when the back door hits you
Where the good Lord split you
Tell us honey, who does your hair?
How does he do it?
Why's he do it?
Yes, it's true
The flavor of the month is you
And it's practice, practice, practice
Just to get to Carnegie
We'll need 10 percent,
and that's off the top
Gross, not net to me
Get it on, Honey 'cause It's Showtime!
Just play the song,
Baby 'cause It's Showtime!
Produce me daddy,
Takin' 8 to the bar
Big, bigger, biggest
With the right lighting you'll go far
Here today, gone late today
And it's club dates in the sticks
And you're beautiful babe, don't never shave
No prob, we'll fix it in the mix
Just leave your name and number in
the dumpster when you're through,
Oh yeah Don't call us, we'll call you
Oscar, Grammy, triple whammy
Cut, and that's the take
Quit complainin', where's my agent?
Don't you know how much I make?
Get it on,
Baby 'cause It's Showtime!
Just play the song,

Baby 'cause It's Showtime!
Leave your name and number
in the dumpster when you're through,
Oh yeahDon't call us, we'll call you
And it's play it like they paid ya
And your photo goes on the car wash wall
But somehow it's all worth it
When you hear that curtain call

Songwriters

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