

# Crocodile Rock

## Bob de Bouwer

I remember when rock was young  
Me and Suzie had so much fun  
Holding hands and skimming stones  
Had an old gold Chevy, a place of my own  
But the biggest kick I ever got  
Was doing a thing called the Crocodile Rock  
While the other kids were rocking round the clock  
We were hopping and bopping to the Crocodile Rock  
Well, Crocodile rocking is something shocking  
When your feet just can't keep still  
I never knew me a better time and I guess I never will  
Oh, lady, mama those Friday nights  
When Suzie wore her dresses tight  
And the Crocodile rocking was out of sight  
But the years went by and the rock just died  
Suzie went and left me for some foreign guy  
Long nights crying by the record machine  
Dreaming of my Chevy and old blue jeans  
But they'll never kill the thrills we've got  
Burning up to the Crocodile Rock  
Learning fast as the weeks went past  
We really thought the Crocodile Rock would last

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Come on everybody

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