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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