

# You're Insane

## Rod Stewart

You must be crazy or half insane  
Look at your eyeballs, street cocaine  
You drink that white rum, you hit the roof  
What do you expect, one-five-one proof  
You drive your mustang down Sunset Strip  
And in the back seat, a big black whip  
Look at your lipstick, all 'round your face  
Everything you do is in bad taste  
Baby I think you're cute  
But there's no substitute for love  
Honey it's a crying shame  
This whole mad town thinks you're insane  
You take me dancing but I can't dance  
but when I try to, you start to laugh  
You shake your hips child like a rattle snake  
You make me jealous make no mistake  
You went to Woodstock and all that trash  
Your generation is fading fast  
You wear them hot pants, they're out of style  
You like brown sugar, I think it's vile  
Baby I think you're cute  
But there's no substitute for love  
Honey it's a crying shame  
This whole mad town thinks you're insane  
One of these nights child, it won't be long  
Somebody somewhere who's big and strong  
In a dark alley, a blood stained coat  
He'll stick his long thing right down your throat  
Baby I think you're cute  
But there's no substitute for love  
Honey it's a crying shame  
This whole mad town thinks you're insane  
Lord have mercy  
Hey baby, I think you're insane baby  
You got no brain, you're insane  
Tell me baby, can you play harp  
Can you play bass  
Can you play guitar  
Can you play drum  
Then you're insane

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