

Im Gonna Roll Ya
Cold Chisel

E

No copulation, no revolution

A

Said the young Marquis de Sade

E

But all the whips in France ain t gonna get me

F# B

Fuckin on a barracade

E

From the schoolboys on it was one big con

A

As we hung around the hockey teams

E

In each boys brain the dream was the same

F# B

All I ever went to do is get laid

E

Now the whole wide world has a better idea

A

And it shook us all to the core

E

You follow some two-year fairy tale

F# B#

Into happy evermore

E

The sleepy priest at the bridal feast

A

His hands make a holy sign

E F# G# A

And as the bride hoes into the wedding cake

B

She s a-singin in the back of her mind

B

Come on, come on

E

I m gonna roll ya all night long .

REPEAT

. .

Well I took that crap for a little while

And it kept me off the street

Then I met me a lady with a shady past

And manners like a dog on heat

Those musos hummin when they see her comin

Make a noise like a hurricane

When you see that line at the dressing-room door

You know she s just spread em for the boys again
Well there ain t nothin better than to rip your sweater
In a bang behind the stage
Or the drawn out sigh as you feel her thigh
Then you stop and estimate her age
If she s turned fourteen she s a rock n roll queen
You can give her anything you choose
And when she whispers Honey it s the money or the box
You know money s so easy to lose
Come on, come on
I m gonna roll ya all night long . . .