

Steamroller Blues

James Taylor 1970

[A] Well, I'm a steamroller, babe I'm bound to roll all over you.
Yes, I'm a **[D7]** steamroller now, baby I'm bound to roll all over **[A]** you.
I'm gonna **[E7]** inject your soul with some **[D7]** sweet rock 'n roll,
And **[A]** shoot you full of **[D7]** rhythm and **[A]** blues.

[E7]

[A] Well, I'm a cement mixer. A churning urn of burning funk.
Yes, I'm a **[D7]** cement mixer for you, baby. A churning urn of burning **[A]** funk.
Well, I'm a **[E7]** demolition derby (yeah)
A **[D7]** hefty hunk of steaming **[A]** junk.

[E7]

{break}

[E7]

[A] Now, I'm a napalm bomb, babe. Just guaranteed to blow your mind.
Yeah, I'm a **[D7]** napalm bomb for you, baby.

Oh, guaranteed, just guaranteed to blow your **[A]** mind, yeah.
And if I can't **[E7]** have your love for my own now,
Sweet child, **[D7]** won't be nothing left **[A]** behind.

It **[E7]** seems how lately, baby
Got a bad case **[D7]** steamroller **[A]** blues.