

## **Steamroller Blues – James Taylor – Key of E**

**Well, I'm a steamroller, baby, I'm bound to roll all over you.**

**Yes, I'm a steamroller now, baby, I'm bound to roll all over you.**

**I'm gonna inject your soul with some sweet rock 'n roll and shoot you full of rhythm and blues.**

**Well, I'm a cement mixer, a churning urn of burning funk. Yes, I'm a cement mixer for you, baby, a churning urn of burning funk.**

**Well, I'm a demolition derby, yes, a hefty hunk of steaming junk.**

**Now, I'm a napalm bomb, baby, just guaranteed to blow your mind.**

**Yeah, I'm a napalm bomb for you, baby, just guaranteed to blow your mind**

**And if I can't have your love for my own, sweet child, won't be nothing left behind,**

**It seems how lately, baby, got a bad case steamroller blues.**