# Roll Over, Beethoven

Words & Music:
Chuck Berry

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D                                        G                    D
I'm gonna write a little letter, gonna mail it to my local DJ.
          G                                          D
There's a rocking rhythm record I want my jockey to play.
     A                  G                     D
Roll over, Beethoven, I gotta hear it again today.

You know, my temperature's rising and the jukebox blows a fuse.
My heart's beating rhythm and my soul keeps on singing the blues.
Roll over, Beethoven, and tell Tchaikovsky the news.

I got the rocking pneumonia, I need a shot of rhythm and blues.
I think I'm rolling arthritis, sitting down by the rhythm review.
Roll over, Beethoven, rocking in two by two.

BRIDGE:
             D
Well, if you feel you like it, go get your lover.
D
Then, reel and rock it, roll it over.
    G                                    D
And move on up just a trifle further & reel and rock it, roll it over.
A                G                D
Roll over, Beethoven, rocking in two by two.

Well, early in the morning I'm a-giving you a warning,
Don't you step on my blue suede shoes.
Hey, diddle-diddle, I'm a-playing my fiddle, ain't got nothing to lose.
Roll over, Beethoven, and tell Tchaikovsky the news.

You know she wiggles like a glow worm, dance like a spinning top.
She got a crazy partner, oughta see 'em reel and rock.
Long as she got a dime the music will never stop.

                D
Roll over, Beethoven!  Roll over, Beethoven!
                G                     D
Roll over, Beethoven!  Roll over, Beethoven!
                A        G                  D
Roll over, Beethoven and dig those rhythm & blues!
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