It's Showtime!

David Lee Roth

Lights, camera, action There's a star upon your door Have your machine call my machine We'll do lunch on the cutting floor We're over budget 98 percent not there And when the back door hits you Where the good Lord split you Tell us honey, who does your hair? How does he do it? Why's he do it? Yes, it's true The flavor of the month is you And it's practice, practice, practice Just to get to Carnegie We'll need 10 percent, and that's off the top Gross, not net to me Get it on, Honey 'cause It's Showtime! Just play the song, Baby 'cause It's Showtime! Produce me daddy, Takin' 8 to the bar Big, bigger, biggest With the right lighting you'll go far Here today, gone late today And it's club dates in the sticks And you're beautiful babe, don't never shave No prob, we'll fix it in the mix Just leave your name and number in the dumpster when you're through, Oh yeah Don't call us, we'll call you Oscar, Grammy, triple whammy Cut, and that's the take Quit complainin', where's my agent? Don't you know how much I make? Get it on. Baby 'cause It's Showtime! Just play the song, Baby 'cause It's Showtime!

Leave your name and number in the dumpster when you're thru,
Oh yeahDon't call us, we'll call you
And it's play it like they paid ya
And your photo goes on the car wash wall
But somehow it's all worth it
When you hear that curtain callIt's Showtime!
Oh, Baby 'cause It's Showtime!
Oh yeah, just play the song,
Baby 'cause It's Showtime!
Oh yeah, let's get it on,
'Cause It's Showtime!
Oh yeah, people,
'Cause It's Showtime!
Hit it!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://counterlikes.com/