

DAVID LEE ROTH
A LITTLE AIN'T ENOUGH

1 A LIL' AIN'T ENOUGH 4:42

2 SHOOT IT 4:15

3 LADY LUCK 4:41

4 HAMMERHEAD SHARK 3:54

5 TELL THE TRUTH 5:18

6 BABY'S ON FIRE 5:22

7 40 BELOW 4:55

8 SENSIBLE SHOES 5:09

9 LAST CALL 3:22

10 THE DOGTOWN SHUFFLE 4:59

11 IT'S SHOWTIME! 3:47

12 DROP IN THE BUCKET 5:07



PRODUCED BY BOB ROCK

FLAC 9

DAVID LEE ROTH A LITTLE AIN'T ENOUGH





A Lil' Ain't Enough

Empty pockets never stopped me from
singing a blue streak
And I don't think the devil ever gonna give
me back
And stayin' 'round here takes patience
It's like a full time occupation
I've become a diplomat
Hey man old gal you know the crossover
has just rolled
Yeah I'm the same old number
But we still got time to go
Oh I say mama
Living ain't a luxury
Oh I say mama
And a lil' ain't enough for me
Yeah I'm believing that you needin' your
relaxation
But honey tell me can you tell that story
twice?
Cause there's a junction at the junction
I think ya better get it ready girl
Yeah I was born without a silver spoon
But I'm gonna make a stir
Was vaccinated with a photograph needle
one summer break
Same summer that I kissed her on her
daddy's boat
And shot across the lake
Staying all the way...
Oh I say mama
Living ain't a luxury
Oh I say mama
And a lil' ain't enough for me

Shoot It

Well, look at me
She put me in her sights
Is this a blessing or a curse?
Fatality on a Saturday night
Rite between the eyes
Well, honey I know, you're never satisfied
We're just a pair a pair a dice on a roll
C'mon and take a fat chance it ain't outside
No back and let it all unfold
Shoot it, shoot it, c'mon baby put your best
shot on me
Shoot it, shoot it, girl ya gotta do it for a
friend in need
Shoot it, shoot it, beggars can't be choosers
In a den of thieves
Is it good for you? 'Cause it's good for me
How's your love life? How's your state?
Ooh, I can't resist... Is this the one that
gets away?
Well, honey tell ya me, friend
That it's all how much you spend
Not how much you make?
You say you don't wanna dance, honey
listen to me
That your mouth and let the floor
You can tell 'em last time you was blind
to me
And blame it all on rock and roll
Shoot it, shoot it, c'mon baby put your best
shot on me
Shoot it, shoot it, girl ya gotta do it for a
friend in need
Shoot it, shoot it, beggars can't be choosers
In a den of thieves
Is it good for you? 'Cause it's good for me

Decided to the stars, don't cry well too
many times
Say girl, you can trust in me
You want some good, clean fun?
I heard you like to play with guns
And I see ya got a vacancy?
You say you don't wanna dance, honey
listen to me
That your mouth and let the floor
And you can tell 'em last time you was
blind to me
and blame it all on rock and roll

Lady Luck

I'm off and running
Clear off the beaten track
I don't know where I'm headed
But I know that I ain't goin' back
No, I don't know where I'm goin'
But I can't wait to get there...
Sometimes you gotta laugh to win
'Cause he who laughs, lasts
I see the headlights burnin'
And cast a magic spell
Will I make that turn?
Only time will tell
Time after time, I keep walkin' that line
Between trouble and my lady luck
I can't deny that woman is mine
Oh, my lady luck
She said don't sting me bullards
Lah's the game for me
And she liked it ride 'em cowboy
So don't throw your hook at me

And ride 'em cowboy say no did
More than most could stand
Pinned the back and lived it up
Till she found another man
Who can raise me child
You can tell it well
Who can take me?
Only time will tell
Time after time, I keep walkin' that line
Between trouble and my lady luck
I can't deny that woman is mine
Oh, my lady luck

Hammerhead Shark

It was a time of trouble
A time of grief
Kings lay with whom
And begot thieves
The world was wicked
Hearts were cold
Nash said to his mistress
Yes it's time to go
But God said to Nash
There you float that ark
You better save a space
For my hammerhead shark
Johnny was bad
Liked to drink and fight
Raise all hell
Every Saturday night
Till the sheriff found him
Nashly broken in two
Sheriff said to Johnny
Yes, I think I know who
If he had teeth like knives
And skin like bark
You must've tangled up
With that hammerhead shark

Woman went to court
And she stated her plea
Keep my husband away from me
He don't understand
What a man should know
By the time I could teach him
He'd be fat too old
Judge, I found a lover
Who ain't afraid of the dark
Honey I'm in love
With that hammerhead shark?
Women all over
'Cross the USA
Got spoiled to death
In the hammerhead way
President went to congress
Here's what he say
Gentlemen our honor
Has been betrayed
We're in deep, deep water
Laws I miss my mark
Put out an A.P.B.
For that hammerhead shark!

Tell The Truth

Smoke a cigarette
And I think I've had enough
Made whiskey in a paper cup
Dude's know it
But your cup was running over
Never time to do it right
Never time to do it over
And I lie awake
Big dreamers never sleep...
Time to play the cards
Head 'em and weep

I always heard it said
The truth will set you free
But women with the way you do
How can I believe
A smoking moment's got to blow
And I'm the living proof
Now I think it's time...

Time to tell the truth
Boin' time
Behind these bedroom walls
Think of an eye,
another shooting star falls
Tried to tell you
But you don't want to hear me
Take one good look
These are tears of boy
Wear and let it show
Big catastrophe
Now I don't want to know
Your social activities

And if the world loses a bad guy
Then how 'bout the death?
I was always first one in
Now I'm the last one out
And if you pretend to love me
Then who can't I tell
All you did was use me
You're only lying to yourself
I think it's time

Time to tell the truth

Baby's On Fire

Woman I've been thinkin'
We belong together
Truth my intentions are bad

And there's a richer than...
But none better

I am two parts diamond
Some say three parts dirt
I say no one moves
Nobody gets hurt

And mom throws up her hands
Says girl you lost your mind!
You look like seventeen
Goin' on twenty-nine
Baby's on fire
Just admit it's true

I would call this thing
I'll even call it all
I'll pretend I'm G.I. Joe
And you be Barbie Doll

Baby's really burnin'
Ready for the town
Daddy's little girl
Gonna burn that school house down!

Baby's on fire
Just admit it's true

40 Below

So the old Lone Ranger rides again
Gonna blow by you like a frozen cold
freight train
I'll freeze the smile on yo' face!
Retreat! Hell no, I just pulled up
and little Jack Frost gonna bite your
little butt
So honey cut to the chase
Well your famous last words
are a hard act to follow

And too much heat
Is too hard to swallow
So keep on wondering why it's gettin' so
damn cold

So call me 40 below
And I'm cold
One kiss o' my lips
And the storm begins
So give it up girl ya can't race the wind
Good looking here I go
Call me 40 below

So here's a little cold shot
I'll try and ease your situation
Well I can lock it to ya non-stop
So dig on my refrigeration

You'll shiver and a shakin', yeah the
whole routine

You get a fast crash course in air
conditioning
Oh my Trevor's just human!
Stick your face in the arctic blast
And tell everybody they can kiss my ass
oh yeah!

'Cause the Ice Man's comin'
I'll give ya bright red cheeks
And a runny nose
Like when the car don't start
And your boots's freeze
It's like ya been there before
Well buddy, what do ya know; ho-ho-ho!
just call me 40 below

Feel me whippin' in your window
Lickin' round your knees
Gonna drop below zero
Talkin' 40 degrees

Sensible Shoes

I got a fast car
Go cruisin' down the highway
A Corvette stingray
I do it my way
Got a good job
I'm makin' lots of money
I look good and I'm funny
So why'm I havin' some lousy
The gypsy said the problem with you
You need some sensible shoes

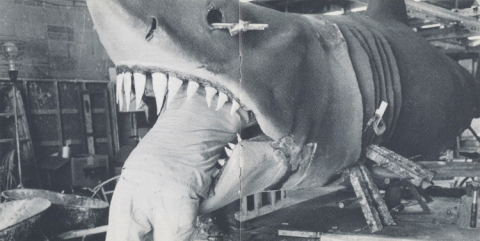
Look at this Mack truck
It's loaded with phone numbers
Potential lovers
New worlds to discover
You would think I
Really have it made now
New Rayban shades

But I'm a heartache on parade now
I walk around with the blues
I need some sensible shoes

Sensible shoes
Ours that'll lead me back to you
Sensible shoes
'Cause you're the only lover who was
ever true

I need some sensible shoes

You know all my friends now
They look up to me
Wish they could be
A lot more like me
But they don't know
And they can't see
How I'm burnin'
How I'm empty
Lost my soul when I walked out on you
I need some sensible shoes



Last Call

Long shot loser was a real fun loser
Talkin' 'lthal fantasy
And her next best thing wasn't nothin'
much

'Cause the next best thing was me
Well I was working on approval
So I got her on the rocks
And I put her on the tip a my tongue
Said, "don't get smart with an angel, babe
You ain't the girl next door
And we ain't done."

It's a simple fantasy

'Cause this is last call
And I don't need no drink
If this is last call
Could be later than you think
Oh, yes it's last call
And before they hit the lines
This is last call
But that don't mean goodbye!

Well I'm a real good loser
'Cause I get a lot of practice
With the breaks when they're beatin'
the boys
So I asked her, "What's the only thing to
do in this town?"

And she gives me multiple choice
Was like Peter Pan and Yankee Doodle
Faced on the proverbial brick
I asked her "how the hell ya get into
those the blue jeans?"
She said "for starters you can buy me
a drink!"

You have to sleep to conquer me

'Cause this is last call
And I don't need no drink
If this is last call
Could be later than you think
Oh, yes it's last call
And before they hit the lines
This is last call
But that don't mean goodbye!

The Dogtown Shuffle

Keep your eyes wide open
If you decide to take the walk
My city screams of danger
You're on borrowed time
And it comes from a jealous clock
And you a permanent stranger
So the last of the wild frontier kings
Is held for further questioning
When nothin's left but death and taxes
The matter of the real fact is...

You go thru life as someone's doorman
You don't get no sporting chance
Ain't much distance 'tween a pat on
the back

And a kick in the pants
So do the dogtown shuffle
Let's hear ya talk the talk
Do the dogtown shuffle
Can ya walk the walk

Now purely off the record
Some self-made guy gets it in the ass
at the mind-mail

Looks more like a warning than
an example
And late at nite he used to sleep the
sleep of the just
I sleep the sleep of the just after...
And the wild boys go head to head
Like the good back says be quick or dead
So come up and let 'em go
They're filing charges on your ass
It's just a joke and you're the punchline
The street's a million laughs
And if I must, In God We Trust
Everybody else gotta pay cash
So do the dogtown shuffle
Let's hear ya talk the talk
Do the dogtown shuffle
Can ya walk the walk?

Now purely off the record
They always trying to nail ya
Mom, God, Pa, the whole routine
Well here's one trick that'll never fail ya
In your time of need...

It's Showtime!

Lies, camera, action
There's a star upon your door
Have your machine call my machine
We'll do lunch on the cutting room floor
We're over budget
98 percent not there
And where the good Lord split you
May the back door hit you
But honey, who does your hair?

How does he do it?
Why does he do it? yes, it's true
The flavor of the month is you
and it's practice, practice, practice
If ya wanna get to Carnegie

We'll need 10 percent, and that's off the top
and that's gross, not net to me

So play the song
Honey, 'cause it's showtime
Let's get it on
Yeah, 'cause it's showtime

Produce me daddy, talkin' \$ to the bar
Big, bigger, biggest
With the rise lighting, you'll go far
Here today, gone late today
Club dates in the sticks
But you're beautiful babe, don't
never share

No prob, we'll fix it in the mix
Just leave your name and number in
the dumpster

When you're thru, 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?

Just play the song
'Cause it's showtime
Let's get it on
'Cause it's showtime

So leave your name and number in
the dumpster
When you're thru, oh yeah
Don'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 certain call
It's showtime!

Drop In The Bucket

Just like the army
I was beat' all I could be
And I was feelin' next to awesome
In my clearest dirty jeans
She told me "honey, hold the small print
If you wanna be with me,
'Cause when it comes to you and fashion
You a complete emergency!"

Rise up the middle
Touchdown and that's the game
I see point and you're never the same
Tight as a fiddle string
Shot rise thru the brain
You'll be graspin' straws and that ain't all
As ya slip rise down her drain

Drop at a time's all ya need
Try it once but raze dies it
Satisfaction guaranteed
Try it twice, ya gotta love it
Drop at a time's all you need
She said look, but don't touch it
Well here goes one more drop in the bucket

She wore a whole lot of not enough
and covered it up with class
She had that sunny disposition
and a somewhat shady past
See her T-shirt ended early
While her hot pants started late
So when it came to vice and versa
I did not hesitate

Rise to the action
For a kid's eye view of the play
There ain't a promise you won't make
Like and keep passin'
So ya play it with a little pain
Ya came here for some love and war
So suit up for the game

A Lil' Ain't Enough

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Show It

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Gregg Bissonette/Brett Tuggle
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Tunes ASCAP

Lady Luck

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Hammerhead Shark

Preston Stanger/Eric Lowrey/David Lee Roth
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Picture Music BMI/Dewden's Song
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Well The Truth

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Tunes/Dewdongsongs ASCAP

Babe's On Fire

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#0 Below

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Sensible Shoes

Bonnie Morgan/Preston Stanger/
David Lee Roth
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Last Call

David Lee Roth/Mark Bissonette/Gregg
Bissonette/Brett Tuggle/Bonnie
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Music BMI/Bissonette Songs
ASCAP/Tuggle Tunes ASCAP/Artisphere
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The Dragon's Shuffle

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It's Showtime!

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Drop In The Bucket

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Jason Becker - Lead Guitar
Steve Hunter - Rhythm Guitar & Slide
Brett Tuggle - Keyboards & Vocal
Gregg Bissonette - Drums & Percussion
Matt Bissonette - Bass & Vocals

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