



DAVID LEE ROTH

*Your Filthy Little Mouth*

Produced by Nile Rodgers  
Recorded and Mixed at The Hit Factory, NYC  
Recorded and Mixed by Gary Take  
Additional Engineering by Jon Goldberger  
Assistant Engineer: Andrew Grassi  
Mastered by George Marino at Sterling Sound, NYC  
Production Coordinator: Sudd Tunick  
Personal Assistant and Road Management  
for David Lee Roth: Solde Anderson  
Assistant to David Lee Roth: Steve Wartin  
Management: Steve Bennett/Stewart Young for  
Hard to Handle Management

Trivia Triv: Duets with David Lee Roth  
on "Cheatin' Heart Cafe"

**Musicians:**

Terry Elgore — Guitar  
John Pagan — Sax  
Tony Beard — Drums  
Larry Roelman — Drums  
Ray Brinker — Drums  
Steve Hunter — Rhythm Guitar on "A Little Luck"  
Richard Hittler — Programming and Keyboards

Background Vocalists: Tanisha Agos, Meryl Epps,  
Donda White-King, Robin Clark

Jamaican Rapper on "No Big Thing": Michel'le

Guitar Tech: Rudy Loren, Ralph Legrand  
Drum and Guitar Tech: Aris Smith  
Drum Tech: Anthony Aquilato

Art Direction: Earthquake, NYC —  
Joseph M. Volpocik, Jonathan Shafer  
and Michael Camesky

DLR logo by Margo Chase Design  
David Lee Roth photo pg. 2 by Greg Gorman  
David Lee Roth photo pg. 15 by Paul Area  
Illustrations by Abel Rocha



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(URBAN NYC MIX)



# SHE'S MY MACHINE

(David Lee Roth/Marty Byrnes/David Newbaker)

It's gettin' late  
I don't know, 'bout 3 a.m.  
And I'm drinkin' in my fifty-seven dream  
It's gettin' late  
Don't know just where I've been  
And I'm comin' to you from  
All points in between

A little lovin'  
On my mind  
A little lovin'  
She's my machine!

She gets along let alone  
She's premium  
And I love to feel her  
Each and every night  
Damn straight she's wild  
In overdrive  
Feels like something's getting right

A little lovin'  
On my mind  
A little lovin'  
She's my machine



## CHEATIN' HEART CAFE

(David Lee Roth/Tony Albano)

She came from Dallas  
That kid was ace  
She dressed like Texas  
Wide open spaces  
He drove a pick-up  
And wore no underwear  
She sang the words wrong  
But he don't care

They both were trouble  
They took a chance

Now every snowflake  
plains not gently  
After the avalanche  
We gotta get it straight  
Or honey give it up  
We gotta get right back  
To where we started from  
Or we're gonna be late  
At the gate of dreams  
Destiny's a  
complicated thing...

See I was leavin'  
But I'm thinkin' that  
I oughtta stay...  
I wanna chase you  
'cross the dance floor  
Of that old  
"Cheatin' Heart Cafe!"



She was atomic  
Without a doubt  
The caught short she wear  
Contained a lot of fall-out  
He was a conboy  
Was what she wanted

The closest to a cow she'd been  
Was eating at McDonald's  
Just like tarted wire  
Her attitude  
It protected the turf  
Without obstructing the view  
We gotta get it straight  
Or honey give it up

We gotta get right back  
where we started from  
She took her clothes off  
But kept the boots  
He wanted  
wonder-woman  
To be him up  
and make him  
Tall the truth  
Nothing but the truth...

See I was leavin'  
But I'm thinkin' that  
I oughtta stay  
And I see that  
honey I had  
lost my way  
We got a  
permanent place  
At that old  
"Cheatin' Heart Cafe!"

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## HEY, YOU NEVER KNOW

(David Lee Roth/Tony Albano)

I'm laying naked with you  
After making love  
I caught a cold  
I barely made it home  
You said you loved me only  
I felt no pain  
And then I crashed  
my rent-a-car  
In the pouring rain  
Well I seen it on a  
billboard  
And I believe it's so  
It said  
"The only thing you  
know for certain  
is  
Hey, you never know..."

My friend Jerry's  
feet are aching  
Thanks he's hitting bottom  
Says it's a sea problem  
He told me so  
I told him

Jerry, ain't the lover that you're makin'  
It's the stayin' up all night  
and lookin' for it

That makes you slow  
So if you want my advice  
And it's free for a  
reason you know  
They say you  
only live twice

I say ya' never know...

I'll make suggestions  
You make the choices  
Your Kobak moment's comin'  
I'll keep the motor runnin'  
I stand corrected  
I'm hearing voices  
You got my engines hummin'  
And now I'm really humin'

Pile up your driveway singin'  
Hide in yer hole,  
we're on cruise control  
And if they're sayin' that we're crazy  
Well hey, you never know...



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## NO BIG 'TING

(David Lee Roth/Terry Kilgore)

Can't seem to see  
A single hole in my pocket  
Lord I've tried  
Tech money talks  
I should know  
Mine always says  
Good bye  
And I know that money  
can't buy love  
I'd park my speedboat  
Next to some  
This jangliness had boy sufferer

Price of an education  
"Least now I know it's  
No big 'ting

Time for these bootheels  
to be wanderin'  
Towards those burning sands  
A genealog testimony  
That white boys  
simply cannot dance

Can't let that little stuff trip you up  
I take the fattest chance  
And now I got the answer  
to a question  
No one asked

So here's two rules I've got for you  
Great ones for living under  
First don't sweat the little shit  
Second is there ain't no other...

Tattoo, scar and missing parts  
And all the fish have ever proven  
Is they are to life what  
"American Bandstand"  
is to the theory of Evolution

Price of an education  
"Least now I know  
it's no big 'ting

Stamps in my passport  
Now they're Polaroids and  
drinking stories  
And I got some good eyes now  
it's getting harder to ignore me  
Now I'm believin' half the reason  
"Just for leavin'" is coming home  
Where ya' been  
Who'd ya' do  
What ya' done...

I'll be lounging on the Riviera  
...Riviera coach that is  
When you're surfing 40 factors  
You don't need no tricks

The future's looking brighter  
Every beer that I pour in me  
But even this I have to say  
With absolute uncertainty

Too much exasperation  
"Least now I know it's  
No big 'ting

They finally tore the  
old schoolhouse down  
forever gone my history

What used to be  
And now when I go driving by  
And point where I used  
to go to school  
I'm pointing at an "A&P"  
All I'm leaving when it's time to go  
is my old blue jeans and  
gold brass zippo  
Teach in turn  
All these secret things  
I've learned  
And all I've learned from history  
(Careful how you take it)  
is  
Recognize the same mistake,  
every time you make it...

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## YOU'RE BREATHIN' IT

(David Lee Roth/Terry Kilgore/Peter Dinklage)

We burst the city  
down here  
Late last night  
"Dante's Inferno" meets  
"The Price Is Right"  
A lot like in the movies  
And it smelled like victory  
Barely made it thru with  
some new shoes  
And a few CD's

1-800 SEE YA...  
Heard somebody swear  
Now it's about a  
12 mile walk  
To get a goddamn car

It makes you cry  
It makes you laugh  
It makes you puke  
Don't have a heart attack

Steal the right life  
see the wild life  
You're breathin' it...

I see this TV show  
on both waste  
Just when I'm getting  
used to the taste  
Now I don't mind  
some danger  
So I took a little hit

And now a message 'bout  
the score kept  
You're breathin' it

And it smells so bad  
it's stuck to the  
windshield wiper  
You're peeing through  
no toilet  
Fucking "Madam"  
Mama's built up  
with a "Pinky" hair  
"Angela" with "Doris"  
Breathin' it...  
It makes you laugh  
"Nathan" you choose  
Don't have a heart attack

And it's about  
you're all the  
You're breathin' it...

And it's about  
that when  
I've heard a thing  
I'm...

It's about some  
catholic dealer  
Down on 14th St.  
midway  
Excuse me my option  
And if you're wondering  
what the number  
is...  
The police...  
You're breathin' it...

And it's about  
you're all the  
You're breathin' it...

And it's about  
you're all the  
You're breathin' it...

## YOUR FILTHY LITTLE MOUTH

(David Lee Roth/Terry Kilgore)

I took everything  
in America  
Shut and with a kiss  
for all in your  
mouth  
You'll make me a prince  
Don't gotta see it  
Don't gotta love to hear...  
(Who said the your ear)

She needs  
classical music  
Of the youth's  
make it real...

And I heard  
she's breathin'  
Bringing down the house  
Deep dead breathin'  
Dignified class...  
She with a good girl  
And if you're...

Turned up the volume  
You good hear  
her...  
She's cry  
Do me like Chopin  
Don't think about it...

And it's about  
you're all the  
You're breathin' it...

And it's about  
you're all the  
You're breathin' it...

And it's about  
you're all the  
You're breathin' it...

Your filthy little mouth  
How 'bout a little  
Harry Miller  
With your  
Huckleberry Finn  
If you'll assume the  
position, (listen in)  
You can do your  
penance right along  
With that special sin

And it's gotta be good  
if we both want  
it so bad  
Make you wanna  
call your soul?

Maybe you  
already have...

Did me sweet lordy god  
high master Jesus  
Tell me that ya' want me  
Pete where  
you're breathin'

Just  
Let go

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## LAND'S EDGE

(David Lee Roth/Tony Algovin)

Now here's a word about  
my ex-girlfriend  
We had conflict off and on  
So I told her one night  
Honey every time we fight  
I'll write a new verse to this song  
Well things got bad  
And things got worse  
Still I struggled on  
So sit back and  
get all comfortable  
'Cause this little tune's  
6 hours long...  
Now every journey's  
got destinations  
Which the traveler can't expect  
So how's it I'm always  
winding up  
Down here at land's edge?  
If love is blind why  
did her stockings  
Always look so cool?  
You know I was paying attention  
But somehow I got fooled  
I gave her seven children  
And a happy room upstairs stuck  
And when it all was over  
Took a dozen lawyers  
to get half back

But I already got me a new gal  
To ruin my life  
And she might just yet  
So I'm helping her  
find an apartment  
Down here at land's edge

Now take the traveler  
and the tourist  
The essential difference is  
The traveler don't know  
where he's goin'  
While the tourist don't  
know where he is  
Small world til they  
lose your luggage  
Take the stripper who  
lives next door  
You'd swear this kid was 21  
goin' on 44  
But luckily that ain't  
how she sees it  
Got a new tattoo that says:  
"When I die send  
the body to heaven  
I lost the rest at land's edge!"

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## NIGHT LIFE

(Billie Holiday/Paul Buckink/  
Roll Stewart)

When that evening  
Sun goes down  
You won't find me  
Hangin' round  
You know the night life  
Ain't no good life  
But it's my life

All the people  
Just like you and me  
They all just dreamin'  
About some old used to be  
You know the night life  
Ain't no good life  
But it's my life

Listen to the blues  
Hear what they say  
Baby, listen to the blues  
Hear the guitar play...

Don't tell me life  
Is just an empty thing  
Nothing but people  
On a whole boulevard  
Of broken dreams  
'Cause I know the night life  
Ain't no good life  
But it's my life

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## SUNBURN

(David Lee Roth/Tony Algovin)

First I take my finger  
And put it on your skin  
It makes a little white mark  
Then it turns red again

So if you're lazy on a Sunday  
And you got nothin' to do  
If you wanna get a sunburn  
C'mon up to the roof

I think your nose is peelin'  
The sun is hot and clear  
The city's fairly steamin'  
I can take your skin from here

So I was up here yesterday  
Saw some pigeons on a power line,  
Looked like notes upon my music paper  
I wrote it down,  
I guess Manhattan  
Gets the last line...  
Sounds like...

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