

Little Red Rocking Hood

Once upon a time in the neighbourhood,
Lived a red-haired girl who was oh-so-good.
She could rock'n'roll like nobody could
So everybody called her Red Rocking Hood.

Little Red rocked it around the clock,
One, two, three o'clock, four o'clock rock
She danced in the daytime, all day long,
And danced all night to a rock'n'roll song.

*Little Red, Little Red Rocking Hood,
She could rock'n'roll like nobody could.
No one in a storybook was ever as good
As Little Red Rocking Hood.*

Saturday night when the sun went down,
Little Red Rocker made her way downtown,
On her way to Granny's, the soda shop
Where everybody went to sip a soda pop.

All of a sudden, from a dark, dark alley,
Who should step out but Wolf O'Malley
A real big bopper, but real bad news,
Wearing dark sunglasses and blue suede shoes.
*A real big bopper, but real bad news,
Wearing dark sunglasses and blue suede shoes.*

"Hi there, Little Red," he said to her,
"I thought you might be looking for a manager.
I came along to tell you, you can dance for me,
I'm gonna make you famous, put you on TV."

He wore a lime-green jacket with shoulders like a box,
Purple pegged pants and bright pink socks.
When Little Red saw him, "Oh, man!" thought she,
"Looks like a purple people eater to me."

*He was a one-eyed, one-horned, flyin' purple people eater,
one-eyed, one-horned, flyin' purple people eater.
A one-eyed, one-horned, flyin' purple people eater,
Sure looks strange to me!*

"Out of my way, Wolf," Little Red said.
"I need to dance for you like a hole in the head.
You're a mean, mean man and you smell of booze
You ain't nothin' but a hound dog in your blue suede shoes."

With those few words she pushed him aside
And off she went with a rock'n'roll stride.
As he watched her go and she walked away
He made up his mind - he would make her pay.

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Parked in an alleyway out the back,
Was a shiny red convertible Cadillac.
No one was around, so O'Malley broke the lock
And in no time at all he was speeding down the block.

He passed Little Red but she didn't see him,
He was driving too fast, he was gone like a whim.
Racing downtown like a lightning bolt,
He was soon at Granny's where he screeched to a halt.

Inside the soda shop the joint was jumping
To a jukebox in the corner, feet were thumping.
It was great rock music and great words too,
Like "Bee-bop-a-loopa-bop-a-loo-bam-boo."

All of a sudden, from the street outside,
Came Wolf O'Malley looking six feet wide.
The dancing died down with a ritardando,
'Coz it wasn't James Dean or Marlon Brando.

As Wolf walked into the soda shop,
You could have heard his rhinestone tie-pin drop.

The dancing had stopped and the music had gone
But still there was a whole lot of shaking going on.

And one by one they cleared the scene
Till no one was standing where a hundred had been.
The room was empty, the silence uncanny,
As they faced each other, Wolf and Granny.
*The room was empty, the silence uncanny,
As they faced each other, Wolf and Granny.*

There behind the counter, Granny stood still
With an eye on Wolf and an eye on the till.'
"Get outa here, Wolf, or I'll call the law,
And you'll be doin' Jailhouse Rock once more."

Without so much as a 'how-de-doo',
O Malley jumped the counter like a kangaroo.
He grabbed poor Granny like the jaws of life
And she kind of got the feeling she was in for some strife.

He dragged her to a closet and he pushed her in
But just before he locked the door she kicked his shin.
She was yelling, she was screaming as he locked her away,
Coz she wasn't any Sandra Dee or Doris Day.

With Granny in the closet he continued his plan...
An evil plan invented by a mean, mean man.
"I'll dress myself as Granny," O' Malley said with glee,
"And Little Red Rocking Hood will never know it's me

"She'll walk into my trap and I'll take her far away
And make her rock'n'roll for me night and day."
He ran into the kitchen to some of Granny's clothes:
An apron and a uniform with pretty pink bows.

He put on Granny's uniform and matching hat.
He tied on Granny's pinafore and after that
Applied a bit of make-up - really quite a deal
And bright red lipstick, 'coz he kind of liked the feel.
*Bright red lipstick, not too much,
Bright red lipstick, just a touch.*

Just as he finished, the door swung wide
And in she rocked, swinging side to side.
Little Red Rocking Hood, Wolf O Malley's dream,

Little Red Rocking Hood, Wolf O Malley's scheme.

She looked towards the counter and what did she see?
Someone dressed as Granny - a facsimile!
She recognised O'Malley, dressed as a dame.
She knew it wasn't Granny, but she played his game.

"Oh Granny, oh Granny, you look so strange!
Am I right in thinking there has been some change?"
It's me!" said Wolf, in a high-pitched voice,
"But I've given up the brandy and I'm nobody's choice."

"Oh Granny, oh Granny, your eyes are so bright!
But one looks kind of left and the other looks right."
All the better to see with, if you know what I mean,
I can see where I'm going and I can see where I've been.

"Oh Granny, oh Granny, what cauliflower ears!
Did you do a bit of boxing in your younger years?"
"All the better to hear with, though they're bigger than some,
They're absolutely wonderful for hiding bubble gum."
for hiding bubble gum.

"Oh Granny, oh Granny, what a great big nose!
It could easily be longer than Pinocchio's."
"All the better to smell with, and you need it I say,
I can smell trouble from a mile away."

"Oh Granny, oh Granny, what hairy paws!
The creature-from-the-black-lagoon's were nicer than yours."
"All the better to grab you!" O'Malley replied,
And he jumped the counter to the other side.

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But Little Red was ready for him all the time,
She jumped to the jukebox and inserted a dime.
On came a record with a rock'n'roll beat,
The special kind of beat that takes control of your feet.

The big bad bopper stopped right in his tracks,

And also to the track he could hear on the wax.
The music took control of his high-heeled feet
And his foot started tapping to the rock'n' roll beat.

She shilled and she shallied him, she spun him all around
She shook his tail feather till it nearly touched the ground.
She jitterbugged and jived him like a dancing machine
O'Malley turned yellow first and then he turned green.
"Stop it! Oh, stop it!" O'Malley yelled out.
Stop the music! Don't bop me about.
I'm a little old lady and I won't last long
If you keep me dancing to your rock'n'roll song."

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Just as Wolf yelled out the naughtiest noun,
Something went snap and his pants fell down.
They wrapped around his ankles and he couldn't keep pace
And with a boom-sha-boom, fell flat on his face.

Just as Wolf O'Malley hit the polished floor
Six policemen came in through the kitchen door.
Parked outside the window was a car marked 'Police'
The siren still screaming, disturbing the peace.

Oh, Daddy," said Little Red, "just in time
To stop a misdemeanour at the scene of the crime!"
Little Red's father was Chief of Police.
He got the job when he wed the Governor's niece.)

Grab him, boys, book him and read him his rights,
But handle him gently, 'coz he's wearing Granny's tights."
It took five policemen to handle one man,
To drag O'Malley out and lock him in a van.

The chief yelled after them: "Listen here, boys!
Turn off that siren; it's a horrible noise.
They told him it was off already. Well, what was it?
"It's not the siren, sir. It's Granny in the closet."

The moral of the story - if you must have one -
Is that 'music conquers all' or, if that's no fun,
Try 'music soothes the savage breast...or is that 'beast'
If you've got to have a moral, that will do, at least.

It's nice to say the story has a happy end.
They threw a giant party with a happy blend
Of music; dancing; singing and laughter
They rocked around the clock,
They rocked happily - ever - after!
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