DO SOMETHIN'

WORDS & MUSIC BY CHRISTIAN KARLSSON, PONTUS WINNBERG & ANGELA HUNTE

\[ \text{\( J = 128 \)} \]

N.C.

Do you feel this?

I know you feel this.

Are you ready?

I don't think so.

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1. Somethin' get me my truck, so we can ride on the clouds, so we can turn up the bass.
2. Now ya all in my grill, 'cause I say what I feel, only rock to what's real.

like... Some-thin' pass my gui-tar, so we can look like a star, now. (Bump, bump.) But I can't do that with you, only here with my crew.

and spend this cash like... I can roll if you can don't be a punk, punk.

What you gonna do when the crowd goes ay-ohh, while you're stand-ing on the wall?
Music's start-in' every where,
so why don't you just move along?
I see you lookin' at me,
like I'm some kind of freak,

get up outta your seat,
why don't you do somethin'?
I see you lookin' at me,

like I got what ya need,
get up outta your seat,
why don't you do somethin'?
I see you lookin' at me like I'm some kind of freak, get up outta your seat.

why don't you do somethin'?

A - ha.
Em

I see you look-in' over

Am

can't you tell I'm hav-in' fun?

Em

If you know like I

Am

you would stop

Em/G

star-in' at us,

N.C.

and get your own space and do some-thin'.

D.S. al Coda
I see you lookin' at me
like I'm some kind of freak
get up outta your seat

why don't you do some-thin'?

Do some-thin'!

Why don't you do some-thin'?