

Hit Record

Brook Benton

People always ask me
How do make a hit record
And I tell them, it's you
The public who make hit records

But here's what I do
Now I get a little beat
And I get a little song
And I get a little group
Then the band comes along

That's all, that's all
That's all, that's all
That's all I need
To make a hit record

Then I met a man
With a long cigar
I said, look here, man
I wanna be a star

Listen to my beat
Listen to my song
Now dig the group
Ain't that pretty
Man, we can't go wrong

Well, he made me sign
The paper for twenty years
But I didn't mind that paper
Cause the people cheered
When they heard my beat

Ah, hit it, brother

When they heard my song
When they dug the group
Go on, children
Well, it didn't take long

Now, I'm walking on air
I ain't got a care
Said, why don't you
Try the same thing too

Just get a little beat
Go on and get it, brother
Get yourself a song
Now dig the group
Man, you can't go wrong