

# Sammy

## James Cooper

he was a boy - he was a fine child  
He had the leather boots  
and the riding crop  
in Jerusalem  
Oh Sammy  
My hap flap slappy clam ma'am  
We've come  
To take you home  
But Sammy where are you  
Sammy where are you  
They said - said you're a star who  
recognized to the other side  
Oh Sammy could you be my bride  
Whats that?  
What's to be with you?  
Have to kiss  
Those who would kill you  
Have to try for the other side  
Oh... can you live my life?  
Sammy where are you  
Where were you going to?  
What were you going through  
Satanic Black Jew  
coo coo cahchoo  
Waffle bucket brigade  
consorting with the queen of the dead  
Billy Boy  
Timmy Toy  
Jimmy Joy  
Joe  
oh sammy  
My slap hap pappy Ma'am  
we've come to take you home  
Kneeling at the altar  
Rolling like a log  
Drinking with the Rat Pack  
Barking like a dog  
We've come to admire you  
Not even Frank could fire you

Oh Sam  
we've come to take you home  
With your shining teeth of gold  
And your soul you said you sold  
We've come to take you there  
With your shining teeth of gold  
And your soul they said you sold  
you said you sold you said they sold  
for rock and roll  
whoa yeah  
With your shining teeth of gold  
And your soul you said you sold  
into my little pocket  
We put it all away  
save you up for another day  
I've come to buff your slab  
I know it makes you mad  
Tiny little mice nibbling on your gonads  
Tiny belly button is an innny and an outty  
And a shouty shout at home

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