

City Boy Blues

MÃ¶tley CrÃ©

Fireflies in dogfights
Runnin' hot in the heat
Street noise another bribe
Things too hard to believe so head out

My heart's in the country
My feet's in the city with you
All my friends are eatin' sushi
Talkin' bad about you know who who who
My tongue's talkin' riddles
But I just can't seem to find a clue
So I take a swig of whiskey
And jump into the saddle with you you you

And I just can't seem to break the shackles of the city boy blues
I got the city boy blues
I got the city boy blues
I got the city boy blues
I got the city boy blues
And I just can't seem to break the shackles of the city boy blues

Don't look to Jesus to change your seasons
It's the American dream
Souls of gypsies, road of stone
Can't seem to find no peace--so head out

And I just can't seem to break the shackles of the city boy blues
And I just can't seem to break the shackles of the city boy blues
I got the blues, I got the blues, got the city boy blues
And I just can't seem to break the shackles of the city boy blues
And I just can't seem to break the shackles of the city boy blues
And I just can't seem to break the shackles of the city boy blues
I got the blues, I got the blues,
I got the blues, I got the blues
I got the blues, I got the blues,
I got the blues, I got the blues

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