

# Who Killed Bobby Fuller

## Black 47

It's Saturday night on the Lower East Side

I'm sittin' here contemplatin' suicide

I just got mugged down in Tompkins Square

When a skinny-assed junkie stuck a bayonet in my ear I can't believe you've gone and left me for a dentist

Whatever happened to my existentialist

If I can't find out, I never will recover

I gotta know who killed Bobby Fuller I know that you think that I'm out of my head

'Cause I haven't been givin' you the love

That I should, I just sit here playin' his old 45's

Wishing to hell that Bobby was alive He's still out there singin' 'I Fought The Law'

But no one is sayin' exactly what they saw

If I can't find out, I never will recover

I gotta know who killed Bobby Fuller And now you've gone and found another significant other

I hope your teeth fall out whenever he kisses you

And you'll come crawlin' back when you discover

That I found out who killed Bobby Fuller I know it's an obsession but what can I do?

Oh, darlin', I'm still so in love with you

There's a senorita down in El Paso

And I know that she's got some of the answers She's older now and she's ready to speak

So tell your dentist to cap someone else's teeth

If we can't be friends, we can at least be lovers

I gotta know who killed Bobby Fuller

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