

Frank Mills

Galt Macdermot

I met a boy called Frank Mills
On September twelfth right here
In front of the Waverly
But unfortunately I lost his address
He was last seen with his friend, a drummer
He resembles George Harrison of The Beatles
But he wears his hair tied in a small bow at the back
I love him but it embarrasses me
To walk down the street with him
He lives in Brooklyn somewhere
And he wears his white crash helmet
He has golden chains on his leather jacket
And on the back are written the names
"Mary" and "Mom" and "Hell's Angels"
I would gratefully appreciate if you see him tell him
I'm in the park with my girlfriend and please
Tell him Angela and I don't want the two dollars back just him

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written by MAC DERMOT, GALT/RADO, JAMES/RAGNI, GEROME
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