# Sammy

## Brentford All Stars

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 inny and an outty
And a shouty shout at home

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