

Down Boy

Betty Grable

No fame, all there is
All there was on the second lady
Can't take a cent, take a cut
Of that kind of ran I'll stand, kind of pushed
Kind of bent on this heavy land
I'll stand for the sake of my friend
I will see him there Down, down
Count me down, down
Down boy, down
Count me down
Down boy, down boy
Down boy, down The same not begin
Not give up in a better way
Again, washed the stain off his bed
Not to split him up I'll stand for the sake of my friend
I will see him there
Well, I will see him there Down, down
Count me down, down
Down boy, down
Count me down
Down boy, down boy Down boy, down
Down count me down
Down, down boy

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