

# Sweet Gene Vincent

## Ian Dury & The Blockheads

Blue Gene baby Skinny white sailor, the chances were slender  
The beauties were brief  
Shall I mourn you decline with some thunderbird wine  
and a black handkerchief?  
I miss your sad Virginia whisper  
I miss the voice that called my heart Sweet Gene Vincent  
Young and old and gone  
Sweet Gene Vincent Who, who, who slapped John? White face, black shirt  
White socks, black shoes  
Black hair, white strat  
Bled white, died black Sweet gene Vincent  
Let the blue cats roll tonight  
At the sock hop ball in the union hall  
Where the bop is their delight Here come duck-tailed Danny dragging Uncanny Annie  
She's the one with the flying feet  
You can break the peace daddy sickle grease  
The beat is reet complete  
And you jump back honey in the dungarees  
Tight sweater and a pony tail  
Will you guess her age when she comes back stage?  
The hoodlums bite their nails Black gloves, white frost  
Black crepe, white lead  
White sheet, black knight  
Jet black, dead white Sweet Gene Vincent  
There's one in every town  
And the devil drives 'till the hearse arrives  
And you lay that pistol down Sweet Gene Vincent  
There's nowhere left to hide  
With lazy skin and ash-tray eyes  
a perforated pride So farewell mademoiselle, Knickerbocker Hotel  
Farewell to money owed  
But when your leg still hurts and you need more shirts  
You got to get back on the road

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