

# London Boys

## Johnny Thunders & The Heartbreakers

You best believe I'm from New York city. You're telling me to shut my mouth  
If I wasn't kissing, you wouldn't be around  
You talk about faggots, little moma's boy  
You sit at home, you got a chaperone  
You need an escort to take a piss  
He holds your hand and he shakes your dick  
You're so pretty, suburban kitty  
You think you're gonna change, rearrange your city? Little London boys  
You're little London boys  
You're little London boys  
You think you're gonna fool me?  
Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha  
Little rich kid, what do you know?  
You had everything, don't you think it don't show?  
I've been a climbing, just a face to the wall  
Too much too soon, do you recall? Have a holiday in the city,  
Feelings in the air, vasaline pretty  
You don't need no drunk, just LSD  
You're all big shots. Shot by me!  
You're little London boys  
You're little London boys  
You're little London boys  
And I'm talking about the whole audience. Too bad you boys don't know  
And the girls they don't go  
Everybody just shows  
You're little,  
Little London boys  
You're little London Boys  
You're little London Boys  
You're little London Boys  
You're little London Boys  
You're little London Boys  
You're little,  
You're little,  
Little London boys  
You're little London Boys You poor little puppet

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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