Frank Mills

Mort Garson

I met a boy called Frank Mills
On September 12th 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 it if you see him
Tell him
I am 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 Ragni, Gerome / Rado, James / Mac Dermot, Galt
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