London Boys

Johnny Thunders

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

You best believe I'm from New York City. You're telling me 'shut my mouth'

If I wasn't kissing, you wouldn't be around

You talk about faggots, little momma'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 haLittle rich kid, what do you know?

You had everything; don't you think it don't show?

Hiding in the closet, just a facin' the wall

Too much too soon, do you recall? Have a holiday in the city,

A dealers souvenir, Vaseline pretty

You don't need no junk, just LSD

You wont get shot, 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 lot of ya'. Too bad you boys don't know

And the girls they don't go

Everybody just showYou're little,

Little London boys

You're little,

You're little,

Little London boys

You're little London BoysYou poor little puppet

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