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 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 BoysYou poor little puppet

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