

Frank Mills

Various Artists

I met a boy called Frank Mills
On September twelfth 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 wears this white crash helmet
He has gold chains on his leather jacket
And on the back is written the names
Mary
And Mom
And Hell's Angels
I would gratefully
Appreciate it if you see him tell him
I'm in the park with my girlfriend
And please
Tell him Angela and I
Don't want the two dollars back
Just him!

Lyrics provided by

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