Boy

Ian hunter

Genocidal tendencies are silly to extreme
After all you're still quite small
You don't know where you've beenYou was only swearing yesterday
Oh you want to win the world away
But now you got nothing to sayBoy you're getting out of hand
You've got to make a stand
So put the coke awayBoy you got the do the show
Got to let the people know
You got the strength to stayI can see you run, I can see you hide
Oh your heart is aching
Lost in a dream of what might have been
You're the guide, you're the number one
And your knees are shakin'
Stand and deliver in an endless dreamSchizophrenic, photogenic, aggravates me so
Only yes men have a guess man
Watch the spirit goBatman zips the monster as he bleeds
And gets up on the buzz he needs
And a kid on the street just reads
And reads and reads and reads
And reads and reads and readsBoy it's them hard case city blues
Cagney is the news
Does the giant ring a bell?Boy it's the Hudson east river cruise
It's the Empire State buffoons
Oh you know the story wellDo you have to run, do you have to hide?
There's a new tomorrow
Yes, you're a mess but you're more than less
When this battles won you can look inside
Oh you did not borrow
Yes you're the best but you still can't restYou know, you know the carnival is closed
Your street's alive with ghosts
But a friend says, "Don't look back"
Don't look back, don't look 'round
Your vision is your fate
Through long electric nights
When a woman helps you writeCheer up mate put the dramas in the past
See you did not have to fast
Euphemism lasts and lasts and lasts
And lasts and lasts and lasts
And lasts and lastsBoy if you've got an axe to grind

Be thankful for this time
For it gives you what you needBoy you've got an eighty eight to play
It'll tell you what to say
It'll tell you when to breatheBoy take a turnpike heading west
Turn the people on to beau geste
'Cause that's what you did the bestBoy play the pipes till they're old and worn
Sing the words till they fall forlorn
Like the pieces of a jigsaw jetBoy shoot a rocket clean out of your brain
No these people ain't the same
You can hear another call
They don't show us how to grow
They only show us how to winAnd boy the secret's in the bicycle shed
Ain't no answers now they're dead
To seek is a mortal sin

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