

# Boy

Ian hunter

Genocidal tendencies are silly to extreme  
After all you're still quite small  
You don't know where you've been You was only swearing yesterday  
Oh you want to win the world away  
But now you got nothing to say Boy you're getting out of hand  
You've got to make a stand  
So put the coke away Boy you got the do the show  
Got to let the people know  
You got the strength to stay I 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 dream Schizophrenic, photogenic, aggravates me so  
Only yes men have a guess man  
Watch the spirit go Batman 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 reads Boy 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 well Do 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 rest You 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 write Cheer 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 lasts Boy if you've got an axe to grind

Be thankful for this time  
For it gives you what you need  
Boy you've got an eighty eight to play  
It'll tell you what to say  
It'll tell you when to breathe  
Boy take a turnpike heading west  
Turn the people on to beau geste  
'Cause that's what you did the best  
Boy play the pipes till they're old and worn  
Sing the words till they fall forlorn  
Like the pieces of a jigsaw jet  
Boy 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 win  
And 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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