London Boys (Studio 77)

Johnny Thunders

You best believe I'm from New York City.You're telling me 'shut your mouth'
If I wasn't kissing, you wouldn't be around
You talk about faggots, little moma's boy
You sit at home, you got a chaperon
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?
I've been a climbing, just a face to the wall
Too much too soon, do you recall?Have a holiday in the city,
Feelings in the air, Vaseline pretty
You don't need no drunk, just LSD
You're all big shots. 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 audience.Too bad you boys don't know
And the girls they don't go
Everybody just showsYou'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

Songwriters
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