

Feed The Birds

Broadway Boys

Feed the birds down in Brooklyn town

Little kid gonna wear the crown

First you gotta find your way out

Spend some time in detention hall

Don't you know you could have it all

Hits like that put names on the wall

Slot machine and the flashing light

Yea that kid he's so dynamite

Give a taste and he'll take a bite

He's the greatest there's ever been

Reigning king of the Vegas scene

Ooh that boy yea he's a machine

Oh he had the world within his hands

Now he's running through his money like no other man can

One more round just to make his future sound

But he's taken one too many to the temple now

Spending all that you had to give

What a life that you've had to live

Have you got something you need to get out?

I got something I need to get out

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