

White Boy Blue

The Craig Walter Band

White Boy Blue

This discotheque just sucks
I can't get in the door
So I go to see my girlfriend
And she says "What did you come here for?"
I walk down the alley
Just a step behind my shoes
I think we got the birth of White Boy Blue.

I bought some rot-gut whiskey
From a local discount mart
I found an old harmonica and a new girl to break my heart
I know every address on Heartbreak Avenue.
I think what we got here is White Boy Blue.

Shaba doo wha wop bop bah.

Yeah..when the sun is going down
I'm just getting up.
If you see me on the corner throw something in my cup
I swear I'll pay you back when I finally pay my dues.
And I'll play you something I call White Boy Blue.

Shaba doo wha wop bop bah

Words and Music by Craig Walter © Overhead Pipes Music, BMI

Lyrics Submitted by Craig Walter

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