

11th St Boogie

Hurricanes

Standing on the corner of eleventh street.
Oh, just a bum from country trying to look real neat.
Haven't got a dollar, I haven't got a dime.
Haven't got a watch; so I ain't got the time.

Hey, good-looking, like your style.
But no dice, son, she walks on by.
Need some money, need some wheels.
Make a dollar, make a deal.

Yeah yeah yeah, got to see mother.
Yeah yeah yeah, calling nine.
Yeah yeah yeah, do you love me?
Yeah yeah yeah, I'm on cloud nine.

Hey, good-looking, like your style.
But no dice, son, she walks on by.
Need some money, need some wheels.
Make a dollar, make a deal.

Yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah...