

# 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-ay-ay  
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 shaking  
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

Na na na, na na na

Na

Na na na, na na na

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 'til they're old and worn

Sing the words 'til they fall forlorn

Like the pieces of a jigsaw jet

Boy don't let the Earth get in your face

Its a middle-aged displace

Its the middle ages snide

Boy we're a million miles away

And to think its so insane

Take a chance on a one way ride

Boy shoot a rocket clean out of your mind

Oh these people ain't your kind

No they ain't your kind at all

Boy shoot a rocket clean out of your brain

No these people ain't the same

You can hear another call

Boy the other book starts with no

They don't show us how to grow

They only show us how to win

Boy the secret's in the bicycle shed

Ain't no answers now they're dead

To seek is a mortal sin

Hey you know boy let your madness be the clue