Joey Joey

Johnny Thunders

Born in Red House Brooklyn
In the year of who knows when
Opened up his eyes
To accordion

Joey Joey Joey King of the streets Joey Joey Can't get no relief

Larry was the oldest Joey was next They tried to get Larry Joey got so upset

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They tried, to tell him
He was doing wrong
Dealing with some colored's
Boy you're doing so wrong

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Joey Joey
What'd you do?
You got it Umberto's poor you
Bullets still in the door
Where they got you got you more
Blood in the streets
Now there's no relief for Joey

Joey Joey Joey King of the streets Joey Joey Joey