

Where Ya Been Johnny

The Tossers

So where have ya been my Johnny, Johnny? And where have ya been my Johnny-O?

You've been down to the orphanage. Were ya down there messing with the girls?

I can tell ya been there John, for I see you're back with your hair in curls.

Did the nuns they chase ya John? Or were you able to steal a kiss?

Or did Sister Kearney rough ya up? Don't come to my table looking like this.

Where have ya been my Johnny, Johnny? Where have ya been my Johnny-O?

You've been down there with the girls. Did ya wash the germs right off of your nose?

You've been down to the publican. For I see you look a might distressed.

Your clothes are tattered, your shoes are worn, and you've spewed up on your Sunday best.

Don't you want to be a good boy, smart in school, and be profound?

Get your ass up off of my chair, and you let Mr. McGuire sit down.

And where have ya been my Johnny, Johnny? And where have ya been my Johnny-O?

Now Mr. McGuire is takin' you, for I won't raise a heathen child.

We're putting you into a home, you can't live here, you're far too wild.

Don't you think you'll like it there? You act like a criminal, it's what you get.

You're in need of good reform. They'll pound you 'til you thank 'em for it.

And where have ya been my Johnny, Johnny? And where have ya been my Johnny-O?

And where have ya been my Johnny, Johnny? And where have ya been my Johnny-O?