

Junk Man

Vanessa Williams

Junk man, junk man
Moochin' round Harlem town
When all the lights are dim
Junk man, junk man
Moochin' round Harlem town
I've got a job for him

I'm gonna give that junk man my broken heart
The broken heart I got from you
I'm gonna give that junk man my broken heart
For a loaded thirty-two
I'm gonna give that junk man my old glad rags
I'm gonna wear a gown of black
You better pack your trunk, man, and pack your bags
'Cause I'm headin' on your track

Now I ain't braggin', no, no!
And you can't throw me down
I'm gonna fix your wagon, yeah, man
So you can't go to town!
I'm gonna do you right, 'cause you done me wrong
I'm gonna do you black and blue
And then I'll tell that junk man to come along
And pick up what's left of you!

Now I ain't braggin', no, no!
And you can't throw me down
I'm gonna fix your wagon, yeah, man
So you can't go to town!
I'm gonna do you right, 'cause you done me wrong
I'm gonna do you black and blue
And then I'll tell that junk man to come along
And pick up what's left of you!

I'm gonna tell that junk man
I'm gonna tell that junk man
I'm gonna tell that junk man
Pick up what's left of you

(Get your shit and get out!)