

Tellers, The

"Me Boy"

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What you doing me boy well are you rich like daddy,
No I'm sorry sir but I do play the lottery,
Yet I've got three chords and well words like you and
me,
An ounce of love for you tales and stories,

I don't care me son I hate the way that you sing,
Ans go wash your hands 'cause they are,
Full of ink,

Take your three chords back oh well oh you can keep
them,
Put your words in your back and go ask somebody else,
What you doing me boy, well are you clever like me,
No I'm sorry sir I'm only watching tv,

So you've got three chords oh well oh they sound nice
to me,
If you come with me we'll tell,
Everybody oh,

Hey boy get a job and drop that guitar,
What have you done so far.

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