

47 Black "Rory"

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Hey Rory, you're off to London
Playin' the blues with a band called Taste
Gonna hit the big time?
You better - you're the best
On your night you could even leave
Hendrix in the dust
I want to thank you for what you did
No more messin' with the Kid

Hero came back to Dublin
The only one sober we're all out of our heads
Long hair flyin'
Blue denims drippin with sweat
Volts of lightnin' in your fingers

Pride of bein' the best

What the hell happened, head,
Where did the lightnin' go?
Did it burn right through your fingers
To the cockles of your soul?
Leavin' you stranded

A million miles away from the rest of us....

I want to thank you for what you did
No more messin' with the Kid
So long, old son, that's it
No more messin' with the kid

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