

Diamond King

"The Ballad Of Conley And Billy (The Proof's In The"

Visit "[The Ballad Of Conley And Billy \(The Proof's In The](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Screamn whitewall tires and a guitar by his side
Billys got the fever as he rolls on thru the night
Some were born to listen, some were born to play
He was lightning on the highstrings and thunder on the
bass

Chorus

He could play it high, he could play it low
He could make it cry, he could make it moan
He knows when push comes to shove
The proofs in the pickin

In a smoky little tavern just off of bourbon street
Tobacco stained fingers waited on the down beat
Conley was the master, the undisputed king
Hed ruled the town for thirty years
With an army of six strings

Chorus

Sometimes after midnight billy drives through new
orleans
Straight to the french quarter there's a man he has to
see
The music is a raging like a city that's on fire
Billy felt just like an altar boy at the feet of a higher
power
Conley watched as billy walked across the room
Opened his case and started a tune
The whole club was silent and the lights were turned
down low
Billy stepped up on the stage and conley whispered go
son, go

Chorus

Conley held his hand up, no one made a sound
And he handed bill his old archtop and stepped into the
crowd
Billy played it soft, billy played it sad

Then he made it talk and in came the band
Soon the room was shaking before billys wall of sound
And just a block off bourbon street, a new kings been
crowned.

Chorus

Visit [Diamond King](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.