

Donovan

"Johnny Tuff"

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Buffont birds and burger boys
Are partying again
Greasy finger grope the twin sets
On the old ghost train
And pushing through the punters
Beneath the fairground glare
It's Johnny Tuff, Johnny Tuff,
Duck-tail in his hair,
It's Johnny Tuff, Johnny Tuff,
Duck-tail in his hair.

He's pushing his way to the queue front
Knocking hats off fools
He stands up in the chair plane
It's quite against the rules
Who is that animal screaming
At the girls from local schools?
It's Johnny Tuff, Johnny Tuff,
Flexing his tattoos
It's Johnny Tuff, Johnny Tuff,
Flexing his tattoos.

He keeps a medicine ball hanging just inside his shed
So he can keep in training hitting it with his head
He'll nut you at the local hop if you as much as glance
At Johnny Tuff and his bit of stuff when they begin to
dance

Oh, Johnny he's from way back,
How far no one knows,
The Original Boy-o
Still in the same old clothes.
They say he never grew up,
That's why he's all the rage,
It's Johnny Tuff, Johnny Tuff,
Permanent teenage
It's Johnny Tuff, Johnny Tuff,
Permanent teenage

Here's to Elv and Eddie
Brando and Jimmy too,

And crepes n' drapes and leather gear
Ace cafe-food n' brew
But the hero of our story
He will always be the King
It's Johnny Tuff, Johnny Tuff,
Everybody sing, (or else)
Johnny Tuff, Johnny Tuff,
Johnny Tuff

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