

Elliot Dyson

"Bad, Bad Leroy Brown"

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Well the South side of Chicago
Is the baddest part of town
If you go down there you better beware
Of a man named Leroy Brown

Now Leroy he's more than trouble
And he stand 'bout six foot four
All the downtown ladies call him Treetop Lover
All the men just call him Sir

Sing with me y'all, he's bad, bad Leroy Brown
The baddest man in the whole town
Badder than old King Kong
And meaner than a junkyard dog

Now Leroy he's a gambler
And he like his fancy clothes
And he like to wear those diamond [Incomprehesnible]
In front of everybody's nose

He got a custom Continental
And an Eldorado too
He's got a 32 gun in his pocket for fun
And a razor in his shoe

Come on now, he's bad, bad Leroy Brown
The baddest man in the whole damned town
Badder than old King Kong
Meaner than a junkyard dog

Come on in and find the keys [Incomprehensible]

Now Friday about a week ago
Leroy was shootin' his dice
At the end of the bar sat a girl named Betty
Ooh, she sure looked nice

Well, his eyes been gazed upon her
And the trouble soon began
I said, "Leroy Brown, God, listen 'bout messin'
With the wife of a jealous man"

Come on in, he's bad, bad Leroy Brown
The baddest man in the whole damned town
Badder than old King Kong
And meaner than a junkyard dog

There were two men who took to fighting
And when they pulled them from the floor
I said, Leroy Brown looked like a jigsaw puzzle
With a couple of pieces gone

He's bad, bad Leroy Brown
The baddest man in the whole damned town
Badder than old King Kong
And meaner than a junkyard dog

He was a bad, bad Leroy Brown
The baddest man in the whole damned town
Badder than old King Kong
And meaner than a junkyard dog

He was now, badder than old King Kong
And meaner than a junkyard dog
He was now, badder than old King Kong
And meaner than a junkyard dog

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