

## **Ely Joe**

# **"Miss Bonnie and Mister Clyde"**

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I was mindin' my own business down on Deep Elum  
Street  
The sun was comin' up and the birds was singin' sweet  
When a car come around the corner, long and lean and  
brown  
Pulls up to the curb beside me and rolls their window  
down  
A man throws me a dollar and I asked him what's that  
for  
A pack of Luckies and a Paper over at the corner store  
I peer into the window there's a man and a woman  
inside  
Holy Jumpin' Bolts of Lightnin' it's Miss Bonnie and Mr.  
Clyde

I made a joke about Lucky Strikes that I never should've  
used  
Their patience was proportional to the shortness of  
their fuse  
Bonnie's pretty little trigger finger was twitchin' by her  
side  
And Clyde was cleanin' his fingernails with a foot long  
Bowie Knife  
I brung 'em back the Cigarettes and the Dallas Mornin'  
Sun  
I told 'em they made the papers front page and column  
one  
Ah, we don't need no smart-assed kid actin' as our  
guide  
Now just run along like you never seen, Miss Bonnie  
and Mr. Clyde

Excuse me sir I says to him, but I thought you was a  
business guy  
I might have a little proposition that just might catch  
your eye  
The biggest haul of Fort Knox Gold they're a'haulin  
back tonight  
And loadin' it up in an Armored Car at the crack of the  
mornin' light  
Bonnie grabbed me by the belt loop and pulled me in  
the car

And Clyde held a saw'd-off to my head and lit me a big  
cigar  
If you're on the level then we might just be partners on  
the side  
But don't even think about double crossin' Miss Bonnie  
and Mr. Clyde

Within a week I'd been transformed from a beggar to a  
wanted man  
The dreams I'd had of a glamorous life were now, oh  
so close at hand  
Bonnie kept makin' eyes at me, it was hard to look  
away  
She looked like an innocent country girl who had  
somehow gone astray  
Clyde once imagined he was Robin Hood but now his  
greed was startin' to show  
Instead of spreading the wealth around he was  
Wallerin' in the Dough  
And when he started slappin' Bonnie around something  
went off in me inside, I said,  
If you keep slappin' Bonnie around, I'm gonna have  
your hide! Clyde!

Clyde would've shot me then and there if he wasn't so  
sluggin' drunk  
'Bout the time he raised his shootin' iron he passed out  
on his trunk  
Me and Bonnie made our break, in Clyde's Caddilac De  
Ville  
Bonnie was already on my lap as we flew thru Louisville  
We got married in Niagra Falls, I got a job as a paper  
man  
Within a week the headlines came, showed Clyde on an  
old divan  
Shot full of holes, the both of them, which the paper  
then Identified  
As the love who led him to his grave, Miss Bonnie and  
Mr. Clyde

We just couldn't believe we got away with a scheme as  
big as that  
We were buying drinks and tossin' scraps to all the  
dogs and cats  
We rented us a barrel that night at the Whiskey Still  
And decided to spend our Honeymoon floatin' down  
Niagra Hill  
We made the maddest wettest bumpiest love fallin'  
down that waterfall  
Like a crazy pair of desert doves who had never seen  
rain fall

The Police lights were blinkin' at our motel room,  
outside  
But We never went back to hear the tale of Miss Bonnie  
and Mr. Clyde

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