

Bloom On "Ricco"

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Ricco was a junky, mean when junks effected,
he had a secret yearning for the women he protected.
But he had also just to pay, a treasure every week
to Johnny who supplied hot-stuff, needed for been sick.
Oh, what a horrible sight, what a horrible sight.
Oh, what a sinful delight, what a sinful delight.
Now, Johnny was a dealer, with some red-faded boots
he brayed to the bums around him "Get this dummy
pooch"
He saw his leather-feathered hat thrown away by a
shot,
he said "Hey Johnny cool it down, it only just a rot"
Oh, what a horrible sight, what a horrible sight.
Oh, what a sinful delight, what a sinful delight.
Now, Ricco's on the Heaven, he no more needs no stuff
he's breathing now hot fresh air, he's no more tricks or
bluff.
He keeps an eye on Johnny's way, surrounded by his
gals,
He feels no hate, he feels no joy, he even has no pals.
Oh, what a beautiful sight, what a beautiful sight.
Far away from the sinful delight, from that sinful
delight.

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