

## **Gordon Vincent**

### **"Can't Be Your Boy"**

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Who did you talk to  
Call me next month  
I'm back logged, back burner  
I can't talk right now  
Which way's the cleaners  
Who is your daddy  
Go check out them beamers  
I don't need no caddy  
Put out your hands  
They are your friends  
They're gonna be with you until the end  
But I can't be your boy

Get me out of the dining car  
It wants to go to my thighs  
This ain't like it used to  
I'm so sick of ham  
Where'd I lose my stomach  
Picking in the trash  
Can't keep it down  
Can't make it last  
In a roll top table  
Behind a stack of mail  
In a high rise penthouse  
Or in a Richfield jail  
No I can't be your boy

High wire walker  
Big city walker  
I'm a union walker  
Jimmy walker  
Last minute walker  
Admit it walker  
Roll with it walker  
Now don't hand me no walker  
What a way to treat a man  
Eye to eye, hand to hand  
No I can't be your boy

Better move to the country  
Learn how to raise a farm  
See the mule to sleep

Put the plow in the barn  
Never fight with your woman  
About the price of corn  
Never lose no sleep  
With the tv on  
Put out your hands  
They are your friends  
Gonna be with you  
Until the end  
I'll never be your boy

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