

Ian Hunter

"Boy"

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(ian hunter/mick ronson)

Genocidal tendencies are silly to extreme
After all you're still quite small you don't know where
you've been
You was only swearing yesterday
Oh you want to win the world away
But now you got nothing to say-ay-ay

Boy you're getting out of hand
You've got to make a stand
So put the coke away
Boy you got the do the show
Got to let the people know
You got the strength to stay

I can see you run
I can see you hide
Oh your heart is aching
Lost in a dream of what might have been
You're the guide
You're the number one
And your knees are shaking
Stand and deliver in an endless dream

Schizophrenic, photogenic, aggravates me so
Only yes-men
Have a guess man
Watch the spirit go
Batman zips the monster as he bleeds
And gets up on the buzz he needs
And a kid on the street just reads
And reads and reads and reads
And reads and reads and reads

Boy it's them hard case city blues
Cagney is the news
Does the giant ring a bell
Boy it's the hudson east river cruise
Its the empire state buffoons
Oh you know the story well

Do you have to run
Do you have to hide
There's a new tomorrow
Yes you're a mess
But you're more than less
When this battles won
You can look inside
Oh you did not borrow
Yes you're the best
But you still can't rest
You know you know
The carnival is closed
Your street's alive with ghosts
But a friend says don't look back
Don't look back don't look round
Your vision is your fate
Through long electric nights
When a woman helps you write
Na na na
Na na na
Na
Na na na
Na na na

Cheer up mate put the dramas in the past
See you did not have to fast
Euphemism lasts and lasts and lasts
And lasts and lasts and lasts
And lasts and lasts
Boy if you've got an axe to grind
Be thankful for this time
For it gives you what you need
Boy you've got an eighty-eight to play
It'll tell you what to say
It'll tell you when to breathe
Boy take a turnpike heading west
Turn the people on to beau geste
Cause that's what you did the best
Boy play the pipes till they're old and worn
Sing the words till they fall forlorn
Like the pieces of a jigsaw jet
Boy don't let the earth get in your face
It's a middle-aged displace
It's the middle ages snide
Boy we're a million miles away
And to think it's so insane
Take a chance on a one way ride
Boy shoot a rocket clean out of your mind
Oh these people ain't your kind
No they ain't your kind at all
Boy shoot a rocket clean out of your brain

No these people ain't the same
You can hear another call
Boy the [other book?] starts with [no?]
They don't show us how to grow
They only show us how to win
Boy the secret's in the bicycle shed
Ain't no answers now they're dead
To seek is a mortal sin
Hey you know boy let your madness be the clue

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