

# John Baldry

## "Don't Try To Lay No Boogie Woogie On The King Of Rock And Roll"

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(SPOKEN)

You know, I remember  
A few years ago  
Some funny things  
Used to happen to me  
About 1956-57

At that time there was  
No blues scene or not really  
Any kind of scene in London

I used to go out and play  
My guitar in the streets  
And sing things with  
Passing my hat down

I remember one particular night  
I was playing the guitar  
In a little alleyway just off  
Of Wardour Street in Soho  
And I got busted by the police

This policeman come up and  
Dragged me and my guitar  
And my hat full of pennies  
Off to the police station

Anyway, the next day  
I had to appear in  
Marlboro Street Police Court  
And it was quite a day  
Police officer  
Giving his evidence

I was proceeding in a  
Southernly direction, milord  
When I heard strange sounds coming  
From Wardour Place, milord

A sort of boogie woogie  
Music was being played

On further investigation, I saw  
The defendent standing there  
With a guitar and an  
Old hat on the floor  
Collecting pennies

Well, I decided that he  
Was contravening a breach  
Of the peace there as there was  
A traffic jam about five miles  
Long down Wardour Street  
Wondering what all the fuss was about

So then I arrested the defendent  
Ah, just one moment, officer  
Well, what is this boogie woogie music  
Here we're talking about

Oh, well, milord, said the officer  
Getting out his notebook, obviously  
Been doing up his homework  
It's a kind of jazz-rhythm music  
Peculiar to the American Negro

Oh, and what was the defendent doing  
Playing this kind of music there  
In Wardour street

Anyway, I got off with a caution  
A years' conditional discharge  
But I'll always remember that policeman  
And his boogie woogie music  
So don't try to lay no boogie woogie  
On the king of rock and roll

Don't tell me nothing  
Don't lies, a woman  
Cause all you know I've told  
Don't sell me no alibis, sister  
Cause all you've got I've sold

You better leave  
At a-midnight slinking  
To the one who works it out  
I don't want to hear no  
Rackem tackem squeaking  
To go on and shut your mouth

And everything is  
Gonna work out tight  
If you ain't like you been told

Just don't try to lay no boogie woogie  
On the king of rock and roll

Don't feed me no TV dinners  
When you know that  
I'm used to steak  
I don't need no rank beginners  
When it's time to shake the shake

You better pull your thing together  
Cause you've been bested out  
And if you feel that  
You just can't dig it  
You know you don't know  
What it's all about

It ain't a matter of par convenience  
That's gonna justify your soul  
Just don't try to lay no boogie woogie  
On the king of rock and roll

Don't try to lay no boogie woogie  
On the king of rock and roll

You and I started to drive  
So don't pull nothing on me  
You didn't arrive til late '45  
But your head's in '53

You got what it takes  
Give your heads a spin  
Down by the lonely shack  
But you come on just  
Like a fool woman  
In the back of a red Cadillac

You can't come  
Across the Upsalquitch  
Until you pay the toll  
So don't try to lay no boogie woogie  
On the king of rock and roll

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