

Little Feat

"Hoy Hoy"

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B. Payne, P. Barrere, S. Murphy, and F. Tackett
Back door sliders, narrow escapes
Busted gray wall, greasy embrace
Finances ailing, crawlin' down
The rain slicked alleys, ain't no escape in this town
Blood on the stone, blood on the rock
Consumed with the passion, that only time could unlock
One life wasted, another one gone
The streets are on fire, and I'm calling you home
Hoy hoy
Hoy hoy
Don't go there boy
Juanita's daughter got her kicks in the streets
And her mama's warning "you better duck the heat"
She's got a concrete body with candy cane hair
Razor balde business appearin' out of thin air
Stars fallin' down, snow on the ground
Chasin' the dragons all over the town
The dream catcher's wagon, lurkin' to loom
A one dance ducka, you know he's workin' the room
Hoy hoy
Hoy hoy
Don't go there boy
Preacher's on the corner wrapped in a heavenly light
But noise of the chopper drowns the message tonight
He says "you saucy señoritas take care where you
swing
Cause the lords of the boulevard don't owe you a
thing."
Hoy hoy
Hoy hoy
Don't go there boy
Hoy hoy
Hoy hoy
Hoy hoy
Hoy hoy

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