

## Long John Baldry

# "Don't Try to Lay No Boogie Woogie on the King of R"

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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, uh, not really any kind of scene in, uh, London. I used to go out and play my guitar in the streets and sing things with um, passin' the hat 'round. I remember one particular night, I was uh, playing the guitar in a little alleyway just off of Wardour Street in Soho and uh, I got busted by the police. This policeman came up and dragged me in, 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 uh, it was quite a day. Police officer giving his evidence:

"I was proceeding in a Southerly direction, Milord, when I heard uh, strange sounds coming from the Wardour Place, Mi'lord. A sort of boogie-woogie music was being played. On further investigation, I saw the defendant standing there with a guitar and an old hat on the floor collecting pennies. Well, I decided that uh, he was contravening a breach of the peace, there, as there was a traffic jam about five miles long behind Wardour Street, wondering what all the uh, fuss was about, so then I arrested the uh, defendant"

"Uh, just one moment, officer. Wh-what is this boogie-woogie music here we're talking about?"

"Oh, well Mi'lord", said the officer, getting out his notebook, obviously he'd been doing up his homework, "it's a kind of jazz rhythm music peculiar to the American negro"

"Oh. What was the defendant doing, uh, playing this kind of music there in Wardour Street?"

Anyway, I got off with a caution, a year's conditional discharge, but I'll always remember that policeman and his boogie-woogie, so don't try to lay no boogie-woogie on the king of rock and roll.

Don't you tell me none o' your lies woman 'cause all you know I've told ya  
Don't sell me no alibi sister 'cause all you've got I've sold  
You better leave that midnight sneakin' to the one who worked it out  
I don't wanna hear no back talk speakin' go on and shut yer mouth  
And everything's gonna work out tight if you act like you been told  
So don't try to lay no boogie woogie on the king of rock and roll.

Don't you feed me no TV dinners when you know I'm used to steak  
I don't need no rank beginners when it's time to shake that shake  
You better pull your thing together, reach in and dust it out  
And if ya feel that you just can't dig it then I guess you know you don't know what it's all about  
It ain't a matter of pork 'n beans 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 weren't alive when I started to drive, so don't put none on me  
You didn't arrive 'til late '45 but your head's in '53.  
You got what it takes to keep the heads a-spinnin' down by the old rib shack  
And you come across just like a fool grinnin' in the back of a red Cadillac.  
You can't come across the Astro bridge 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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