

Nazarene Impaled

"Boogie"

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Walkin? down on main street
Well, its not the same street like before
Those drinks that Ive been drinkin? were stirred not
shaken, ooh its sore
My legs have gone all weak
Its so hard for me to speak anymore
I must get home to bed
And rest my aching head, thats for sure
Drivin? in the country
The grass is green as it was before
Rolled up on that river
Just aint as clean thats for sure
You know my legs have gone all weak
Its so hard for me to speak anymore
I must get home to bed
And rest my aching head, thats for sure
Goin? down to main street to buy some wine
Make some love with that woman of mine
Drink some wine
Love some time
Ah- walkin? down on main street
Well its not the same street like before
Those drinks that Ive been drinkin? were stirred not
shaken, ooh its sore
You know my legs have gone all weak
Its so hard for me to speak anymore
Well I must get home to bed
Rest my aching head and thats for sure

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