

Cass Mccombs

"Bobby, King of Boys Town"

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You ain't gonna pin it on me
I don't wanna hear your sermon
Can shave in three stokes
An spit like hypodermic
Can dance like the dickens
Ain't a man alive I fear
You would not dare insult me
If Brother Jack was here
Where'd you learn to smoke?
Cause you're doing it all wrong
The next plane to Honolulu
Is what I'll be on
God bless Father Flanagan
The movies is bologna
Newspaper/Magazine
Cigarette/Candy
You say you're 14
You certainly don't look it
The straight world is ANTHING BUT
In fact, it's rather crooked
I'm getting out of Omaha
An that's for sure
Cause the people bark about me
Like I reversed the sin on murder
Bobby, King of Boys Town

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