

Moxy Fruvous "B J Don't Cry"

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From the Fr
?vous quill comes a story tale of love and illin'
Romeo found the balcone too high, ended up with
second billin'
She loved in triplicate, left his heart a blank too fill in
Lost his faith immaculate when Cupid became a villain
CHORUS: B.J. don't cry no more
Wonders what his heart is beating for
He says he takes it muhc too hard
Give my regards to B.J.
In a fit of rage he tore down all her gifts and promises
Sick and tired of hearing 'bout those Harry, Dick and
Thomases
Banished her for life he did, right then and there, from
the premises
Onle his holy virgin queen, now on the scene, his
nemesis
CHORUS
He thought about his life, his heart began to rush
He buried the crown, found a bucket and a brush
B.J. paints town...
Now on the street our wounded soul is looking quite
Gregarial
Heart or tin has shed his skin, given it a hefty burial
As with logic, as with reason, as with science actuarial
Rallied 'round the Fr
?vous flag burnt the kitchen, raised the aerial
CHORUS
Turn it over little man
He took a trip, B.J.'s on a train
Far far away, he'll be back again one rainy day
So there we have a story lived in person told by proxy
'Bout a mild-mannered mannequin, every Sunday hit
the Roxy
Till there his own reflection, showed him his orthodoxy
Now he hikes the Himalayas, stuffs his letters full of
moxie!
CHORUS

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