

Moxy Früvous "B.J. Don't Cry"

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(All)

Never had a girl to call his own...

(Mike speaking)

From the Fruvous Quill comes a sorry tale of love and
illin'

Romeo found the balcony too high, ended up with
second billin'

She loved in triplicate, left his heart a blank to fill in
Lost his faith immaculate when cupid became a villian

(Dave & Jian)

B.J. Don't cry no more

Wonders what his heart is beating for

Says he takes it much too hard

Give my regards to B.J.

(Mike speaking)

In a fit of rage he tore down all her gifts and promises
Sick and tired of hearing 'bout those Harry, Dick, and
Thomasses

Banished her for life he did, right then and there, from
the premises

Once Holy Virgin Queen, now on the scene, his nemesis

(All)

B.J. Don't cry no more

Wondered what his heart was beating for

Says he takes it much too hard

Give my regards to B.J.

(Mike)

He thought about his life, his heart began to rush

He buried the crown, found a bucket and a brush

BJ paints town...

(Mike speaking)

Foot Foot...

(Others)

La la la la la la...

La la la la la.

(Mike speaking)

Now on the street our wounded soul is looking quite
Gregarial
Heart of tin has she'd his skin, given it a hefty burial
As with logic, as with reason, as with science actuarial
Rallied 'round the Fruvous Flag, burnt the kitchen,
raised the aerial

(All) (All)

B.J. Don't cry no more Never had a girl to call his own
Found out what his heart was beating for Never strayed
too far from hearth and home
Says he takes it much too hard He's our Messiah
Give my regards to B.J.

(All)

Turn it over, little man

(Mike, w/ others singing "B J")

He took a trip, BJ's on a train
Far far away, but he'll be back again one rainy day

(All)

B.J. Don't cry no more
B.J. Don't cry no more

(Mike speaking)

So there we have a story lived in person told by proxy
'Bout a mild-mannered mannequin, every Friday hit the
Roxy
Till there his own reflection, showed him his orthodoxy
Now he hikes the Himmalayas, stuffs his letters full of
moxy!

(All) (All)

B.J. Don't cry no more Never had a girl to call his own
Found out what his heart was beating for Never strayed
too far from hearth and home
Says he takes it much too hard He's our Messiah
Give my regards to B.J.

He says he takes it much too hard He's our Messiah
Give my regards to B.J.

(Mike)

And now he's swinging in the yard,
He's the junior bard,
With the Juliard

(All)

B.J.

From the Liner:

(Mike-lead vocal, guitar, guirra; Murray-vocals, bass;
Jean-vocals, snare; Dave-vocals, accordion)

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