

The Clash

"Junco Partner"

Visit "[Junco Partner](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Down the road came a Junco Partner
Boy, he was loaded as can be
He was knocked out, knocked out loaded
He was a 'wobblin' all over the street

Singing six months ain't no sentence
Yeah and one year ain't no time
I was born in Angola
Serving fourteen to ninety nine

Well I wish I had me one million dollars
Oh, one million to call my own, call my own
I would raise me, and say, "Grow for me baby"
Raise me a tobacco farm

Take a walk, take a walk
Junco Partner
[Incomprehensible]

Well, when I had me a great deal of money
Yeah, I had mighty good things all over town
Now I ain't got no more money
All of my good friends they're putting me down

So now I gotta pawn my ratchet and pistol
Yeah I'm gonna pawn my watch and chain, chain, chain
I would have pawned my sweet Gabriella
But the smart girl she wouldn't sign her name

Down the road, down the road, down the road
Down the road came a Junco Partner
Boy, he was loaded as can be
He was knocked out, knocked out loaded, loaded,
loaded, loaded
He was 'wobblin' all over the street
Take a walk, I can't walk

Down the road came a Junco Partner
Hey mister he called out to me
And it was three things he said
[Incomprehensible]

Junco Partner
[Incomprehensible]

Well I'm down, yes I'm getting thirsty
Pour me out a good beer, when I'm dry
Just, just give me whiskey, when I'm thirsty
Well give me headstone when I die

Down the road

Visit [The Clash](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.