

Robbie Seay Band

"Sweet Gene Vincent"

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Blue Gene baby

Skinny white sailor, the chances were slender,
The beauties were brief
Shall I mourn your decline with some Thunderbird wine
And a black handkerchief?
I miss your sad Virginia whisper,
I miss the voice that called my heart

Sweet Gene Vincent
Young and old and gone
Sweet Gene Vincent
Who, who, who slapped John?

White face, black shirt
White socks, black shoes
Black hair, white strat
Bled white, died black

Sweet Gene Vincent
Let the blue caps roll tonight
At the Sock Hop Ball in the Union Hall
Where the bop is their delight

Here come duck-tail Danny dragging uncanny Annie,
She's the one with the flying feet
You can break the peace, daddy sickle grease
But the beat is reet complete
And the jump-back honey in the dungarees,
Tight sweater and a pony-tail
Will you guess her age when she comes back-stage,
The hoodlums bite their nails

Black gloves, white frost
Black crÃ¢pe, white lead
White sheet, black knight
Jet black, dead white

Sweet Gene Vincent
There's one in every town
And the devil drives till the hearse arrives

And you lay the pistol down

Sweet Gene Vincent
With nowhere left to hide
With lazy skin and ash-tray eyes
And perforated pride

Sail away, boys
Take me home
Country roads

So farewell, mademoiselle knicker-bocker hotel
Goodbye to money owed
When your leg still hurts, but you need more shirts
You got to get back on the road

Sweet Gene Vincent
Sweet Gene Vincent
Sweet Gene Vincent
Sweet Gene Vincent

When your leg still hurts, but you need more shirts
You got to get back on the road

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