

Barbra Streisand F/ Vince Gill

"Johnny's Dead AKA Vincent Mason"

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DOVE:

This one is a short rendition in which me and pianist
mate of mine
by the name of Prince Paul... I shall not relieve, I mean
reveal, my
identity...
(Girl in background: That's not funny.)
So, I think we shall begin like this. Are you ready, Prince
Paul?
You're fuckin' us up, man!

PAUL: My playin's good, man!

DOVE: Fuckin' us up, man! As we begin again... rude
interruption from
our audience...
(Background laughter)
Here we go.

Oh Johnny
You got a bullet in your forehead, boy
Don't you understand, you dead
Buried six feet under the concrete
Ooh-aww-oh
That's the noise he made when he got shot
But Johnny's still dead
Still dead
Thought about his mama
Thought about his father Josephine
Nobody could help the boy when he hit the concrete
Ooh-aww-oh
The last words said by Johnny
But now he's six feet under and he's dead

Our next song we'll play is called Jenifa, we'll be back in
a minute.

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