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Boys Beastie ''Johnny Ryall''

Visit "Johnny Ryall" on MotoLyrics.com Johnny Ryall is the bum on my stoop I gave him fifty cents to buy some soup He knows the time with the fresh Gucci watch He's even more over than the mayor Ed Koch Washing windows on the Bowery at a guarter to four 'Cause he ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more Living on borrowed time and borrowed money Sleepin' on the street there ain't a damn thing funny Hand me down food and hand me down clothes A rockabilly past of which nobody knows Makes his home all over the place He goes to sleep by falling down on his face Sometimes known as the leader of the homeless Sometimes drunk and he's always phoneless Sleepin' on the street in a cardboard box He's better off drinkin' than smokin' the rocks Johnny Ryall He drinks where he lies He's covered with flies He's got the hand me down Pumas and the tie dyes Go upstate and get your head together

Thunderbird is the word and you're light as a feather Detox at the flop house no booze allowed Remember the good old days with the rockabilly crowd Memphis is where he's from He lives in the street but he's no bum A rockabilly star from the days of old He used to have teeth all filled with gold A platinum voice but only gold records On the bass was boots on the drums was checkers Luis Vuitton with the Gucci guitar Johnny Ryall *Who do you think you are* Johnny Ryall Donald Trump Donald Tramp living in the Men's Shelter Wonder Bread bag shoes and singing Helter Skelter He asks for a dollar you know what it's for Bottle after bottle he'll always need more He's no less important than you working class stiffs Drinks a lot of liquor but he don't drink piss Paid his dues playing the blues He claims that he wrote the Blue Suede Shoes Elvis shaved his head when he went into the army *That's right y'all his name is* Johnny

Johnny Ryall

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