

Downs Jason

"White Boy With A Feather"

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Oh yeah
See that hurt
He got a feather in his hair
Yo follow that kid, follow him

Got off the greyhound at the port in New York City
Looking for a break and some fame and fortune
La de da
My father said boy its dangerous out there
You better use a jimmy hat
And don't forget your combat boots, boy

Who's the white boy over there?
With the feather in his hair
I'm gonna beat him and rob him
I swear
He must be new cuz he ain't from here
Gonna bust him down
With a left to the ear

Got knocked on the floor
After they took my lucky jacket
But you can't have my guitar so
I swung my case and kicked 'em in the face
I had my lights knocked out in New York City
But when I came to I saw a beautiful woman starin'
down at me
And so I just had to say

Oh, what a beautiful day.
He's a white boy with a feather
I really love this day
He's a white boy with a feather
I wouldn't rather be anywhere
Where I am, Oooo

Back in her crib, we played strip poker
I was losing big,
Down to nothing but my boots and
My feather in my hair when she
Took off her wig

And said you been had, I'm a man
This is my gun
Give me your money, and run

Ah, who's the white boy over there?
With the feather in his hair
And no under wear
He must be smokin' or jokin' I swear
Trippin on sometin'
Butt naked runnin' through Times Square

So I grab my guitar and I fly down 42nd street
And I stopped in Times Square
And played my song, here's a little ditty for NY City
No one seemed to notice
Only made a few pennies
Was about to move on
When I saw a couple of guys comin' for me
Saying something like 'white boy

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