Elms, The "The Downtown King"

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He looks in the mirror and flexes and shaves And his mind says he's cut and he's tall and he's brave He wears cologne to the spa and a tie to the store And he laughs like a chump and he talks like a bore

He smokes on a clove and he sits in a ride That's got room for himself and a girl on the side He'll polish his shoes so he can look down and see The reflection of him, the reflection is me

Check out the tune that the boy brings with him He got the sound of the downtown rhythm Blues in the back and he likes my singin' He's got the sound, he's the downtown king, yeah

He's got the sound, he's the downtown king, yeah Blues in the back, he's the downtown king

He plays drums in the church house and calls in the law Then he charms out the cops with the swing and the draw

He wanna sit in the booth, you can sit in the chair And he'll listen and smile but he's not really there

Check out the tune that the boy brings with him He got the sound of the downtown rhythm Blues in the back and he likes my singin' He's got the sound, he's the downtown king, yeah

He's got the sound, he's the downtown king, yeah Blues in the back, he's the downtown king He's got the sound, he's the downtown king, yeah Blues in the back, he's the downtown king

Check out the tune that the boy brings with him He got the sound of the downtown rhythm Blues in the back and he likes my singin' He's got the sound, he's the downtown king, yeah

Check out the tune that the boy brings with him He got the sound of the downtown rhythm

Blues in the back and he likes my singin' He's got the sound, he's the downtown king, yeah

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