

Annette Funicello

"Jo-Jo The Dog-Faced Boy"

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Saturday night at
The high school dance
A fella comes in
Wearing baggy pants

He starts to sing
Like a wounded hound
And the gals all screamed
And gathered round

[CHORUS]
Bow wow, bow wow
Jo-Jo, the dog-faced boy
Bow wow, bow wow
Jo-Jo, the dog-faced boy

Eyes bugged out
Through a patch of wool
His face hung down
Like a Boston bull

The gals all clapped
Till their hands were red
The dog-faced boy was
Knocking 'em dead

[Repeat CHORUS]

Played the guitar and
Then hummed two C's
Then he rolled on the floor
Like a Pekinese

He almost shook
Himself in half
And the gals lined up
For his autograph

[Repeat CHORUS]

I wish I had
What Jo-Jo had

Drove the crowd
Stark raving mad

They ripped the clothes
Right off his back
When he roared away
In his Cadillac

Where in the world was
The little Nash Rambler

[Repeat CHORUS 2x]

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