

Aerosmith, Downtown Charlie

Well, Downtown Charlie
Was a place on my daddy's and a
Well my pistol was a tripper
And I didn't feel so bad
Well be comin' round with roses
Put my hands on my feet
And my turnin' to the luck picture
I put my neat
Well, the gang's all here
And I'm feelin' fine
Ah, you gotta lose your mind
He was a countdown
Oh, that was a downtown

Said, swing low slicker
Future goin' lover
All is goin' good
I forgot my rubber
A pi-sa (never mind), my sexy
All I wanna do is get on my feet

Nah, nah...oh, the boy's coming home

Downtown Charlie
Said, Downtown Charlie

Just call him if you're good
Rockin' fat if the machine was a roll