

# George Thorogood And The Destroyers, Boogie People

Alright!

I wanna tell ya about some people I know  
The kinda folks who dig a boogie blow  
They live up North about a thousand miles  
And if you go you're gonna party awhile  
They're up the country quite a way from here  
They want a smoke and few long beers  
Now all the cats up there they carry on  
And they don't care if it's right or wrong

They got me crazy, they boogie people  
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They're really criminals, these friends of mine  
They hide away among the trees and vines  
They'll take you into their funky home,  
Far away from all the bricks and chrome  
And they know how to have a ball  
And when they party you know they get it on  
They got no kids and they got no wives  
They have the times of their drunken lives

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They're city folks just like me and you  
But they got hip and they moved it on through  
They worked it out and got out of town  
To find a place where they can boogie down  
And they can make it on their own  
And they don't need no goddamn telephone  
And they don't worry about the men in blue  
'Cause all them cats do the boogie, too

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