

George Thorogood, 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
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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