

# Black 47, Rory

Hey Rory, you're off to London  
Playin' the blues with a band called Taste  
Gonna hit the big time?  
You better - you're the best  
On your night you could even leave  
Hendrix in the dust  
I want to thank you for what you did  
No more messin' with the Kid

Hero came back to Dublin  
The only one sober we're all out of our heads  
Long hair flyin'  
Blue denims drippin with sweat  
Volts of lightnin' in your fingers  
Pride of bein' the best

What the hell happened, head,  
Where did the lightnin' go?  
Did it burn right through your fingers  
To the cockles of your soul?  
Leavin' you stranded

A million miles away from the rest of us....

I want to thank you for what you did  
No more messin' with the Kid  
So long, old son, that's it  
No more messin' with the kid