

Chuck Berry, Tell You About My Buddy

I'm goin' tell you about my buddy
But I'm not goin' reveal his name
'Cause it's his life to live and he's livin' it
Claim it to fame or a game of shame

To each his own let him live it
But there are those who may not agree
But I goin' tell you about my buddy
Ev'ry thing like he told it to me

A woman's the most peculiar creature
And so few has missed his hand
And out of all the ones that he's been with
You know, not one wouldn't take him again

Before you really know a sensuous woman
You have to be with her when she's alone
She could say no and then want you to leave her
And call you right back home after you're gone

You never can tell until after you've tried her
And then you might still be way off the track
Because it's the red and the white and the yellow
Has exactly what's packed in the black

One was a co-ed from Pennsylvania
One from Toronto who dug him the most
One was a rich widow in Houston
And one was a freak from the western coast

One was a teacher out of Chicago
And one had plans to become a nun
And one was the last one I thought he'd cling to
But she was the one who gave him a son

So people, I'll tell you 'bout my buddy
And like I say, I just can't reveal his name
It's his life and he's gonna live it
Claim it to fame or game or shame

Claim it fame or game or shame
Just a game or fame or shame
Fame or game or shame
Fame or game or shame
Fame or game or shame
Claim it fame or game or shame