

# Ian Hunter, Boy

Genocidal tendencies are silly to extreme  
After all you're still quite small you don't know where you've been  
You was only swearing yesterday  
Oh you want to win the world away  
But now you got nothing to say-ay-ay

Boy you're getting out of hand  
You've got to make a stand  
So put the coke away  
Boy you got the do the show  
Got to let the people know  
You've got the strength to stay

I can see you run  
I can see you hide  
Oh your heart is aching  
Lost in a dream of what might have been  
You're the guide  
You're the number one  
And your knees are shaking  
Stand and deliver in an endless dream

Schizophrenic, photogenic, aggravates me so  
Only yes-men  
Have a guess man  
Watch the spirit go  
Batman zips the monster as he bleeds  
And gets off on the buzz he needs  
And a kid on the street just reads  
and reads and reads and reads  
and reads and reads and reads

Boy its them hard case city blues  
Cagney is the news  
Does "The Giant" ring a bell?  
Boy its the Hudson East River cruise  
Its the Empire State of booze  
Oh you know the story well

Do you have to run  
Do you have to hide  
There's a new tomorrow  
Yes you're a mess  
But you're more than less  
When this battle's won  
You can look inside  
All you did not borrow  
Yes you're the best  
But you still can't rest  
You know you know  
The carnival is closed  
Your streets are lined with ghosts  
But a princess don't look back  
Don't look back don't look round  
Your vision is your fight  
Through long electric nights  
When a woman helps you write  
Na na na  
Na na na  
Na  
Na na na  
Na na na

Cheer up mate put the dramas in the past

See you did not have to fast  
Euphemism lasts and lasts and lasts  
And lasts and lasts and lasts  
And lasts and lasts  
Boy if you've got an axe to grind  
Be thankful for this time  
For it gives you what you need  
Boy you've got an eighty-eight to play  
It'll tell you what to say  
It'll tell you when to breathe  
Boy take a turnpike heading west  
Turn the people on to Beau Geste  
Cause that's what you did the best  
Boy play the pipes till they're old and worn  
Sing the words till they fall forlorn  
Like the pieces of a jigsaw jet  
Boy don't let the earth get in your face  
its a middle-aged displace  
Its the middle ages snide  
Boy we're a million miles away  
And to think its so insane  
Take a chance on a one way ride  
Boy shoot a rocket clean out of your mind  
Oh these people ain't your kind  
No they ain't your kind at all  
Boy shoot a rocket clean out of your brain  
No these people ain't the same  
You can hear another call  
Boy the (other book?) starts with (no?)  
They don't show us how to grow  
They only show us how to win  
Boy the secret's in the bicycle shed  
Ain't no answers now they're dead  
To seek is a mortal sin  
Hey you know boy let your madness be the clue