

Joe Ely, Screaming Blue Yillions

Here's a little ditty 'bout Screamin Blue Yillions

It was a stormy night there was a cyclone comin';
In a back street shack was a young boy strummin';
Born and raised in the Texas sand
Every thing he wore was second-hand

The life he lived was a cryin'; shame.
So that very night he changed his name
He grabbed the cyclone with his hands.
That was the start of a hurricane band.

(Bass and Drums and a Guitar hail
Keyboard clickin his fingernails)

Come on baby, baby clap your hands
I know he needs your lovin'; don't you understand
Come on baby, baby clap your hands
Shake it, shake it any way you can

Here come Blue like hell on wheels
Tryin'; anything just to feel the feel
Love is the medicine that moves his soul
He gets his kicks from rock and roll

Look out baby its fixin to scream
Blue Yillions rockin';to Smithereens

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