

Rory Gallagher, Sinner Boy

City streets and rolling cars,
The only sound you can hear.
But you know you might be wrong,
Just look right over here.
Back up against the wall,
Hands on the bottle.
You're gonna walk on by,
Then he cries you gotta, gotta, gotta,
gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta.

Take that sinner boy home,
Wrap him up, keep him warm,
He won't do no harm.

Take him home right away,
He's got no place to stay,
Let him walk right inside your home.

Go on and ask him his name,

Let him try and explain,
What in the world done him wrong.

Tell the man, lift him up,
Take away the paper cup.
One more inside him won't do him no good.
Sinner boy,

Take that sinner boy home,
Wrap him up, keep him warm,
He won't do no harm.

Take him home right away,
He's got no place to stay,
Let him walk right inside your home.

Take that sinner boy home,
Wrap him up, keep him warm,
He won't do you, he won't do you no harm.