## The Billy Nayer Show, Hey Boy

Hey Boy! Hey Boy!
I got a message for you About a thing called Love
And the stars above
And a little white dove
Since push turned to shove To fisticuffs Things really got rough
But enough's enough.

Hey Boy! Hey Boy! I heard it from a friend about you -About your hatred When you're lyin' in your bed And your face turns red With your hatred fed From the things you said And you wish you were dead Because you're separated From a thing called Love And the stars above And a little white dove Since push turned to shove -- To fisticuffs -Things really got rough But enough's enough.

Hey Boy! Hey Boy! I heard it from a friend about you -That your heart is broken And you're anger's smokin' And you lie there pokin' At a little token Of days gone by. You let out a sigh. Tears fill your eyes, And you start to cry And say, "Oh, God, why?" And you wish you could die And your eyes won't dry And time don't fly on this hellish night Eyes open wide on this hellish ride As you go switching form side to side Because you're filled with hatred When you're lyin' in your bed And your face turns red With your hatred fed From the things you said And you wish you were dead Because you're separated From a thing called Love And the stars above And a little white dove Since push turned to shove -- To fisticuffs -Things really got rough But enough's enough.

Hey Boy! Hey Boy! I heard it from a friend about you!