

Ian Dury, Sweet Gene Vincent

Blue Gene baby

Skinny white sailor, the chances were slender
The beauties were brief
Shall I mourn you decline with some thunderbird wine
and a black handkerchief?
I miss your sad Virginia whisper
I miss the voice that called my heart

Sweet Gene Vincent
Young and old and gone
Sweet Gene Vincent

Who, who, who slapped John?

White face, black shirt
White socks, black shoes
Black hair, white strat
Bled white, died black

Sweet gene Vincent
Let the blue cats roll tonight
At the sock hop ball in the union hall
Where the bop is their delight

Here come duck-tailed Danny dragging Uncanny Annie
She's the one with the flying feet

You can break the peace daddy sickle grease
The beat is reet complete
And you jump back honey in the dungarees
Tight sweater and a pony tail
Will you guess her age when she comes back stage?
The hoodlums bite their nails

Black gloves, white frost
Black crepe, white lead
White sheet, black knight
Jet black, dead white

Sweet Gene Vincent
There's one in every town
And the devil drives 'till the hearse arrives
And you lay that pistol down

Sweet Gene Vincent
There's nowhere left to hide
With lazy skin and ash-tray eyes
a perforated pride

So farewell mademoiselle, Knickerbocker Hotel
Farewell to money owed
But when your leg still hurts and you need more shirts
You got to get back on the road