

# Robbie Williams, Sweet Gene Vincent

Blue Gene baby

Skinny white sailor, the chances were slender,  
The beauties were brief  
Shall I mourn your 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 caps roll tonight  
At the Sock Hop Ball in the Union Hall  
Where the bop is their delight

Here come duck-tail Danny dragging uncanny Annie,  
She's the one with the flying feet  
You can break the peace, daddy sickle grease  
But the beat is reet complete  
And the 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 crpe, 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 the pistol down

Sweet Gene Vincent  
With nowhere left to hide  
With lazy skin and ash-tray eyes  
And perforated pride

Sail away, boys  
Take me home  
Country roads

So farewell, mademoiselle knicker-bocker hotel  
Goodbye to money owed  
When your leg still hurts, but you need more shirts  
You got to get back on the road

Sweet Gene Vincent  
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