

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!