

# 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!