

Sweet Gene Vincent

Ian Dury

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

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, the beat is reet complete

And the jump-back honey in the dungarees, tight sweater and a ponytail

Will you guess her age when she comes back-stage, the hoodlums bite their nails

Black gloves, white frost

Black crêpe, white lead

White sheet, black knight

Jet black, dead white

Sweet Gene Vincent

There's one in every town

And the devil drives 'til the hearse arrives

And you lay that pistol down

Sweet Gene Vincent

With nowhere left to hide

With lazy skin and ashtray eyes

And perforated pride

So farewell, mademoiselle knicker-bocker hotel

Goodbye to money owed

But your leg still hurts and you need more shirts

You got to get back on the road