

BAD, BAD LEROY BROWN

Well the South side of Chi ca go is the bad est part of town
And if you go down there you better best be ware
of a man named Leroy Brown.
Now Le roy more than trou ble,
You see he stand 'bout six foot four;
All the down town la dies call him "tree top lov er,"
All the men just call him "Sir".

CHORUS: And he's bad, bad Le roy Brown,
The bad dest man in the whole darned town;
Bad der than old King Kong and
Mean er than a junk-yard dog.

Now Le roy he a gam bler and he like his fan cy clothes
And he like to wave his dia mond rings
in front of ev 'ry bod y's nose.

He got a cus tom Con ti nen tal, he got an El do ra do too;
He got a thirty-two gun in his poc ket for fun,
He got a ra zor in his shoe.

CHORUS:

Well, Fri day 'bout a week a go, Le roy shoot in' dice
And at the edge of the bar sat a girl name of Doris
And oh, that girl looked nice.

Well he cast his eyes up on her, and the trou ble soon be gan,
And Le roy Brown he learned a les son 'bout mess in'
With the wife of a jeal ous man.

CHORUS:

Well the men took to fight in', and when they pulled them
From the floor Le roy looked like a jig saw puz zle
With a couple of piec es gone.

CHORUS:

Yes you were bad der than old King Kong and mean er than a
junk-yard dog