

Bad, Bad Leroy Brown

Words & Music:
Jim Croce

Well, the south side of Chicago is the baddest part of town.
And if you go down there, you better just beware
Of a man name of Leroy Brown.

Now, Leroy more than troubl. You see, he stand about six-foot-four.
All the downtown ladies call him "Treetop Lover".
All the men just call him "Sir."

CHORUS:

And he's bad, bad Leroy Brown. The baddest man in the whole damn town.
Badder than old King Kong and meaner than a junkyard dog.

Now, Leroy, he a gambler and he like his fancy clothes.
And he like to wave his diamond rings In front of everybody's nose.
He got a custom Continental. He got an Eldorado too.
He got a .32 gun in his pocket for fun. He got a razor in his shoe.

CHORUS:

Now, Friday 'bout a week ago, Leroy shootin' dice.
And at the edge of the bar sat a girl name Doris
And, oooo! That girl looked nice!
Well, he cast his eyes upon her and the trouble soon began.
Leroy Brown learned a lesson 'bout messin'
With the wife of a jealous man.

CHORUS:

Well the two men took to fighting
And when they pulled them from the floor.
Leroy looked like a jigsaw puzzle with a couple of pieces gone.

CHORUS: