

The Downtown King

The Elms

He looks in the mirror and flexes and shaves
And his mind says he's cut and he's tall and he's brave
He wears cologne to the spa and a tie to the store
And he laughs like a chump and he talks like a bore
He smokes on a clove and he sits in a ride
That's got room for himself and a girl on the side
He'll polish his shoes so he can look down and see
The reflection of him, the reflection is me
Check out the tune that the boy brings with him
He got the sound of the downtown rhythm
Blues in the back and he likes my singin'
He's got the sound, he's the downtown king, yeah
He's got the sound, he's the downtown king,
yeah
Blues in the back, he's the downtown king
He plays drums in the church house and calls in the law
Then he charms out the cops with the swing and the draw
He wanna sit in the booth, you can sit in the chair
And he'll listen and smile but he's not really there
Check out the tune that the boy brings with
him
He got the sound of the downtown rhythm
Blues in the back and he likes my singin'
He's got the sound, he's the downtown king, yeah
He's got the sound, he's the downtown king,
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He's got the sound, he's the downtown king, yeah

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