

# 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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Blues in the back, he's the downtown king  
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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

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>