

Johnny Tuff

Donovan

Buffont birds and burger boys are partying again
Greasy fingers grope the twin sets on the old ghost train
And pushing through the punters beneath the fairground glare
It's Johnny Tuff, Johnny Tuff, duck-tail in his hair
It's Johnny Tuff, Johnny Tuff, duck-tail in his hair.

He's pushing his way through queue fronts, knocking hats off fools
He stands up in the chairy plane, it's quite against the rules
Who is that animal screaming at the girls from local schools?
It's Johnny Tuff, Johnny Tuff, flexing his tattoos
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He keeps a medicine ball hanging just inside his shed
So he can keep in training, hitting it with his head
He'll nut you at the local hop if you as much as glance
At Johnny Tuff and his bit of stuff when they begin to dance
Da da da dance, da da da dance, da da da da ...

Oh, Johnny he's from way back, how far? No one knows
The Original Boy-o still in the same old clothes
They say he never grew up, that's why he's all the rage
It's Johnny Tuff, Johnny Tuff, permanent teenage
It's Johnny Tuff, Johnny Tuff, permanent teenage.

Here's to Elv and Eddie, Brando and Jimmy too
And crepes 'n' drapes and leather gear, and ace cafe-food 'n' brew
But the hero of our story, he will always be the King
It's Johnny Tuff, Johnny Tuff, everybody sing or else
Johnny Tuff, Johnny Tuff, Johnny Tuff.

Johnny Tuff, Johnny Tuff, Johnny Tuff.