

Frank Mills

Jill Sobule

I met a boy called Frank Mills
On September the 12th right here
In front of the Waverley
But unfortunately
I lost his address
He was last seen with his friend
A drummer, he resembles George Harrison of
The Beatles, but he wears his hair
Tied in a small bow at the back
I loved him, but it embarrasses me
To walk down the street with him
He lives in Brooklyn somewhere
And he wears this white crash helmet
He had gold chains
On his leather jacket
And on the back are written the names
Mary, and mom, and Hells Angels
I would gratefully
Appreciate it if you see him
Tell him
I'm in the park with my girlfriend, and please
Tell him Angela and I
Don't want the two dollars back
Just him