

Andre Johray

Rumer

We all have friends possessed
Johray is the light of healing
Clear white light of Johray
Will burn away the evil possession
And the ether around us

A friend with a street in his head came to me and said
Man I'm Andre, not a pence to my name
I knew then his life was a shame
For he could not handle even the brink of fame

Andre Johray
Highway child
Look out Andre
Here come Fame

No thy self my friend
Fame don't ever end
And every light is a lie
That you told to a friend

Now you're naked and old
From the flesh to the bone

Oh how life can change
A poor man with money
Won't stay quite the same
Now that you're named
And stripped of your pride
Look out Andre
Please don't take the ride

Will we ever run free
From those worldly wantings
Suddenly I'm hungry and hunting

Will he ever run free
From those blood thirsty wantings
That sends the unhungry hunting
The streets of shame and pride

Look out Andre
Please don't take the ride
Ride

Andre Johray
Highway child