Bad, Bad Leroy Brown
by Jim Croce (1972)

Well, the south-side of Chicago is the baddest part of town
And if you go down there, you better just be-ware of a man name of Leroy Brown
Now Leroy, more than trouble, you see he stand 'bout six foot four
All the down-town ladies call him 'tree-top lover', all the men just call him 'sir'

Chorus: And he's bad bad Leroy Brown
Baddest man in the whole damn town
Badder than ol' King Kong—— and meaner than a junk-yard dog

Now Leroy, he a gambler and he like his fan-cy clothes
And he like to wave his diamond rings under ever-y—bo—dy's nose
He got a cus-tom Con-ti—nen—tal, he got an El-dor—a—do, too
He got a thirty-two gun in his pocket for fun, he got a ra—zor in his shoe

Chorus: And he's bad (bad) bad (bad) Leroy Brown
Baddest man in the whole damn town
Badder than ol' King Kong—— and meaner than a junk-yard dog
Well, Fri-day night, 'bout a week a—go, Le-roy, shootin' dice
And at the edge of the bar sat a girl name of Doris and ooh, that girl looked nice
Well, he cast his eyes up—on her and the trou-ble soon be—gan
And Le-roy Brown, he learned a lesson 'bout messin' with the wife of a jea-los man

Chorus: And he's bad (bad) bad (bad) Le-roy Brown

Bad-dest man in the whole damn town
Badder than ol' King Kong— and meaner than a junk-yard dog

Well, the two men took to fight-in' and when they pulled them from the floor
Le—roy looked like a jig- saw puzzle with a couple of pieces gone

Chorus: And he's bad (bad) bad (bad) Le-roy Brown

Bad-dest man in the whole damn town
Badder than ol' King Kong— and meaner than a junk-yard dog

Yes, he was badder than old King Kong— and meaner than a junk yard dog.