Bad, Bad Leroy Brown
by Jim Croce (1972)

Well, the southside of Chicago is the baddest part of town
And if you go down there, you better just beware of a man name of Leroy Brown.

Now Leroy, more than trouble, you see he stand 'bout six foot four.
All the downtown ladies call him 'treetop 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 junkyard dog.

Now Leroy, he a gambler, and he like his fancy clothes
And he like to wave his diamond rings under everybody's nose
He got a custom Continental, he got an Eldorado, too.
He got a thirty-two gun in his pocket for fun, he got a razor in his shoe.

Chorus
Well, Friday night, 'bout a week a go, Leroy, 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 upon her, and trouble soon began.
And Leroy Brown, he learned a lesson 'bout messin' with the wife of a jealous man.

Chorus
Well, the two men took to fightin', and when they pulled them from the floor
Leroy looked like a jigsaw puzzle with a couple of pieces gone.

Chorus
Yes, you were badder than old King Kong, and meaner than a junk yard dog.