Bad, Bad Leroy Brown
by Jim Croce (1972)

Well, the south-side of Chi-ca-go, is the bad-dest part of town.
And if you go down there, you better just be-ware of a man name of Le-roy Brown.
Now Le-roy, more than trou-ble, 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.. Le-roy Brown
Bad-dest man in the whole damn town
Badder than ol' King Kong and meaner than a junk-yard dog.

Now Le-roy, he a gamb-ler, and he like his fan-cy clothes
And he like to wave his dia-mon-d 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 Le-roy Brown
Bad-dest 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-lous man.

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

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 piec- es gone.

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

Badder than old King Kong, and meaner than a junk yard dog.

San Jose Ukulele Club
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