

Auteurs, The, Lenny Valentino

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New Wave

Lenny Valentino

There were mourners on the street

Of every shape and size

The motorcade came down from redondo

Assassins on the corner tried to throw you a line

You dirty-mouth comic rodolfo

Lenny valentino reside

The pope renounced you as the real one

Lazarus decided to rise

The twentieth century had only begun

Ladies adverted their eyes

Lenny valentino reside

John judnich in the bathroom reading the law

Kitty in the hall with your mother

The girls are sick and tired of your blah blah blah

Some beat-kid said there