

The Whole Nine Yards

He looked like he stepped put of '56
Black leather jacket and his hair back slick
She wore those high tight mini-skirts
Dark red lipstick sweet as desert
She was fine he was bad
They did their best to give it all they had

They went the whole nine yards
Natural born cruisers rolling down the boulevards
We hung out at the court house square
We'd stop and watch 'em
If they'd pass there
They were the coolest
They had the whole nine yards

His name was Johnny and her's was Rose
They stayed out late till the bars close
Then they would leave just the two alone
Johnny would drive his Rose back home
No need to talk or reminisce
They came to gather in a powerful kiss

They went the whole nine yards
Natural born movers in the matter of those regards
We hung out at the court house square
We'd stop and watch 'em
If they'd pass there
They were the coolest
They had the whole nine yards

Somehow Johnny wasn't satisfied
He called up Rose and then he lied
He met another girl across the tracks
Rose found out and went on the attack
Rose was mad she had a gun
It was the last hustle Johnny would run

She went the whole nine yards
Johnny tried to fake it but you know it wasn't in the cards

We hung out at the court house square
All of us knowing Rose is in there
And she ain't leaving
She's doing the whole nine yards

by Keith Sykes and Kenny Evans © 1998