

# New Kid (on The Block)

## Barenaked Ladies

I didn't ask to be famous, but I'm not sore  
'Cause you can see my face in the window of every store  
You can buy my lunch box, you can wear my clothes  
You can remember my name just as plain as the face under your nose  
I'm a new kid on the block  
'Though I may not be Johann Sebastian Bach  
So we may not write the songs we sing  
But look at Elvis, he sold his soul and you crowned him king  
I didn't ask to be famous, but I'm not sad or afraid  
You see, I've got everything that I always wished I had  
I thank my manager and I thank the screaming girls  
I thank my hairdresser for giving me such beautiful curls  
Now I'm a new kid on the block  
Well, I'm twenty-three and they won't let me grow up  
I went down to register for the draft  
Well, I got up to the counter and the lady there just laughed  
She said, you're a new kid on the block

Young girls scream and old boys mock  
Well, you broke my youngest daughter's heart  
Well, I knew you kids were trouble from the start  
I didn't ask to be famous, but I'm not sure  
That we're as apple pie as you always thought we were  
I can stay up all night and I can have a blast  
I can break dance, I can fight, I can kick your sorry ass  
And I'm a new kid on the block  
And 'though I may not be Johann Sebastian Bach  
There's no need to be afraid of us  
'Though it just might be your daughter on our bus, on our bus  
I'm a new kid on the block  
'Though I may not be Johann Sebastian Bach  
There's no need to be afraid of us  
'Though it just might be your daughter on our bus  
[Incomprehensible]

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