Dirty Frank

Pearl Jam

Dirty Frank Dahmer, he's a gourmet cook
Got a recipe for anglo-saxon soup
Wanted a pass, so she relaxed
Now the little groupie's getting chopped up in the backI got a cupboard full of fleshy fresh ingredients
Very careful, at the same time quite expedient
Eats meat, a release
Bus driving's harder on your head than on your feetDirty Frank
Dirty Frank, yeah
Dirty Frank
Dirty Frank, yeahKeeps it clean, keeps it copasetic
The little boys and girls, their heads are all collected
Not crazy, per se
Just a little strange when he gets hungryCity, state, your town, he will continue
Stadiums, tiny clubs, every venue
His bus, your trust
There goes another turned into crustDirty Frank
Dirty Frank, yeah
Dirty Frank
Dirty Frank, yeahMiddle of the night, we're stopped, the freeway shoulder
Frank's shoveling to bury the leftovers
They're sunk, he's drunk
Now he's gonna drive, I'm hiding in my bunkThe band all knows, we're too afraid to mention
Don't want to be part of Frank's luncheon
Lose weight, be safe
Where's Mike McCready?
My god, he's been ateDirty Frank
Dirty Frank, yeah
Dirty Frank
Dirty Frank, yeahDirty Frank
Dirty Frank, yeah
Dirty Frank
Dirty Frank, yeahWhy that dirty Frank was a bad mother
Shut your mouth
Hey man, I'm just talking about Dirty FrankOkay, I think that's enough

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