Mister White Keys

Cherry Poppin' Daddies

He's a friend to all the stars
Made a fortune selling cars
Not beyond a little sleaze
He's Mister White KeysWifey loves the tanning booth
Just a little altered truth
Made America's who's who
If he could do it so could youSheltered in tax brackets
Higher than an angel's cloud
Pontificates on rackets
And cheats on his wife with his palsOnce he met a musician
Shook his hand like a soul man
Not a lot like you or me
He's Mister White KeysHe climbs into daddy's Benz
And goes collecting the rents of those welfare cheatsA lot of trouble when he tries to find the beat
He dances like a chovel with a couple left feet
He said he'd rather own the whole damn town
Than be graceful or be well-endowedHe exaggerates a bit
Foot and mouth a perfect fit
He's the one who tried to cheese
He's Mister White Key'sI feel sorry for the guy
I laugh when I see his stick
All that poor bastard wanted
Was to make it with the beautiful chicks
But that don't excuse the prickHe's Mister White Keys
He's Mister White Keys
He's Mister White Keys
HeyHe's Mister White Keys
He's Mister White Keys
He's Mister White Keys
HeyHe's Mister White Keys
He's Mister White Keys
Hey, he's Mister White Keys
HeyHe climbs into daddy's Benz
And goes collecting the rents of those wellfare cheats

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