

I'm So Good That I Don't Have to Brag

Shel Silverstein

Now I'm warnin' all you women, don't stand too close to me
 'Cause you might catch fire
Now you're talkin' to a man in a whole other kind of bag
 Well I'm three parts tiger and one part snake
 I'll ball you to sleep and I'll bite you awake
And I'm so good that I don't have to brag I need an adding machine to count up all the women
 I've ruined for other men
Now compared to me Paul Bunyan is a screamin' fag
 I can shift more gears and pump more juice
 I'll turn you every which way but loose
And I'm so damn good that I don't have to brag Now there's twenty thirty beautiful women
 A sleepin' at the foot of my bed
 And every night, every night I hear 'em sighin'
 They say that I don't miss a thing
 They say that I'm the lovin' king
And I'm too nice a guy to say they're lyin' Now I've been makin' love professionally
 Since I was only six years old
 And I really learned the way to wiggly wag
 And still I'm such a modest man you know
 I'm twice as great as I think I am
I'm so good that I don't have to brag There's a line of chicks startin' at my window
 And reachin' across the street
 And it stretches 'way to the other side of town
 They come to me from across the seas
 On their knees just sayin', "Please"
And I'm too nice a guy to turn 'em down Now I once got captured by some
 Amazon women down in the Fiji Isles
 They were fightin' over me to see who'd be my bride
 I had to kill them all and I will admit it
 And I won't tell you how I did it
But I'll tell you each one was smilin' when she died Now the day I die every woman
 In the country's gonna go around dressed in black
 And they'll probably add another star to the American flag
 And they'll build me a monument forty feet high
 Sayin' it's a shame he had to die
He was so damn good he never had to brag And I'm tellin' you men keep
 Your eighteen year old daughters off of my back
 And your wives, they like the way I carry on
 And why don't you go look at your mother for a while

You notice she's wearin' a funny sorta smile
Well that just means I've been there and I've gone
Now if you got a frigid woman
I'm gonna cure her for a hundred dollars
You can bring her around my house at four o'clock
And you can come and pick her up at 4:03
If you can pry her off of me
I got a whole lot of others just waitin' 'round the block
Now if you're wonderin' how you're gonna get to me
Better bring a Cadillac full of money
'Cause I sure as hell ain't gonna swing without no swag
I can make you creep, I can make you crawl
Make you scream and climb the wall
And I'm so good that I don't have to brag
So baby don't call me up at three o'clock
In the mornin' no more threatenin' suicide
I mean go ahead and do it honey
'Cause wakin' me up is a drag
And you can leave a note for all the rest
Sayin' at least you had the very best
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