

Bobby Brown

Frank Zappa

Hey there, people, I'm Bobby Brown
They say I'm the cutest boy in town
My car is fast, my teeth is shiney
I tell all the girls they can kiss my heinie
Here I am at a famous school
I'm dressin' sharp 'n I'm actin' cool
I got a cheerleader here wants to help with my paper
Let her do all the work 'n' maybe later I'll rape her

Oh God I am the American dream
I do not think I'm too extreme
An' I'm a handsome sonofabitch
I'm gonna get a good job 'n' be real rich

(get a good,
get a good,
get a good,
get a good job)

Women's liberation
Came creepin' across the nation
I tell you people I was not ready
When I f***** this d**e by the name of Freddie
She made a little speech then,
Aw, she tried to make me say "when"
She had my balls in a vice, but she left the d***
I guess it's still hooked on, but now it shoots too quick

Oh God I am the American dream
But now I smell like vaseline
An' I'm a miserable sonofabitch
Am I a boy or a lady? I don't know which

(I wonder, wonder,
wonder, wonder)

So I went out 'n' bought me a leisure suit
I jingle my change, but I'm still kinda cute
Got a job doin' radio promo
An' none of the jocks can even tell I'm a homo

Eventually me 'n' a friend
Sorta drifted along into S&M
I can take about an hour on the tower of power
'Long as I gets a little golden shower

Oh God I am the American dream
With a spindle up my butt till it makes me scream
And I'll do anything to get ahead
I lay awake night's sayin', "Thank you, Fred!"
Oh god, Oh god, I'm so fantastic!
Thanks to Freddie, I'm a sexual spastic
And my name is Bobby Brown
Watch me now, I'm goin' down,
And my name is Bobby Brown
Watch me now I'm goin' down, ect.

Lyrics submitted by Marita.

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