

# Are You for Real

## Jerry Lewis

I'm a little busybody  
Though I know it's very shoddy  
I insist on knowing  
What is going on with everybody  
Cause I'm such a busybody  
Always prying, always spying  
I'm defying anyone  
To try to hide the facts from me.

Now Mrs. Jones is with her doctor  
And her pulse he finally clocked her  
Suddenly she sees me peeking  
In to all her friends I'm shrieking  
"Mrs. Jones's valve is leaking  
A mechanic she is seeking  
Cause her clutch is overhauling  
And her motor's always stalling  
Mrs. Jones, you lonesome gal  
You finally lost your trade-in value."

Now we come to Mr. Clunk  
He thinks that I'm a little punk  
He's always keeping up with Jones  
And while I tapped his telephone  
I learned that they will disconnect  
If soon the bill they don't collect  
The sheriff's gonna take it back  
His brand new, shiny Cadillac  
So now I pass the news around  
That Mr. Clunk is bankrupt now  
I'm ruining his credit  
And I know he won't forget it  
Though he thought I was a little punk  
That cabbage-headed Mr. Clunk  
I got the bank to fume and fret  
They took his home, and better yet  
They grabbed his television set  
Because I'm such a busybody.

I'm a little busybody  
If you drink an extra toddy  
I will spot it long before you bought it  
I'll be pointing to your house  
And telling folks that you're a souse  
So I admit I am a louse  
It's so much fun to tell the neighbors  
That you're "underneath the weather"  
And they ought to get together  
Using you as an example to their kids  
Of what a tramp will do if he is off the wagon  
Now your reputation's draggin'  
Cause you took an extra toddy  
And I'm tellin' everybody  
That you're more than slightly dizzy  
Now I've got you in a tizzy  
Cause I'm such a very busy little busybody  
I'm the death of every party  
You should hear the things I say  
When Truth and Consequence we play  
I state the age of Mrs. Dunne  
I tell them she is 61  
And that her face is lifted  
And her cargo's slightly shifted.  
There are couples kissing in the park  
I use my flashlight for a lark  
And Joan is hugging Mortimer  
And she's engaged to Mr. Shore  
I'm hiding in the cuspidor  
I flash the light upon their face  
While they are locked in fond embrace  
And Mr. Shore then wrecks the place  
I'm such a busybody  
Breaking up a lovely party.

Mabel Smith is on the scale  
And suddenly she's growing pale  
For in a chorus so endearing  
I have got the neighbors cheering  
"Darling, what a lovely weight!  
You weigh one hundred eighty eight  
You lick the pattern off the plate  
And then you plead for more to eat  
You look just like a strange balloon  
That drifted to us from the moon

And scientists must watch their step  
And see if you're a secret weapon."  
That is how the gossip goes  
And all because I stick my nose  
In other peoples' dirty clothes  
A heavy-winded guy am I  
I don't need a breath to say good bye  
Because I'm such a busy little busy body

Busybody

Busybody

Bodybusy

I haven't got any breath left

Busybody

Busybody

I'm a little busybody!

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Lyrics submitted by Melissa C.

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