

# Frankly Mr. Shankly

## The High Llamas

Frankly, Mr. Shankly, this position I've held  
It pays my way, and it corrodes my soul  
I want to leave, you will not miss me  
I want to go down in musical history Frankly, Mr. Shankly, I'm a sickening wreck  
I've got the twenty-first century breathing down my neck  
I must move fast, you understand me  
I want to go down in celluloid history, Mr. Shankly Fame, fame, fatal fame  
It can play hideous tricks on the brain  
But still I'd rather be famous than righteous or holy  
Any day, any day, any day But sometimes I'd feel more fulfilled  
Making Christmas cards with the mentally ill  
I want to live and I want to love  
I want to catch something that I might be ashamed of Frankly, Mr. Shankly, this position I've held  
It pays my way and it corrodes my soul  
Oh, I didn't realize that you wrote poetry  
I didn't realize you wrote such bloody awful poetry, Mr. Shankly Frankly, Mr. Shankly, since you ask  
You are a flatulent pain in the ass  
I do not mean to be so rude  
Still, I must speak frankly, Mr. Shankly  
Oh, give us your money

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