Mr. 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 Mr. White KeysWifey loves the tanning booth
Just a little altered truth
Made America's Who's Who
If he could do it so could you
Sheltered in tax brackets
Higher than an angel's cloud
Pontificates on rackets
And cheats on his wife with his pals
Once he met a musician
Shook his hand like a Soul man
Not a lot like you or me
He's Mr. White KeysHe climbs into daddy's Benz and goes
Collecting the rents of those Welfare cheats
A lot of trouble when he tries to find the beat
He dances like a shovel with a couple left feet
He said he'd rather own the whole damn town
Than be graceful or be well-endowed
He exaggerates a bit
Foot and mouth a perfect fit
He's the one who tried the cheese
He's Mr. White KeysI feel sorry for the guy
I laugh when I see his shtick
All that poor bastard wanted
Was to make it with the beautiful chicks
But that don't excuse the prick
He's Mr. White Keys
He climbs into daddy's Benz and goes
Collecting the rents of those welfare cheats

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