

# The King of Bedside Manor

## Barenaked Ladies

You know he's not the kind of man  
Who likes to see the world around him  
Crumble to a ball around his feet  
But he's always ready, he's always set, he's always well prepared  
He's the most peculiar man, you can ever meet  
You know he's not the king of Bedside Manor  
He's not the Tom Jones that lives next door  
He's not the king of Bedside Manor  
He hardly even lives there anymore  
He says excuse me, I hope you don't mind  
But I followed you into this shop  
And I couldn't help but notice that riding crop  
Sticking out of your haversack  
Well I wouldn't mind riding you bareback  
He's subtle on the dancefloor and he's suave around the bar  
He's a quickdraw with a lighter, he's a pseudo movie star  
You know he was quite a singer, quite an actor quite some time ago  
He had quite a famous program, late night bedtime TV show  
You know he's not the king of Bedside Manor  
He's not the Tom Jones that lives next door  
He's not the king of Bedside Manor

He hardly even lives there anymore  
You know he opens up the curtains at the crack of dawn  
just to see the lovely ladies who have come and gone  
From the house next door to his house on the lane  
He consoles himself that he's got his health  
And he knows he can't complain  
You know he's not the king of Bedside Manor  
He's not the Tom Jones that lives next door  
He's not the king of Bedside Manor  
He hardly even lives there anymore  
He's not the King of Bedside Manor  
He's not the King of Bedside Manor  
Hardly even lives there anymore  
Domo Arigato Mr. Roboto  
Domo Arigato Mr. Roboto  
Say Domo, Domo, Domo  
Domo, Domo, Domo

Domo, Domo, Domo  
He's not the King  
He's not the King of Bedside Manor

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