

New Kid (On the Block)

Barenaked Ladies

I didn't ask to be famous, but I'm not sore
'Cause you can see my face in the window of every store
You can buy my lunch box, you can wear my clothes
You can remember my name just as plain as the face under your nose I'm a new kid on the block
'Though I may not be Johann Sebastian Bach
So we may not write the songs we sing
But look at Elvis, he sold his soul and you crowned him king I didn't ask to be famous, but I'm not sad or afraid
You see, I've got everything that I always wished I had
I thank my manager and I thank the screaming girls
I thank my hairdresser for giving me such beautiful curls Now I'm a new kid on the block
Well, I'm twenty-three and they won't let me grow up
I went down to register for the draft
Well, I got up to the counter and the lady there just laughed She said, you're a new kid on the block
Young girls scream and old boys mock
Well, you broke my youngest daughter's heart
Well, I knew you kids were trouble from the start I didn't ask to be famous, but I'm not sure
That we're as apple pie as you always thought we were
I can stay up all night and I can have a blast
I can break dance, I can fight, I can kick your sorry ass And I'm a new kid on the block
And 'though I may not be Johann Sebastian Bach
There's no need to be afraid of us
'Though it just might be your daughter on our bus, on our bus I'm a new kid on the block
'Though I may not be Johann Sebastian Bach
There's no need to be afraid of us
'Though it just might be your daughter on our bus
[Incomprehensible]

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