Dirty Frank

Pearl Jam

Dirty Frank Dahmer, he's a gourmet cook
Got a recipe for anglo-saxon soup
Wanted a pass, so she relaxed
Now the little groupie's getting chopped up in the back
I got a cupboard full of fleshy fresh ingredients
Very careful, at the same time quite expedient
Eats meat, a release
Bus driving's harder on your head than on your feet
Dirty Frank
Dirty Frank, yeah
Dirty Frank
Dirty Frank, yeah
Keeps it clean, keeps it copasetic
The little boys and girls, their heads are all collected
Not crazy, per se
Just a little strange when he gets hungry
City, state, your town, he will continue
Stadiums, tiny clubs, every venue
His bus, your trust
There goes another turned into crust
Dirty Frank
Dirty Frank, yeah
Dirty Frank
Dirty Frank, yeah

Middle of the night, we're stopped, the freeway shoulder
Frank's shoveling to bury the leftovers
They're sunk, he's drunk
Now he's gonna drive, I'm hiding in my bunk
The band all knows, we're too afraid to mention
Don't want to be part of Frank's luncheon
Lose weight, be safe
Where's Mike McCready?
My god, he's been ate
Dirty Frank
Dirty Frank, yeah
Dirty Frank
Dirty Frank, yeah
Dirty Frank

Dirty Frank, yeah
Dirty Frank
Dirty Frank, yeah
Why that dirty Frank was a bad mother
Shut your mouth
Hey man, I'm just talking about Dirty Frank
Okay, I think that's enough

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