

# S.O.B.

## Daniel Antopolosky

Thereâ€™s the pusher who sells poison, S.O.B.  
Thereâ€™s the rapist â€˜round the corner, S.O.B.  
Thereâ€™s the bully who throws around his bulk  
    May he come in contact with the Hulk  
    After that heâ€™ll be a kinder gentler, S.O.B.

Thereâ€™s the leader who misuses, S.O.B.  
Thereâ€™s the driver full of booze, S.O.B.  
Thereâ€™s the man who went to Spain and he didnâ€™t take a thinâ€™  
    But the charity collection, S.O.B.

Thereâ€™s the witness who refuses, S.O.B.  
Thereâ€™s the teacher who abuses, S.O.B.  
But the biggest of them all blows up the party hall  
    Full of smilinâ€™, happy faces, S.O.B.

S.O.B., dirty rotten S.O.B.  
How we get to be one, thereâ€™s no mystery  
    Weâ€™re the one who kicks a dog  
Weâ€™re the one who totes a log, in front of our eyes  
    Yet we donâ€™t let others see

Thereâ€™s the vote-rigginâ€™ liar, S.O.B.  
Thereâ€™s the murderer for hire, S.O.B.  
Thereâ€™s the one who screams so loud, yes, the big mouth of the crowd  
    Incitinâ€™ folks to riot, S.O.B.

Thereâ€™s the dictator that gobbles up liberty, gobble gobble gobble!  
    If you sell-out your country, youâ€™re an S.O.B.  
Thereâ€™s the â€˜heaven-selling preacherâ€™ who forgot his humble teacher  
    Donâ€™t send your money to that S.O.B.

Thereâ€™s the hunter who donâ€™t eat what he kills  
Thereâ€™s the killer who kills just for the thrills, yoohoo!  
Thereâ€™s the man who lit the spark and burned the redwoods in the park  
    In Bible talk, "Hark!" a dee-double S.O.B., yeah!

S.O.B., double S.O.B.  
How we get to be one, thereâ€™s no mystery  
    Weâ€™re the one who kicks a dog

We're the one who totes a log, in front of our eyes  
Yet we don't let others see

There's the journalist that would kill for a scoop  
There's the guru that's in it for the loot  
There's the real-estate investor who sold his folks a home out west, sir  
That turned out to be some polecats chicken coop

Well, a kidnapper nappin' is an S.O.B., that's for sure  
The creep that steals from grandma is an S.O.B.  
There's the doctor with the golden-phone, who leaves you dyin' all alone  
With a heart attack on weekends, S.O.B.

The insurance man that won't pay is an S.O.B.  
The terrorist that slays is an S.O.B.  
Say that last once again, 'cause his evil has no end  
Even his lawyer friend is an S.O.-S.O.B.

S.O.B., dirty rotten S.O.B.  
How we get to be one, there's no mystery  
We're the one who kicks a dog  
We're the one who totes a log, in front of our eyes  
Yet we don't let others see

All tyrants fall to their wicked ways, wicked ways  
Their mouths are bigger than their heart or brains  
They bark commands to the wind and rain  
It whoops up storms and hurricanes  
They'll bite the dust, those lousy jerks  
When they cross the likes of!  
They'll bite the dust, those lousy jerks  
When they cross the likes of Sheriff Wyatt Earp  
He'll plug 'em good, give 'em the works with a,  
"Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat! Burp! Gotcha, you sorry S.O.B."  
Ha ha ha,  
Ha ha ha ha ha, yooh!

Lyrics Submitted by Marie Harel

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