S.O.B.

Daniel Antopolsky

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

Weâ€™re the one who totes a log, in front of our eyes
Yet we donâ€™t let others see

Thereâ€™s the journalist that would kill for a scoop
Thereâ€™s the guru thatâ€™s in it for the loot
Thereâ€™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 nappinâ€™ is an S.O.B., thatâ€™s for sure
The creep that steals from grandma is an S.O.B.
Thereâ€™s the doctor with the golden-phone, who leaves you dyinâ€™ all alone
With a heart attack on weekends, S.O.B.

The insurance man that wonâ€™t pay is an S.O.B.
The terrorist that slays is an S.O.B.
Say that last once again, â€˜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, 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

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
Theyâ€™ll bite the dust, those lousy jerks
When they cross the likes ofâ€¦.
Theyâ€™ll bite the dust, those lousy jerks
When they cross the likes of Sheriff Wyatt Earp
Heâ€™ll plug â€˜em good, give â€˜em the works with a,
"Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat! Burp! Gotcha, you sorry S.O.B."
Ha ha ha ha,
Ha ha ha ha ha ha, yooh!

Lyrics Submitted by Marie Harel

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