

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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