

# Freudian Slip

Ray Stevens

Well, she was walking toward me in a tight red dress  
Looking like she just won a beauty contest  
I wanted so bad to make a good impression  
Using all the powers of articulate expression  
Then all the blood rushed out of my head  
And I can't be held responsible for what I said 'Cause what I meant to say was... "I'd be honored to  
reveal to you some aspects of our fair metropolis that  
a lady of your obvious sophistication might find  
extremely stimulating." What slipped out was... "(blabbering) Wanna see my pet  
frog?"

CHORUS: Freudian slip (a slip of the tongue)  
My brain does a flip (and I come undone)  
My tongue starts to trip (all over my words)  
And they come out of my lips (like something you never  
heard)

In my desperate attempts to be cool  
I try to be hip, and I'm a blabbering fool  
What I mean to say is poetic  
But what comes out is just pathetic (blabbering) No time for regrets -- hey, what are you gonna do  
'Cause the very next day I had a job interview  
But then came the shocker and I don't mean maybe  
The personnel director was the very same lady  
I thought, here's my chance to turn it all around  
I'll dazzle her by saying something profound  
And what I meant to say was... "I'm quite confident  
that I have the educational qualifications and the  
inherent sensitivity to become an indispensable asset  
to your establishment." What slipped out was... "(blabbering) Would you sign  
my arm?" (REPEAT CHORUS TWICE)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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