Mr. Stupid

Richard Thompson

If I say what's on my mind, dear
The judge will slap me down
You've got me in the corner
And it's only the second round
So I'll keep my mouth shut, darling
I'll be quiet as a lamb
And I'll act just as dumb, dear
As you really think I amI'll shake your hand like a 'Rang Utan
Be as goofy as a clown
Clear the streets and book your seats
Mr. Stupid's Back In Town
Have you seen me shoot
right through that hoop
It's a trick of great renown
Bring the crowd and laugh out loud
Mr. Stupid's back in townWhen your friends point out
you're stuck with
A Neanderthal for an ex
Don't fret about it, darling
I still sign my name on cheques
I can grunt my way through questions
I can scratch myself and howl
I can numb you with my dumbness
I can lay it on with a trowelOn your 37th birthday
When he handed you that mink
Did you still feel like a victim
With your elbows in the sink
But I've said too much already
Now I think I'll step aside
'Cos my alter ego's ready
For any questions on your mind

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/