

The President's Test for Physical Fitness

American Music Club

Once upon a time me and vudi met
A major american rock star in a shop
We were immediately jealous of his hair
And his fuel-injected sports cockHe made the usual stupid sexual jokes
About the way he comes on top
But I could tell it was a lie
By the way that he walkedHow did you pass the presiden'ts test
Even if I can't match your ability to compete
At least give me a chance to cheatHe said, "are you losers making fun
Of our serious vocation?
You just gotta bring the music to the people man
And then go score a hole in one."The pleasures of a treadmill and the factory
Took all the innocence from his eyes
Leaving him to spurt unashamed
By the size of his dull supriseHow did you pass the presiden'ts test
I never felt honest telling those virutous lies
And my toupee always gets into my eyesHow do you pass the president's test
I don't even want to know my score
I don't know who's telling me the truth anymoreI said, "the only thing that we're good for
Is being forgotten."
And I know you're big enough of a star
To make sure that the job gets doneHow do you pass the president's test
I swear one day they'll build a monument
To the man with the most reasons for his embarassmentHow do you pass the president's test
No I don't even want to know my score
I don't know who's telling me the truth anymore

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