

## 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 cock

He 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 walked

How did you pass the President's Test  
Even if I can't match your ability to compete  
At least give me a chance to cheat

He 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 surprise

How did you pass the President's Test  
I never felt honest telling those virtuous lies  
And my toupee always gets into my eyes

How 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 anymore

I 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 done

How 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 embarrassment

How 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