

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