

# Bobby Brown

Frank Zappa

Hey there, people, I'm Bobby Brown  
They say I'm the cutest boy in town  
My car is fast, my teeth is shiney  
I tell all the girls they can kiss my heinie  
Here I am at a famous school  
I'm dressin' sharp 'n' I'm actin' cool  
I got a cheerleader here wants to help with my paper  
Let her do all the work 'n' maybe later I'll rape her

Oh God I am the American dream  
I do not think I'm too extreme  
An' I'm a handsome son of a bitch  
I'm gonna get a good job 'n' be real rich

(Get a good  
Get a good  
Get a good  
Get a good job)

Women's Liberation  
Came creepin' across the nation  
I tell you people I was not ready  
When I f\*\*\*\* this d\*\*e by the name of Freddie  
She made a little speech then,  
Aw, she tried to make me say "when"  
She had my b\*\*\*\* in a vice, but she left the d\*\*\*  
I guess it's still hooked on, but now it shoots too quick

Oh God I am the American dream  
But now I smell like Vaseline  
An' I'm a miserable son of a bitch  
Am I a boy or a lady, I don't know which

(I wonder wonder  
Wonder wonder)

So I went out 'n' bought me a leisure suit  
I jingle my change, but I'm still kinda cute  
Got a job doin' radio promo  
An' none of the jocks can even tell I'm a homo  
Eventually me 'n' a friend  
Sorta drifted along into S&M  
I can take about an hour on the tower of power  
'Long as I gets a little golden shower

Oh God I am the American dream  
With a spindle up my b\*\*\* till it makes me scream  
An' I'll do anything to get ahead  
I lay awake nights sayin', "Thank you, Fred!"  
Oh God, oh God, I'm so fantastic!  
Thanks to Freddie, I'm a sexual spastic  
And my name is Bobby Brown  
Watch me now, I'm goin down,  
And my name is Bobby Brown  
Watch me now, I'm goin down, etc.