

# Underdog Victorious

Jill Sobule

La la la  
Bobby Trucks was a fat little boy  
Living in a shitty little town  
An' every recess the dodge ball flew  
An' knocked poor Bobby down  
Four o'clock when he got home  
Upstairs in his room  
He'd close the door  
Tie on his cape  
Put on his skin tight suit  
And he'd sing  
Underdog victorious  
He was simply glorious  
Someday he'd die notorious  
Underdog victorious  
A couple years later tried out for the band  
Did covers of Matchbox Twenty  
But he was dreamin' of the New York Dolls  
And Max's Kansas City  
Of course they never called him back  
They thought he was too queer  
But he didn't care, back in his room  
He sang into the mirror  
And he sang  
Underdog victorious  
He was simply glorious  
Someday he'd die notorious  
Underdog victorious  
La la la  
He could see into the future  
That was one of his great gifts  
And one day all those dodge ball bullies  
Would dream of his sweet kiss  
And they'd dream  
Underdog victorious  
He was simply glorious  
Someday he'd die notorious  
Underdog victorious  
Underdog victorious  
He was simply glorious  
Someday he'd die notorious  
Underdog victorious  
Underdog victorious  
Underdog victorious  
Victorious, victorious