

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