

# Screwed

Jonathan Coulton

Some dumb Indian sold Manhattan for  
Seven bucks and a bottle of booze  
Went out drinking and came home sober and  
Told his friends the good news

Bernadette saw the Virgin Mary but  
No one else could and everyone tried  
All her friends said that she'd gone crazy she  
Joined a convent and died

I'm the Indian, I am Bernadette  
I'm the sucker who doesn't know it yet  
I just signed it I never reviewed  
All the fine print you wrote out  
Now I guess I'm screwed

Indiana Jones liked to travel he  
Took his friend on a treasure hunt trip  
Did a favor and threw him the idol but  
Never got back his whip

Boba Fett was a bounty hunter he  
Did his job well, brought back his man  
He was clutching his unspent money when he  
Fell down a hole in the sand

I'm the Dr. Jones, I am Boba Fett  
I'm the sucker who doesn't know it yet  
I just signed it I never reviewed  
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It's bad news for me again  
It never ends  
I got no prize inside my Happy Meal  
I got lots of money  
I got lots of friends  
Just like Meatloaf got a record deal

Alexander Graham Bell made telephones  
His friend Watson was out all the time  
Called him up just to chat, nobody home  
Never got back his dime

Once upon a time France was beautiful  
Had a queen who gave everyone cake  
Then the people got mad and killed her dead  
Took back all they could take

I am Graham Bell, Marie Antionette  
I'm the sucker who doesn't know it yet  
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