

## Mr. Stupid

Richard Thompson

If I say what's on my mind, dear  
The judge will slap me down  
You've got me in the corner  
And it's only the second round  
So I'll keep my mouth shut, darling  
I'll be quiet as a lamb  
And I'll act just as dumb, dear  
As you really think I am

I'll shake your hand like a 'Rang Utan  
Be as goofy as a clown  
Clear the streets and book your seats  
Mr. Stupid's Back In Town  
Have you seen me shoot  
Right through that hoop  
It's a trick of great renown  
Bring the crowd and laugh out loud  
Mr. Stupid's back in town

When your friends point out  
You're stuck with  
A Neanderthal for an ex  
Don't fret about it, darling  
I still sign my name on cheques  
I can grunt my way through questions  
I can scratch myself and howl  
I can numb you with my dumbness  
I can lay it on with a trowel

On your 37th birthday  
When he handed you that mink  
Did you still feel like a victim  
With your elbows in the sink  
But I've said too much already  
Now I think I'll step aside  
'Cos my alter ego's ready  
For any questions on your mind