

# The Ballad of Mr. Bonkers

The Aquabats

Mr. Bonkers in the shade  
Under a rock he starts his day  
Not moving much with  
Not too much to say  
Mr. Bonkers leads a simple life  
No motor car no house no wife  
It's cold, he thinks  
As he washes up in the sink  
While the spiders go bananas  
He slips into his new pajamas  
And waits to be king  
Mr. Bonkers the silent one,  
Thinks of times when he was young  
He could run so fast  
He could win the prize  
He tried and tried  
To dial correctly,  
But the President's number's  
Not listed in the directory...  
Directory....  
Directory.....  
Look inside the door  
You'll never hear him snore  
Not a lot to do  
But sit and stare at you  
Something you should know  
Before you say "Hello"  
Motionless like lead  
He sits, he must be dead!  
But wait! He's's alive.  
He's alive! He's alive!  
Chomping on the bits  
Of crickets in his mitts  
In the dark he's lost  
Oh my gosh it's lost!  
In black light he's great  
His legs, they number eight  
He must have got his paws  
From his Grandpapa  
Holding, Crushing bait  
Under pincers weight  
But the one thing unforgettable,  
Don't forget the mandible. . .  
No probascis here!  
It's Mr. Bonkers' year!  
He's sick sick sick  
With the bicycle kick  
You can't see his eyes or ears  
Woah yeah, yeah  
Woah yeah, yeah  
Can you see him tonight?!  
Woah yeah, yeah  
Woah yeah, yeah  
Under the hot rock light!  
Woah yeah, yeah  
Woah yeah, yeah  
Can you see him tonight?!

Woah yeah, yeah  
Woah yeah, yeah  
Under the hot rock light!  
Woah yeah yeah  
Woah yeah yeah  
Woah yeah yeah  
Woah yeah yeah  
Woah yeah yeah  
Woah yeah yeah