

Bobby Brown Goes Down

Frank Zappa

Hey there, people, I'm Bobby Brown
They say I'm the cutest boy in town
My car is fast, my teeth is shiney
I tell all the girls they can kiss my heinie
Here I am at a famous school
I'm dressin' sharp and I'm actin' cool
I got a cheerleader here wants to help with my paper
I'll let her do all the work 'n' maybe later I'll rape her Oh God I am the American dream
I do not think I'm too extreme
An' I'm a handsome sonofabitch
I'm gonna get a good job 'n' be real rich
Get a good, get a good, get a good, get a good job...
Women's Liberation
Came creepin' all across the nation
I tell you people, I was not ready
When I fucked this dyke by the name of Freddie
She made a little speech then
Aw, she tried to make me say when
She had my balls in a vice, but she left my dick
I guess it's still hooked on, but now it shoots too quick Oh God I am the American dream
But now I smell like Vaseline
An' I'm a miserable sonofabitch
Am I a boy or a lady... I don't know which
I wonder... wonder... wonder... wonder...
So I went out 'n' bought me a leisure suit
I jingle my change, but I'm still kinda cute
Got a job doin' radio promo
An' none of the jocks can even tell I'm a homo
Eventually me 'n' a friend
Sorta drifted along into S&M
I can take about an hour on the tower of power
'Long as I gets a little golden shower Oh God I am the American Dream
With a spindle up my butt till it makes me scream
An' I'll do anything to get ahead
I lay awake nights saying "Thank you Fred"
Oh God, Oh God, I'm so fantastic!
Thanks to Freddie I'm a sexual spastic
And my name is Bobby Brown
Watch me now, I'm going down
And my name is Bobby Brown
Watch me now, I'm going down
And my name is Bobby Brown

Watch me now, I'm going down
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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