

# Asshole

Denis Leary

Folks, I'd like to sing a song about the American Dream  
About me, about you  
About the way our American hearts beat way down in the bottom of our chests  
About that special feeling we get in the cockles of our hearts  
Maybe below the cockles  
Maybe in the sub cockle area  
Maybe in the liver, maybe in the kidneys  
Maybe even in the colon, we don't know I'm just a regular Joe, with a regular job  
I'm your average white, suburbanite slob  
I like football and porno and books about war  
I got an average house, with a nice hardwood floor  
My wife and my job, my kids and my car  
My feet on my table, and a Cuban cigar  
But sometimes that just ain't enough to keep a man like me interested  
(Oh no, no way, uh uh)  
No I gotta go out and have fun at someone else's expense  
(Whoa, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
I drive really slow in the ultra fast lane  
While people behind me are going insane I'm an asshole (he's an asshole, what an asshole)  
I'm an asshole (he's an asshole, such an asshole) I use public toilets and I piss on the seat  
I walk around in the summer time saying "how about this heat?" I'm an asshole (he's an asshole,  
what an asshole)  
I'm an asshole (he's the world's biggest asshole) Sometimes I park in handicapped spaces  
While handicapped people make handicapped faces I'm an asshole (he's an asshole, what an  
asshole)  
I'm an asshole (he's a real fucking asshole)  
Maybe I shouldn't be singing this song  
Ranting and raving and carrying on  
Maybe they're right when they tell me I'm wrong...  
Nah I'm an asshole (he's an asshole, what an asshole)  
I'm an asshole (he's the world's biggest asshole) You know what I'm gonna do?  
I'm gonna get myself a 1967 Cadillac Eldorado convertible  
Hot pink, with whale skin hubcaps  
And all leather cow interior  
And big brown baby seal eyes for head lights (yeah)  
And I'm gonna drive in that baby at 115 miles per hour  
Gettin' 1 mile per gallon  
Sucking down Quarter Pounder cheeseburgers from McDonald's  
In the old fashioned non-biodegradable styrofoam containers  
And when I'm done sucking down those greaseball burgers  
I'm gonna wipe my mouth with the American flag  
And then I'm gonna toss the styrofoam containers right out the side

And there ain't a goddamn thing anybody can do about it  
You know why, because we've got the bomb, that's why  
Two words, nuclear fucking weapons, OK?  
Russia, Germany, Romania, they can have all the democracy they want  
They can have a big democracy cakewalk  
Right through the middle of Tiananmen Square  
And it won't make a lick of difference  
Because we've got the bombs, OK?  
John Wayne's not dead, he's frozen  
And as soon as we find a cure for cancer  
We're gonna thaw out the Duke and he's gonna be pretty pissed off  
You know why  
Have you ever taken a cold shower?  
Well multiply that by 15 million times  
That's how pissed off the Duke's gonna be!  
I'm gonna get the Duke, and John Cassavetes  
And Lee Marvin, and Sam Peckinpah, and a case of whiskey  
And drive down to Texas and  
(Hey! You know, you really are an asshole!)  
Why don't you just shut up and sing the song, pal?  
I'm an asshole (he's an asshole, what an asshole)  
I'm an asshole (he's the world's biggest asshole)  
A-S-S-H-O-L-E  
Everybody  
A-S-S-H-O-L-E  
I'm an asshole and I'm proud of it

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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