

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
I just signed it I never reviewed
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