

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 the 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've 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've gotta go out and have fun at someone else's expense.
(oh 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 piss on the seat,
I walk around in the summertime 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...
NAAAAH!

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 headlights. Yeah! And I'm gonna drive around in that baby at 115 miles an hour, getting 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 suckin' down those grease balls burgers I'm gonna wipe my mouth on the American flag and then toss the Styrofoam containers right out the side, and there ain't a God-damned thing anybody can do about it. You know why? Because we got the bombs, that's why!

Two words--nuclear fucking weapons, OK? Russia, Germany, Romania - they can have all the democracy they want. They can have a 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 when we find a cure for cancer, we're gonna thaw out the Duke and he's gonna be pretty pissed off. You know why? You ever taken a cold shower? Well, mul

tiply 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 (Hey) and Sam Peckinpah (Hey) and a case of whisky (Hey) and drive down to Texas... (Hey, Hey, Hey)

(Hey you know you really are an asshole)
Why don't you just shut up and sing this song pal.
I'm an asshole (He's an asshole, what an asshole)
I'm an asshole (He's an asshole, what an asshole)
A - S - S - H - O - L - E.
Everybody, A - S - S - H - O - L - E.

Arf Arf Arf Arf Arf Arf Arf
Fung Achng Tum Chng Fum Afung Fung Ooh

I'm an asshole and I'm proud of it!