

Hey Quasimodo

Dennis DeYoung

Hey Quasimodo
You sure look awful
We've never seen you up close
You're always hiding
Up in the belfry
Half gargoyle, and half Notre Dame ghost

Hey Quasimodo
I wonder did you know
When you start ringing your bells
We hide the children
And pregnant women
For fear that you're a demon from hell
Who are you

Hey Quasimodo
Who did your hairdo
Is that a permanent wave
It's mighty girlie
When it's that curly
But we hear that red's all the rave

Hey Quasimodo
Who picked your wardrobe
That tunic fits you so well
It looks much bolder
With one padded shoulder
Feel confident that no one can tell
Who are you

Do you think he understands the mockery and ridicule

And better yet I wonder if we're safe if he should start to drool

And can so large a cranium contain a tiny brainium, that's weak

Well the story they tell is he's deaf from the bells
But still has the power to speak

And think?

And stink!

Hey Quasimodo
Where's Father Frolo
The two of you are never apart

You must be thinking
That old archdeacon
Would never want you playing the part
Of king of fools
King of fools