

Our Boy Bill

Loudon Wainwright III

At first, Bill was way too cool to be true
Like JFK but like Elvis, too
Wearin' those shades playin' saxophone
With secrets to hide, sins to atone for

Jogging as if caught in some kind of a chase
Reddening an already red face
But things were fine and dandy here
With cell phone stuck in each and every ear

Markets boomed and we gave thanks
Drivin' in sports utility tanks, yeah

Man, we got our own Desert Fox right here at home

The ladies man thinks that he's Don Juan
But in the end he's just s john
We know our Bill liked to run around
With that runny red nose, such a silly sad clown

Teasin' the pain in Bill's back ain't too wise
But they just love watchin' our Bill apologize

He holds us in those large white hands
The poles all show we're still Bill's fans
He's our boy Bill, he makes us glad
Because we like a boy that's bad, man
He's a naughty boy

Bill's got the character that you can't besmirch
He looks just great walkin' out of the church
With his wife and his daughter, the family drags
My God - Chelsea's her father's legs

Bill's still sportin' that wedding band
And Hill's still standin' right by her man
Out Tammying Tammy Wynette
When will that woman ever get upset?

That black beret, the stained blue dress
What a tramp - what a mess, man

Millions and millions and millions of sperm cells

Man cheats girls - everybody fibs
Who casts the first stone - I got dibs!
For Christmas this year what did she get the guy?
A cigar-tip clipper and a small bow tie

Go Ken Starr, so squeaky clean
But our bad boy Bill's impeachy-keen
So this year we hear-by do resolve
We're gonna let the world spin, let it revolve

Sadam's still star of CNN
Let's resign ourselves and censure all men

Yeah, man, we just gotta get Bill his very own no fly zone