

Westside Story

"Gee, Officer Krupke"

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Hey you
Who me, Officer Krupke?
Yeah you, gimme one good reason for not dragging
You down the station, ya punk?

Dear kindly Sergeant Krupke, you gotta understand
It's just our bringin' upke that gets us out of hand
Our mothers all are junkies, our fathers all are drunks
Golly Moses, naturally we're punks

Gee, Officer Krupke, we're very upset
We never had the love that every child oughta get
We ain't no delinquents, we're misunderstood
Deep down inside us there is good

There is good
There is good, there is good
There is untapped good
Like inside, the worst of us is good

That's a touching good story
Lemme tell it to the world
Just tell it to the Judge

Dear kindly Judge, Your Honor, my parents treat me
rough
With all their marijuana, they won't give me a puff
They didn't wanna have me but somehow I was had
Leapin' lizards, that's why I'm so bad

Right, Officer Krupke, you're really a square
This boy don't need a judge, he needs an analyst's
care
It's just his neurosis that oughta be curbed
He's psychologically disturbed

I'm disturbed
We're disturbed, we're disturbed
We're the most disturbed
Like we're psychologically disturbed

Hear ye, hear ye

In the opinion of this court
This child is depraved on account
He ain't had a normal home

Hey, I'm depraved
On account I'm deprived
So take him to a headshrinker

My father is a bastard, my ma's an S.O.B.
My grandpa's always plastered, my grandma pushes
tea
My sisters wears a mustache, my brother wears a dress
Goodness gracious, that's why I'm a mess

Yes, Officer Krupke, you're really a slob
This boy don't need a doctor, just a good honest job
Society's played him a terrible trick
And sociologically he's sick

I am sick
We are sick, we are sick
We are sick, sick, sick
Like we're sociologically sick

In my opinion, this child does not need
To have his head shrunk at all
Juvenile delinquency
Is purely a social disease

Hey, I got a social disease
So take him to a social worker

Dear kindly social worker, they say you'll earn a buck
Like be a soda jerker, which means like be a schmuck
It's not I'm antisocial, I'm only anti-work
Glory Osky, that's why I'm a jerk

Eek, Officer Krupke, you've done it again
This boy don't need a job, he needs a year in the pen
It ain't just a question of misunderstood
Deep down inside him, he's no good

I'm no good
We're no good, we're no good
We're no earthly good
Like the best of us is no damn good

The trouble is he's crazy, the trouble is he drinks
The trouble is he's lazy, the trouble is he stinks
The trouble is he's growing, the trouble is he's grown
Krupke, we've got troubles of our own

Gee, Officer Krupke
We're down on our knees
'Cause no one wants a fella
With a social disease

Gee, Officer Krupke
What are we to do?
Gee, Officer Krupke
Krup you!

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