

Schlong

"Gee, Officer Krupke"

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Dear kindly Sergeant Krupke,
You gotta understand,
It's just our bringin' up-ke
That gets us out of hand.
Our mothers all are junkies,
Our fathers all are drunks.
Golly Moses, naturally we're punk!

Gee, Officer Krupke, we're very upset;
We never had the love that ev'ry boy 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 touchin' 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!

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 cured.
He's psychologic'ly disturbed!

I'm disturbed!
We're disturbed, we're disturbed,
We're the most disturbed,
Like we're psychologic'ly disturbed.

(Hear ye, Hear ye, in the opinion on this court,
this child is depraved on account of he ain't had a
normal home.

Hey, I'm depraved because I'm deprived!

So take him to a headshrinker.

Headshrinker, you!

Me?

You!)

My father is a bastard,

My ma's an S.O.B.

My grandpa's always plastered,

My grandma pushes tea.

My sister 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 sociologic'ly he's sick!

I am sick!

We are sick, we are sick,

We are sick, sick, sick,

Like we're sociologically we're sick!

(In my opinion, this child doesn't need his head shrunk
at all.

Juvenile delinquency is purely a social disease!

Hey, I got a social disease!

Just take him to the social worker!)

Dear kindly social worker,

They say go make some dough.

Like be a soda jerker,

Which means I'll be a schmo!

It's not I'm anti-social,

It's just I'm anti-work.

Gloryosky! That's why I'm a jerk!

(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 lazy.
The trouble is he drinks.
The trouble is he's crazy.
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 fellow with a social disease.
Gee, Officer Krupke,
What are we to do?
Gee, Officer Krupke,
Fuck you!

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