

Zappa Frank

"Broken Hearts Are For Assholes"

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Hey! Do you know what you are?

You're an asshole! An ASSHOLE!

Some of you might not agree

'Cause you probably likes a lot of misery

But think a while and you will see...

Broken hearts are for assholes

Broken hearts are for assholes

Are you an asshole?

Broken hearts are for assholes

Are you an asshole too?

Whatcha gonna do, 'cause you're an asshole...

Maybe you think you're a lonely guy

Maybe you think you're too tough to cry

So you went to *The Grape*,

Just to give it a try

And Dagmar

*Without a doubt, the ugliest sonofabitch I ever saw in
my life*

Was his name...

One Two Three Four!

The whiskers sticking out from underneath of his

Pancake make-up

And yet he was a beautiful lady

Nearly drove you insane

Let's talk about Leather: LEATHERRRRRR

And so you kissed a little sailor

*Tex Abel, starring in the latest Shepperton
Production:*

Who had just blew in from Spain

Sir Richard Pump-A-Loaf

You sniffed the reeking buns of Angel

The story of a demented bread-boffer

And acted like it was cocaine

Cucumber pud annexed to a fine whole-wheat loaf

You were dazzled by the exciting new costume of Ko-Ko

Then on Tuesday night, Ceasar's back in town

In a way you can't explain

*Facing off in a no-holds-barred tag team grudge
match

With Kona.*

And so you worked the wall with Michael

*Three-hundred-seventy-nine pounds of Samoan
dynamite*

Which gave your back an awful strain

Volcanic Hell

But you came back on Sunday for the gong show

Next Thursday, teen town's finest...

But you forgot what I was sayin'

'Cause you're an asshole, You're an asshole

That's right

You're an asshole, you're an asshole

Yes, yes

You're an asshole, you're an asshole

That's right

You're an asshole, you're an asshole

Now you been to The Grape 'n' you been to The Chest

*'N' now I think you know what you are: you're an
asshole*

You say you can't live with what you been through

Well, ladies you can be an asshole too

You might pretend you ain't got one on the bottom of
you,

But don't fool yerself girl

It's lookin' at you

Don't fool yerself girl

It's winkin' at you

Don't fool yerself girl

It's blinkin' at you

That's why I say

I'm gonna ram it, ram it, ram it

Ram it up yer poop chute

Corn hole

Ram it, ram it, ram it

Ram it up yer poop chute

Fist fuck

Ram it, ram it, ram it

Ram it up yer poop chute

Wrist-watch; Crisco

Ram it, ram it, ram it

Ram it up yer poop chute

Pud!

Don't fool yerself, girl

It's goin' right up yer poop chute

Don't fool yerself, girl

It's goin' right up yer poop chute

(etc., repeats)

*Aw, I knew you'd be surprised

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