

Beardfish

"The Gooberville Ballroom Dancer"

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He was a filthy motherfucker,
by the name of Dwight.
He only bathed 'bout once a year,
he didn't smell alright.
His father was a drunken bastard,
couldn't do things right.
His mother died while she was giving birth,
when she saw her Dwight.

He had the great ambition to be one who girls would
adore.
And if he could have the chance to flourish in a wild
romance...

... He could be a fraud or a fake just like those guys on
TV

"Dwight thought about it for a while and then it occurred
to him,
all he had to do to be popular in Gooberville,
the place where he lived,
was to come up with something he was really good at.
The problem was that the only thing
he'd ever been remotely interested by in his youth
was ballroom dancing, and that ain't too cool.
But if I could find a way, he thought,
to combine the ballroom dancing with the fearsome
attitude
of more present day youth activities..."

... I could be the king of a generation lost in a daze.
Salsa, cha-cha, pasodoble,
blended in the hardcore pace.

He could dance it all he would never fall
Women by his side rhymin', going wild
He would take 'em all!

He took all the money he had saved,
sold his comic-books too
Bought a baby-blue custom-made gabardine-suite
with matching turquoise dancing-shoes

He took a shower at least once a week,
and now he smelled all right.
His mother really would be proud of him,
if she could see her Dwight.

Then it was time to show Gooberville what talent Dwight
had concealed.
Who would have thought that smelly brat could pull off
such sex appeal.

He was now the king of the floor
and no one could match his moves.
All except the lovely Eve,
dressed in silk with natural gloom.

They pulled off a stunt sliding 'cross the floor
He could feel her breasts & her eyes wanted more
He would take her home!
And then slide her knickers down...

Who would have thought that such a man could do
such a thing?
What is it, aphrodisiac or something?

Who would have thought that women lined up by
his door to ask him out to the dance floor?
Would you go to the park with me this Friday?
Nah, maybe next week, alright sweetie!

The sexual experts unified opinion:
"It is now established that the reason Dwight has luck
with ladies is clam-extract vaporizing from his greasy
hair! "
And all the professors say:
"This is a damn miracle we must take him down here
and run some tests!"

Doesn't matter if you're a fraud just like those guys
who're uptight.
You could be a jerk or a nerd just like that Gooberville
Dwight,
and he's alright.
yes he is!

He was a filthy motherfucker,
by the name of Dwight.
He was a filthy motherfucker,
now he is alright.

