

Dennis Leary

"Asshole"

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Folks, I'd like to sing a song about the American Dream
About me, about you
The way our American hearts beat down
In the bottom of our chests

About the special feeling we get in the cockles of our
hearts
Maybe below the cockles, maybe in the sub-cockle area
Maybe in the liver, maybe in the kidneys
Maybe even in the colon, we don't know

I'm just a regular Joe with a regular job
I'm your average white suburbanite slob
I like football and porno and books about war
I've got an average house with a nic hardwood floor
My wife and my job, my kids and my car
My feet on my table and a Cuban cigar

But sometimes that just ain't enough
To keep a man like me interested
(Oh no)
No way
No, I've gotta go out and have fun
At someone else's expense
(Oh yeah)
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

I drive really slow in the ultrafast lane
While people behind me are going insane

I'm an asshole
(He's an asshole, what an asshole)
I'm an asshole
(He's an asshole, such an asshole)

I use public toilets and piss on the seat
I walk around in the summertime saying
"How about this heat?"

I'm an asshole
(He's an asshole, what an asshole)
I'm an asshole

(He's the world's biggest asshole)

Sometimes I park in handicapped spaces
While handicapped people make handicapped faces

I'm an asshole
(He's an asshole, what an asshole)
I'm an asshole
(He's a real fucking asshole)

Maybe I shouldn't be singing this song
Ranting and raving and carrying on
Maybe they're right when they tell me I'm wrong

Nah!

I'm an asshole
(He's an asshole, what an asshole)
I'm an asshole
(He's the world's biggest asshole)

You know what I'm gonna do?
I'm gonna get myself a 1967 Cadillac El Dorado
convertible
Hot pink with whaleskin hub caps and all leather cow
interior
And big brown baby seal eyes for headlights, yeah!

And I'm gonna drive around in that baby at 115 mph
Getting one mile per gallon, sucking down
Quarter pounder cheese burgers from McDonald's
In the old-fashioned non-biodegradable Styrofoam
containers

And when I'm done sucking down those grease ball
burgers
I'm gonna wipe my mouth with the American flag
And then I'm gonna toss the Styrofoam container
Right out the side and there ain't a goddamned thing
Anybody can do about it, you know why?
Because we got the bombs, that's why

Two words, nuclear fucking weapons, okay
Russia, Germany, Romania
They can have all the democracy they want
They can have a big democracy cake-walk right
through the middle
Of Tiananmen square and it won't make a lick of
difference
Because we've got the bombs, okay

John Wayne's not dead, he's frozen
And as soon as we find the cure for cancer we're
gonna thaw out
The duke and he's gonna be pretty pissed off
You know why? Have you ever taken a cold shower?
Well multiple that by 15 million times, that's how pissed
off
The Duke's gonna be
I'm gonna get the Duke and John Cassavetes

(Hey)
And Lee Marvin
(Hey)
And Sam Peckinpah
(Hey)
And a case of Whiskey and drive down to Texas
(Hey, you know you really are an asshole)
Why don't you just shut-up and sing the song, pal

I'm an asshole
(He's an asshole, what an asshole)
I'm an asshole
(He's the world's biggest asshole)

A S S H O L E
Everybody
A S S H O L E

I'm an asshole and proud of it

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