

Elio E Le Storie Tese

"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
Lets talk about leather: leatherrr
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, ceasars 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 towns 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 aint 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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