

Jafar

"Why Me?"

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In my formative and hungry years
I was unappreciated by my peers
As their slings and arrows flew
I would ponder - wouldn't you?
Why me? Why me?

For a man of my charisma and mystique
I have taken far too long to reach my peak
Why was my status never quo?
Why did no one want to know?
Poor me, why me?

Why was I so unable to fulfill my true potential?
Kept down by those I knew were smaller fry
Inconsequential, but here's the rub
Rub-a-dub-dub

I am power, I am clout personified
I've a genie and sheer malice on my side
It's a combination which
Works me up to fever pitch
Big "G" and me

When the master of the lamp says, "Bow," you bow!
You forget who wears the pants around here now
A man who knows just what to do
And who to do it to
Who's he? M-E!

And as for you, you little twerp
From now on, it's "as you were" time
Let's have your pretty princess
See how she's been wasting her time
Let's strip him bare there's nothing there

Though I hate to break a partnership
You're going on a one-way trip
To a corner of the sphere
Not a million miles from here
But two! Toodle-loo!

Who's the titan, who's the champ?

Who's the master of the lamp?
Who's the one who'll take up
Pages in Who's Who?
Who? Why, me!

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