

## **Kinks**

# **"Jack The Idiot Dunce"**

Visit "[Jack The Idiot Dunce](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Who's the fool with the cross-eyed stare  
The turned up nose and moronic glare?  
Who's that simpleton standing over there?  
(Jack, Jack, the idiot dunce)

Who's that dumb-looking, freckle-faced runt?  
(Jack, Jack, the idiot dunce)  
He walks like his feet are on back to front  
(Jack, Jack, the idiot dunce)

When he waddles down the street, he looks kind of queer  
(Jack, Jack, the idiot dunce)  
Because he's got two left feet and taxi-door ears  
(Jack, Jack, the idiot dunce)  
And when we laugh at the clothes he wears  
Jack just smiles 'cos he don't care

Who's that fool? Who's that ninny?  
He's a twit  
Who's that chump?  
The idiot dunce, the idiot dunce

Who is always the bottom of the class?  
(Jack, Jack, the idiot dunce)  
Who's a fool? Who's a boob?  
Who's a kook and an ass?  
(Jack, Jack, the idiot dunce)

When we take examinations, he never gets a pass  
(Jack, Jack, the idiot dunce)  
And we all put him down 'cos he can't think fast  
(Jack, Jack, the idiot dunce)

We ridicule him and punch him around  
But Jack just laughs and stands his ground  
The idiot dunce, the idiot dunce

Yeah, he's so uncoordinated  
Oh, so disorientated  
And when we have a high school hop  
You ought to see that idiot bop

And his arms and his legs  
Seem to have minds of their own  
And you don't need brains  
To have educated muscles and bones

Yeah, you ought to see him dance  
He moves like he's in a trance  
And when we have a high school hop  
You ought to see that idiot rock

And he's finally proved that you don't need a high I.Q.  
To make your body move  
Now he's created a dance that everybody's trying to do  
(Jack, Jack, the idiot dunce)

Alright, put your finger on your nose  
(Do the idiot dunce)  
Now cross those eyes  
(Do the idiot dunce)

Put your hands on your hips  
(Do the idiot dunce)  
Now wriggle your backside, yeah  
(Do the idiot dunce)

Yeah, so you've got the knack to do the Idiot Jack  
From your head to the tips of your toes  
Now the whole world's doing it and everybody knows  
(Jack, Jack, the idiot dunce)  
He's a real cool cat and a real, gone groove  
(Jack, Jack, the idiot dunce)

And the girls go crazy when he starts to move  
(Jack, Jack, the idiot dunce)  
Now Jack's a success, he's got nothing to prove  
(Jack, Jack, the idiot dunce)

Even though Jack is dim  
His mother is so proud of him  
Hey, who's that groovy looking dude dancing with all  
the chicks?  
The idiot dunce, the idiot dunce

Visit [Kinks](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.