

## **Leary, Dennis**

### **"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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