

David Wilcox**"Moe"**

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Back in Brooklyn when I was ten
As if to prove that we were men
My friends and I would trash each others families
We were morons, I know that now
I let them call my mom a cow
And somehow that measured my virility

But one day they threw a curve
They struck a wrong nerve
And found the shameful secret I had kept
But I took it like a man
I stood my stand
And then I wept

Cuz when your father looks like Moe
You know, the guy from the Three Stooges
Life can be so cruel
At school, I was a sitting duck
Behind my back I heard "Nuck nuck"
AND if that wasn't bad enough
Sometimes they bopped my nose
To look at me you might believe
More likely, my father looked like Curly
But no, he looked like Moe

La la la la
La la la
La la la
La la

I asked my father straight out one day
Why he chose to look that way
His shiny, jet black hair cut like an Eskimo
And though I'd hoped his reply might be
Some father-son philosophy
All he said to me was "Who the heck is Moe?"

But I said, "Dad, it's me they tease."
"I'm beggin' you, please..."
"Could you wear your hair more 'normally'?"
And we stood there eye-to-eye, guy-to-guy

And he said, "Coitenly!"

Cuz when your father looks like Moe
You know, the guy from the Three Stooges
Life can be so cruel
But he marched off to the barber chair
He kept his word, he cut his hair
And you would think that then and there
I'd have been content
But damn if that was not the year
They signed up a replacement in the line-up
So it went---my father looked like Shemp

La la la la
La la la
La la la
La la

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