

The Aquabats

"The Ballard Of Mr. Bonkers"

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Mr. Bonkers in the shade
Under a rock he starts his day
Not moving much with
Not too much to say
Mr. Bonkers leads a simple life
No motor car no house no wife
It's cold, he thinks
As he washes up in the sink
While the spiders go bananas
He slips into his new pajamas
And waits to be king

Mr. Bonkers the silent one,
Thinks of times when he was young
He could run so fast
He could win the prize

He tried and tried
To dial correctly,
But the President's number's
Not listed in the directory...
Directory....
Directory.....

Look inside the door
You'll never hear him snore
Not a lot to do
But sit and stare at you
Something you should know
Before you say "Hello"
Motionless like lead
He sits, he must be dead!
But wait! He's's alive.
He's alive! He's alive!
Chomping on the bits
Of crickets in his mitts
In the dark he's lost
Oh my gosh it's lost!
In black light he's great
His legs, they number eight
He must have got his paws
From his Grandpapa

Holding, Crushing bait
Under pincers weight
But the one thing unforgettable,
Don't forget the mandible. . .

No probascis here!
It's Mr. Bonkers' year!
He's sick sick sick
With the bicycle kick
You can't see his eyes or ears
Woah yeah, yeah
Woah yeah, yeah
Can you see him tonight?!
Woah yeah, yeah
Woah yeah, yeah
Under the hot rock light!
Woah yeah, yeah
Woah yeah, yeah
Can you see him tonight?!
Woah yeah, yeah
Woah yeah, yeah
Under the hot rock light!

Woah yeah yeah
Woah yeah yeah
Woah yeah yeah
Woah yeah yeah
Woah yeah yeah
Woah yeah yeah

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