

## **All-Star Children's Chorus**

### **"Gee, Officer Krupke!"**

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#### **ACTION**

Dear kindly Sergeant Krupke,  
You gotta understand,  
It's just our bringin' up-ke  
That gets us out of hand.  
Our mothers all are junkies,  
Our fathers all are drunks.  
Golly Moses, natcherly we're punks!

#### **ACTION and QUARTET**

Gee, Officer Krupke, we're very upset;  
We never had the love that every child oughta get.  
We ain't no delinquents,  
We're misunderstood.  
Deep down inside us there is good!

#### **ACTION**

There is good!

#### **ALL**

There is good, there is good,  
there is untapped good.  
Like inside, the worst of us is good.

#### **SNOWBOY (imitating Krupke)**

(spoken)

That's a touchin'  
good story.

#### **ACTION**

(spoken)

Lemme tell it to the world!

#### **SNOWBOY ("Krupke")**

(spoken)

Just tell it to the judge.

#### **ACTION**

Dear kindly Judge, your Honor,  
My parents treat me rough.  
With all their marijuana,

They won't give me a puff.  
They didn't wanna have me,  
But somehow I was had.  
Leapin' lizards, that's why I'm so bad!

DIESEL ("Judge")  
Right!  
Officer Krupke, you're really a square;  
This boy don't need a judge, he needs an  
analyst's care!  
It's just his neurosis that oughta be curbed.  
He's psychologic'ly disturbed!

ACTION  
I'm disturbed!

ALL  
We're disturbed, we're disturbed,  
We're the most disturbed,  
Like we're psychologic'ly disturbed.

DIESEL ("Judge")  
(spoken)  
In the opinion of this court, this child  
is depraved on account he ain't had a  
normal home.

ACTION  
(spoken)  
Hey, I'm depraved on account I'm  
deprived!

DIESEL ("Judge")  
(spoken)  
So take him to a headshrinker.

ACTION  
My father is a bastard,  
My ma's an S.O.B.  
My grandpa's always plastered,  
My grandma pushes tea.  
My sister wears a mustache,  
My brother wears a dress.  
Goodness gracious, that's why I'm a mess!

A-RAB ("Psychiatrist")  
Yes!  
Officer Krupke, you're really a slob.  
This boy don't need a doctor, just a good honest  
job.  
Society's played him a terrible trick,

Und sociologic'ly he's sick!

ACTION

I am sick!

ALL

We are sick, we are sick,  
We are sick sick sick,  
Like we're sociologically sick!

A-RAB ("Psychiatrist")

(spoken)

In my opinion, this child don't need  
to have his head shrunk at all. Juvenile  
delinquency is purely a social disease!

ACTION

(spoken)

Hey, I got a social disease!

A-RAB ("Psychiatrist")

(spoken)

So take him to a social worker!

ACTION

Dear kindly social worker,  
They say go earn a buck,  
Like be a soda jerker,  
Which means like be a schmuck.  
It's not I'm anti-social,  
I'm only anti-work.  
Glory Osky, that's why I'm a jerk!

BABY JOHN ("Social Worker")

Eek!

Officer Krupke, you've done it again.  
This boy don't need a job, he needs a year in the  
pen.  
It ain't just a question of misunderstood;  
Deep down inside him, he's no good!

ACTION

I'm no good!

ALL

We're no good, we're no good,  
We're no earthly good,  
Like the best of us is no damn good!

DIESEL ("Judge")

The trouble is he's crazy.

A-RAB ("Psychiatrist")  
The trouble is he drinks.

BABY JOHN ("Social Worker")  
The trouble is he's lazy.

DIESEL ("Judge")  
The trouble is he stinks.

A-RAB ("Psychiatrist")  
The trouble is he's growing.

BABY JOHN ("Social Worker")  
The trouble is he's grown.

ALL  
Krupke, we got troubles of our own!

Gee, Officer Krupke,  
We're down on our knees,  
'Cause no one wants a fella with a social  
disease  
Gee, Officer Krupke,  
What are we to do?  
Gee, Officer Krupke,  
Krup you, wow!

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