

## American Music Club

# "The President's Test for Physical Fitness"

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Once upon a time me and vudi met  
A major american rock star in a shop  
We were immediately jealous of his hair  
And his fuel-injected sports cock

He made the usual stupid sexual jokes  
About the way he comes on top  
But I could tell it was a lie  
By the way that he walked

How did you pass the presiden'ts test  
Even if I can't match your ability to compete  
At least give me a chance to cheat

He said, "are you losers making fun  
Of our serious vocation?  
You just gotta bring the music to the people man  
And then go score a hole in one."

The pleasures of a treadmill and the factory  
Took all the innocence from his eyes  
Leaving him to spurt unashamed  
By the size of his dull suprise  
How did you pass the presiden'ts test  
I never felt honest telling those virutous lies  
And my toupee always gets into my eyes

How do you pass the president's test  
I don't even want to know my score  
I don't know who's telling me the truth anymore

I said, "the only thing that we're good for  
Is being forgotten."  
And I know you're big enough of a star  
To make sure that the job gets done

How do you pass the president's test  
I swear one day they'll build a monument  
To the man with the most reasons for his  
embarassment

How do you pass the president's test

No I don't even want to know my score  
I don't know who's telling me the truth anymore

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