

BPA, The "He's Frank"

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He's got secular joy
He's a peculiar boy
But now the lustre has gone
The peculiar boy is no more

Who'll save him from being a man?
Not me

He's got precious youth
But forsaken, forsooth
And now the shine grows dim
Change tradition for whim

Who'll save him from being a man?
Not me

He's got clothes all red
Strewn on a purple bed
But now the red's in his eyes
He's no longer a prize

Who'll save him from being a man?
Not me

I'm qualified, not me
I'm insured to that, not me
I didn't kill the cat, not me
I don't know where it's at, not me

But now his skin is slack
He shows a certain lack

Who'll save him from being a man?
Not me
Who'll save him from being a man?
Not me
Who'll save him from being a man?
Not me

