

Yankovic Weird Al

"Money for Nothing, Beverly Hillbillies"

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Beverly.
Beverly Hillbillies.

Now, looka here, people, listen to my story,
A little story 'bout a man named Jed.
You know somethin', that poor mountaineer,
They say he barely kept his family fed.
Now lemme tell ya, one day he was shootin'.
Ol' Jed was shootin' at some food.
When all of a sudden, right up from the ground there,
Well, there came a bubblin' crude.

Oil, that is. Well, maybe you call it
Black gold or Texas tea.
He gonna move next to Mr. Drysdale,
And be a Beverly Hillbilly.

Before you know it, all the kinfolk are a-sayin',
Yeah, Buddy, move away from there.
That litle Clampett got his own cee-ment pond.
That little Clampett, he's a millionaire.

Now everyone said Californy
Is the place that you oughta be.
We got to load up this here truck now.
We got to move to Beverly.
Hills, that is.
Swimmin' pools,
Move-a-move-a-movie stars.
Huh, looka that looka that.
(beverly, beverly, beverly hillbilly)
Y'all come back now, hear?
(beverly, beverly, beverly hillbilly)
(beverly, beverly, beverly hillbilly)

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