

Various Artists "Dentist!"

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When I was younger, just a bad little kid,
my mama noticed funny things I did,
like shootin' puppies with a B B gun.
I'd poison guppies, and when I was done
I'd find a pussycat and bash in its head.
That's when my mama said (What did she say?),
she said, "My boy, I think someday
you'll find a way to make your natural tendencies pay.
You'll be a dentist. You have a talent for causin' things
pain.
Son, be a dentist. People will pay you to be inhumane.
Your temp'rament's wrong for the priesthood
and teaching would suit you still less.
Son, be a dentist. You'll be a success.
(Here he is, folks: the leader of the plaque!
Watch him suck up that gas! Oh, my god!
He's a dentist and he'll never ever be any good.
Who wants their teeth done by the Marquis de Sade?
Oh that hurts! I'm not numb!)
Oh, shut up. Open wide. here I come!
I am your dentist (goodness gracious!),
and I enjoy the career that I picked. (Love it.)
I am your dentist (fitting braces),
and I get off on the pain I inflict. (Really love it.)
I thrill when I drill a bicuspid.
It's swell though they tell me I'm maladjusted.
And though it may cause my patients distress,
somewhere, somewhere in heaven above me
I know, I know, that my mama's proud of me (Oh,
mama.)
'cause I'm a dentist and a success.
Say ah! (Ah!) Say ah! (Ah!) Say ah! (Ah!) Now spit.

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