

Barenaked Ladies, New Kid

I didn't ask to be famous, but I'm not sore.
'Cause you can see my face in the window of every store.
You can buy my lunchbox, and you
can wear my clothes,
You can remember my name just
as plain as the face under your nose.
I'm a New Kid on the Block,
'though I may not be Johann Sebastian Bach.
So we may not write the songs we sing,
but look at Elvis, he sold his soul
and you crowned him King.
I didn't ask to be famous, but I'm not sad,
You see, I've got everything that I
always wished I had.
I thank my manager and I thank
the screaming girls,
I thank my hairdresser for giving
me such beautiful curls.
Now I'm a New Kid on the Block,
well I'm twenty-three and they
won't let me grow up.
I went down to register for the draft,
well I got up to the counter, and
the lady there just laughed,
She said 'You're a New Kid on the Block,
young girls scream and old boys mock,
well, you broke my youngest daughter's heart.
I knew you Kids were trouble from the start.'
I didn't ask to be famous, but I'm not sure
that we're as apple pie as you
always thought we were.
I can stay up all night. I can have a blast.
I can breakdance, I can fight, I
can kick your sorry ass.
I'm a New Kid on the Block,
and 'though I may not be Johann Sebastian Bach,
there's no need to be afraid of us
'though it just might be your
daughter on the bus.