

Half Man Half Biscuit, The Bastard Son Of Dean

Well I heard a lovely rumor,
That Bette Midler had a tumor,
So gleefully I went to tell my friends.
But they said it was a lie,
That she wasn't going to die,
"And by the way, have we got news for you!"

And they told me that the man
That I had always known as "Dad",
Hadn't met my "Mum" when I was born.
And they reckon that I am,
But I hope to God I'm not,
The bastard son of Dean Friedman,
The bastard son of Dean Friedman.

And my school-work fell behind
With this bombshell on my mind.
Me art teacher said he understood.

But he could only sympathise
With the sadness in my eyes,
Even though he'd shown my his Magerite!

And in the "Corridors of Fear"
I would shed a lonely tear,
As ridicule flew at me from both sides.
And they mocked me in my mocks,
And embroidered in my socks,
The bastard son of Dean Friedman,
The bastard son of Dean Friedman.

Supercalifragilistic Borussia Moenchen Gladbach

And you can thank your lucky stars that you're not
The bastard son of Dean Friedman,
The bastard son of Dean Friedman.