

Jill Sobule, Underdog Victorious

Bobby Trucks was a fat little boy
Living in a shitty little town
Every recess the dodge ball flew
And knocked poor Bobby down
4:00 when he got home
Upstairs in his room
He'd close the door
Tie on his cape
Put on his skin-tight suit
And he'd sing

Underdog victorious
He was simply glorious
Someday he'd die notorious
Underdog victorious

A couple years later tried out for the band
Did covers of Matchbox 20
But he was dreaming of the New York Dolls
And Max's Kansas City
Of course they never called him back
They thought he was too queer
But he didn't care, back in his room
He sang into the mirror
And he sang

Underdog victorious
He was simply glorious
Someday he'd die notorious
Underdog victorious

He could see into the future
That was one of his great gifts
And one day all those dodge ball bullies
Would dream of his sweet kiss
And they'd dream

Underdog victorious
He was simply glorious
Someday he'd die notorious
Underdog victorious
Underdog victorious
He was simply glorious
Someday he'd die notorious
Underdog victorious