

# Dennis DeYoung, Hey Quasimodo

&lt;em&gt;- Company -&lt;/em&gt;  
Hey Quasimodo  
You sure look awful  
We've never seen you up close  
You're always hiding  
Up in the belfry  
Half gargoyle, and half Notre Dame ghost

Hey Quasimodo  
I wonder did you know  
When you start ringing your bells  
We hide the children  
And pregnant women  
For fear that you're a demon from hell  
Who are you

Hey Quasimodo  
Who did your hairdo  
Is that a permanent wave  
It's mighty girlie  
When it's that curly  
But we hear that red's all the rave

Hey Quasimodo  
Who picked your wardrobe  
That tunic fits you so well  
It looks much bolder  
With one padded shoulder  
Feel confident that no one can tell  
Who are you

Do you think he understands the mockery and ridicule.

And better yet I wonder if we're safe if he should start to drool.

And can so large a cranium contain a tiny brainium, that's weak.

Well the story they tell is he's deaf from the bells,  
but still has the power to speak.

And think?

And stink!

Hey Quasimodo  
Where's Father Frolo  
The two of you are never apart

You must be thinking  
That old archdeacon  
Would never want you playing the part  
Of king of fools  
King of fools