

The Beatles, Bad Boy

A bad little kid
moved into my neighborhood
He won't do nothing right
just a sitting got to look so good
He don't wanna go to school
and learn to read and write
Just sits around the house and plays
that rock and roll music all night
Well he put thumb tacks on teacher's chair
put chewing gum in little girl's hair
Now Junior behave yourself

Buys every rock and roll book
on the magazine stand
Every dime that he gets
oh he's off to the jukebox man
Well he worries that teacher
till at night she's aready to poop
From rocking and a rolling
spinning in a hula-hoop
Well his rock and roll has gotta stop
Junior's head is hard as rock
Now Junior behave yourself, ow

Gonna tell ya mamma
you'd better do what she said
Get to the barber shop
and get that hair cut off your head
You shoot the canary
and you fed it to the neighbor's cat
You have the cocker spaniel
a bathing mother's laundromat
Well ya mamma said it's gotta stop
Junior's head is hard as a rock
Now, Junior be have yourself, Ooo