

The Kinks, Jack The Idiot Dunce

Who's the fool with the cross-eyed stare,
The turned up nose and moronic glare?
Who's that simpleton standing over there?
Jack, Jack the Idiot Dunce.

Who's that dumb-looking freckle-faced runt?
Jack, Jack the Idiot Dunce.
He walks like his feet are on back to front,
Jack, Jack the Idiot Dunce.

When he waddles down the street he looks kind of queer,
Jack, Jack the Idiot Dunce,
Because he's got two left feet and taxi-door ears,
Jack, Jack the Idiot Dunce.

And when we laugh at the clothes he wears,
Jack just smiles 'cos he don't care.
Who's that fool? Who's that ninny?
Who's that twit? Who's that chump?
The Idiot Dunce, the Idiot Dunce.

Who is always the bottom of the class?
Jack, Jack the Idiot Dunce.
Who's a fool? Who's a boob?
Who's a kook and an ass?
Jack, Jack the Idiot Dunce.

When we take examinations he never gets a pass,
Jack, Jack the Idiot Dunce.
And we all put him down 'cos he can't think fast,
Jack, Jack the Idiot Dunce.
We ridicule him and punch him around,
But Jack just laughs and stands his ground,
The Idiot Dunce, the Idiot Dunce.

Yeah, he's so unco-ordinated.
Yeah, and so disorientated,
And when we have a High School Hop
You ought to see that idiot bop
And his arms and his legs
Seem to have minds of their own,
And you don't need brains
To have educated muscles and bones.

Yeah, you ought to see him dance
He moves like he's in a trance,
And when we have a High School Hop
You ought to see that idiot rock,
And he's finally proved
That you don't need a high I.Q.
To make your body move.
Now he's created a dance that everybody's trying to do.
Jack, Jack the Idiot Dunce.

Do the Idiot Dunce.
All right put your finger on your nose,
Now cross those eyes.
Put your hands on your hips,
Now wriggle your backside.
Now you've got the knack
To do the Idiot Jack
From your head to the tips of your toes.

Now the whole world's doing it and everybody knows,

Jack, Jack the Idiot Dunce.
He's a real cool cat and a real gone groove,
Jack, Jack the Idiot Dunce.

And the girls go crazy when he starts to move,
Jack, Jack the Idiot Dunce
Now Jack's a success he's got nothing to prove,
Jack, Jack the Idiot Dunce.

Even though Jack is dim
His mother is so proud of him.
Hey, who's that groovy looking dude
Dancing with all the chicks?
The Idiot Dunce, the Idiot Dunce.