

The Simpsons, Deep, Deep Trouble

Bart:

Let me start at the start, then take it away
My name is Simpson, Bartholomew J.
That's Bart with an 'art' and a capital 'B';
Then 'simp' plus 's-o-n'; that's me
Introductions aside, let's move right along
You can all sing along at the sound of the gong
Once upon a time, about a week ago
All of the sudden, trouble started to grow
Alarm was buzzin', I was snoozin'
Supposed to get up now, but I was refusing
To let reality become an intrusion
'Cause in dreamy-dreamland I was cruisin'
But the buzz kept buzzin', my head kept fuzzin'
Gave the radio a throw and heard an explosion
I opened up my eyes to my surprise
There stood Homer and his temperature rised
I will chillin', he was yellin'
Face all distored, 'cause he was propellin'
It wasn't what he said, but more of his tone
The usual jibe, put your nose to the grind-stone
I said I'm real sorry, but that didn't cut it.
I started to protest, but Dad said

Homer:

Shut it! Get up, mow the lawn! Move it on the double!
'Cause if you don't, you're in deep, deep, trouble!

Back-up Singers:

Trouble! Deep, deep trouble!
Wanted to snuggle! Deep, deep trouble!

Bart:

So I'm in the front yard mowing like crazy
Sweating like a pig and the sun is blazy
Homer's in the driveway, gettin' in the car
With Mom and Lis, I hope they're going real far
Then Dad yells ---

Homer: Bart!

Bart: And I go, 'Yo!' He goes ---

Homer: You done yet?

Bart: And I go, 'No.' So he goes ---

Homer: Oh, you're too slow!

Bart:

So I step on the gas, speed up the mow
Didn't see that sprinkler underneath that tree
Wham! Keee! Pissssh!
Rainin' on me! I go, 'Whoa!' Homer goes ---

Homer:

D'oh! Now you can't go, to the boat show!

Bart:

This is my thanks for working my butt off
Homer starts the car and they all start to 'putt off
Soaked to the bone, standin' in a puddle...
No one needs to tell me I'm in deep, deep trouble...

Back-up Singers:

Trouble! Deep, deep trouble!
The one who gets double! Deep, deep trouble!

Bart:

As soon as they're gone, I'm stretched on a lawn
Looking at the sky with my sunshades on
Now I never ever claimed that I was a smarty
But inspiration hits me: "Let's have a party!"
I called up my posse. They were here in a flash
They brought all their pals, we started to thrash!
There was rompin', and stompin', an occasional crash
A fist fight or two, and Nintendo for cash
We raided the fridge, dogs raided the trash
I got a little worried when the windows got smashed
The next thing you know Mom and Dad are home
The kids disappear, and I'm all alone
Everything is silent except for my moan
And the low bluesy tone of a saxophone
They look at me, then they go into a huddle
Get the sinking sensation I'm in deep, deep trouble

Back-up Singers:

Trouble! Deep, deep Trouble!
You're in trouble! Deep, deep trouble!

Bart:

There's a little epilogue to my tale of sadness
I was dragged down the street by His Royal Dadness
We rounded the corner and came to a stop
Threw me inside Jake's barber shop
I said, "please sir just a little off the top..."
Dude shaved me bare, gave me a lollipop
So on my head there's nothing but stubble
Man, I hate bein' in deep, deep trouble!

Back-up Singers: Trouble! Deep, deep trouble! Nothing but trouble
Deep deep trouble!(repeated)

Bart: Oh, come on man.