

# Walter Becker, Selfish Gene

Sweet little baby from the hills somewhere  
Here's a pretty lovebud for your hair  
Itty bitty girl sippin' Grenadine  
Look who's talking to Selfish Gene  
There's a place way down in Brentwood  
Out to Georgio's we all g'wine  
The matre d's gonna take care of everything  
He's a personal friend of mine  
What a prize you are  
Honey don't you scratch my new car

Selfish Gene he's one in a million  
A safe harbor in every storm  
Many call but few are chosen

Hey pretty baby let's have a little fun  
The Pinot is flowing and the night's still young  
Over and above and behind and between  
Make a little party for Selfish Gene  
Steady girl let me grab on your wig hat  
Down in the corncrib we shall go  
No brains no regrets no worries  
Hidey hi hidey hey hidey ho  
Kundalini now!  
Baby let me show you how

Selfish Gene don't lick no Manolos  
He don't argue he don't ask twice  
Selfish Gene don't serve two masters

Why  
Must every time I turn my ship around  
Some bastard come  
and knock my skyline down

I guess that's everything I suppose  
The playdate's over and the case is closed  
Tell me momma that I didn't do right  
To have a little something on Amateur Night  
I feel sure that we'll meet again sometime  
Don't see why and I don't know when  
Maybe I'll catch you down at the daily  
If you haven't moved on by then  
Take a dollar from the drawer  
Daddy's got a whole lot more

Selfish Gene needs clarity and closure  
This is his house and that's your cab  
You need a hug now don't be bashful

Do yourself and your friend a favor  
You don't bargain with Selfish Gene  
Selfish Gene don't take no prisoners