

# YOU DORK, YOU DORK

(Tune: New York, New York)

*Revised Lyrics © Paul Finkleman*

Stop spreading the ooze. When you sneeze turn away.  
Right there in front of us on the bus, You Dork, You Dork.

Your vagabond germs are starting to stray  
I'm sick now, 'n I don't want no part of it, You Dork, You Dork.

Now I'm awake all night, can't get a wink of sleep. . .  
because I'm hugging the toilet, slumped in a heap.

I've got a bad flu. Been horking all day.  
And you're the goddamn start of it,  
You Dork, You Dork.

As I slump in my chair, I sit and curse and swear  
all thanks to you You Dork, You Dork.

Stop spreading the ooze, your bac -teer - i - ay  
You're sick 'n I don't want a part of it, You Dork, You Dork.

A million people in this city and I get this creep.

And now I'm barking up breakfast,  
bellowing brunch,  
throwing up thupper,  
launching my lunch. . . .

Now the whole town's got the flu.

from your mucousy spray.

And you're the goddam start of it,  
You Dork, You Dork.

'Cause now you've filled the air,  
with sputum everywhere,  
And you've infected all New York!()