

**The Bastard Son Of Dean Friedman
Half Man Half Biscuit**

(intro **D A** rpt)

D **A**
Well I heard a lovely rumour that Bette Midler had a tumour

D **A**
So gleefully I went to tell my friends

D **F#**
But they said it was a lie and she wasn't going to die

G **A**
And by the way have we got news for you!

D **A**
And they told me that the man I had always known as dad

D **A**
Hadn't met my mum when I was born

D **F#**
And they reckon that I am but I hope to god I'm not

D **A** **D**
The bastard son of Dean Friedman

A **D** (instr **A D A** rpt)
The bastard son of Dean Friedman.

D **A**
And my school work fell behind with this bombshell on my mind

D **A**
But the art teacher said he understood

D **F#**
But he could only sympathise with the sadness in my eyes

G **A**
Even though he showed me his Magritte.

D **A**
And in the corridors of fear I would shed a lonely tear

D **A**
As ridicule flew at me from both sides

D **F#**
And they mocked me in my Mocks and embroidered in my socks

D **A** **D**
The bastard son of Dean Friedman

A **D** (instr **A D A** rpt)
The bastard son of Dean Friedman.

D **A** (instr **A D A** rpt)
Supercallifragilistic Borussia Moenchen Gladbach

D **F#**
And you can thank your lucky stars that you're

D **A** **D**
Not the bastard son of Dean Friedman

A **D**
The bastard son of Dean Friedman