

**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 Moenchengladbach

**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