

Rodney, Oh, Rodney // Brooke Lunderville

Rodney, oh Rodney, what woman could love you? G - C G
Your arrogant posing, your chess-team physique C G - D7
Rodney I know that I should want to shove you, G - C G
But when you insult me my knees get all weak C G D7 G

Is it how you treat medical doctors like lab-rats? G Bm C G
Or the way you teach lunatics how to make bombs? C G Am D
Your only close friend back on Earth was a housecat G Bm C G
But somehow I feel that we could get along C G D7 G

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Your cowardice, well, let's just say scared of lemons G Bm C G
You're a social Chernobyl all of your own makin' C G Am D
But the blood leaves my head when you say zed pee emm, and G Bm C G
I just want to hold your Canadian bacon C G D7 G

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You're rolling your eyes like I'm wasting your oxygen G Bm C G
Your voice drips with vitriol, malice and scorn C G Am D
I want to evict you without using airlocks G Bm C G
But when you're a bastard it's better than porn C G D7 G

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