

## **To Be Frank**

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To be frank, I've never liked the attitude  
He displays when showing affection for you  
There's a sense that comes clear  
From the way he calls you "dear"  
That you belong to him, but he doesn't belong to you.

To be frank, I don't know what you see in him  
Despite all his money in the bank  
I keep assuming you need true love,  
Every day I pray to God above  
That soon my chance will come to be Frank.

Please call him Francis, he's too important for that old nickname  
He fancies he's at the top of the game  
He's clearly in control  
And those beneath him know their role  
Which is to flatter him no end, no matter their disdain.

It made me cringe last night when I saw you out with him  
And as he kissed you on the lips, my heart just sank  
I keep hoping you need real love,  
Every day I pray to God above  
That soon my chance will come to be Frank.

Things sure have gotten different, since the three of us were tykes  
Little Frankie now owns half this town, and he takes anything he likes.

Like me, you need true love,  
Every day I pray to God above  
That soon my chance will come  
One day my chance will come  
Very soon my chance will come to be Frank.