

King of Upstairs (to the tune of "King of the Road")

Shoots water, but never gets wet
Drips... a-runnin' off him are sweat
Full closet, but what's inside?
Don't go diggin' in there if you value your hide!
Eats salad with ev'ry dish
Tofu, stir-frys, and yes- he eats fish
Well he's: Brad, math'matic'ly radical,
King of Upstairs!

He knows every math game that's ever been played
Every rocket that's ever been made
Every star that the Star Lab's displayed, he's the
King of Upstairs!

Bear hugs, and tickles too
Bad? The turtle tank for you!
Pirate stories in the mornin' at two
And if your still awake another chapter or two, he's a
Better window than a door
Japan, Alaska, travels galore, yes he's
Brad, math'matic'ly radical,
King of Upstairs

Built a tide tank where the ebb was displayed
A machine for balls to be trebucheted
Knows every Dead song that's ever been played, he's the
King of Upstairs

If you need, he'll loan his van
IF he's not on Fire Island
Where he takes his offbeat friends
And if you're one he'll share his shack, sun, stars, and sand...

Dad to Marcus, and Sean his step-son
Bikes and gives blood for everyone, he's
Brad, mathematically radical,
King of Upstairs