

Dada, Timothy

Look at me, I'm ten feet tall
Jungle-Jim, hope I don't fall
Gather 'round for my playground show

They call me Tim, my real name is Timothy
Your attention please, but please not your sympathy
My dad's real cool, he discovered Mars
And my mom is a movie star

The kids at school don't let me play anything
But I don't care because I have everything
Any boy could ever need

A helicopter that takes me anywhere
A diamond horse, yeah my dad's a millionaire
Don't mind the holes in my knees
My mom is a movie star

Billy Green grabs his lunch from the window sill
I left mine home
how 'bout a bite of your sandwich, Bill?
A friend in need is a friend indeed

The teacher asks "Oh where are you parents, Tim?"
(Where are you parents Tim?)
It's been five months and I've seen no sign of them
My dad's not here, he flew back to Mars
My mom is a movie star

She's a movie star
She's a movie star
My dad's drunk in a bar
And my mom's crashed the car
She's a movie star
She's a movie star