

Sherman Allan, Your Mothers Here To Stay

+Your Mother's Here To Stay

It's very clear: your mother's here to stay.

Not just a year, but ever and a day.

She came to stay just for Mother's Day,

With the kids and you and me,

And that was Mother's Day of 1953.

If it appears that I've become a grouch,

It's all these years of sleeping on the couch.

I hear Gibraltar just tumbled, the Rockies just crumbled,

I knew they'd go some day, but

Your mother's here to stay.

If she'd go back, if she'd just say goodbye,

I'd help her pack, and as she left, I'd cry.

She just complains, with her aches and pains,

And here arteries are hard.

How come she's out there playing leap frog in the yard?

Her evening snack would feed a herd of elk.

Then she sits back, and watches Lawrence Welk.

I'm taking you and the cherubs, and just like the Arabs,

We'll silently steal away, and

Leave Mother here to stay.