

# Bette Midler, You're Moving Out Today

I stayed out late one night and you moved in.  
I didn't mind 'cause of the state you were in.  
May I remind you that it's been a year since then?

Today the landlady, she said to me,  
"Your loony friend just made a pass at me."  
Perhaps you might enjoy a cottage by the sea.

So pack your toys away,  
your pretty boys away,  
your forty-fives away,  
your alibis away,  
your silly lies away,  
your old tie-dyes away,  
your one more tries away.  
You're moving out today.

You nasty habits ain't confined to bed.  
The grocer told me what you do with bread.  
Why don't you take up with the  
baker's wife instead of me?

Pack up your rubber duck.  
I'd like to wish you luck.  
Your funny cigarettes, your sixty-one cassettes,  
pack all your clothes away,  
your rubber hose away,  
your old day glows away.  
You're movin' out today.

"I hate to do it"  
"You gotta"  
"I hate to do it"  
"You gotta"  
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"You gotta"  
"I hate to do it"  
"You gotta"  
"I hate to do it"  
"You gotta"  
"I hate to do it"  
"You gotta"

Pack up you dirty looks,  
your songs that have no hooks,  
your stacks of Modern Screen,  
your portrait of the queen,  
your mangy cat away,  
your baby fat away.  
You're headed that a-way.  
You're moving out today.

[additional lyrics from the single]  
Pack up your forck and spoon,  
but leave my Lorna Doones;  
Your map of Mozambique;  
Your waterbed that leaks.

la la la la la la la la la.  
la la la la la la la la . . .

"The reason I'm singing la la is because I'm so happy you're going.  
Gosh, you've made me miserable.  
I don't think I've ever been so unhappy as I've been this last year with you.  
You are really a dirty, dirty guy. Did anybody ever tell you that?  
Oh, uh, by the way, would you, uh, take off that coat you're wearing?

That's my coat you're wearing. Ah, yes. Thank you, oh. Goodbye!  
Parting is such sweet sorrow . . .&quot;