

Bobs, Trash

A person's home should be their castle
(When I'm at home I want to feel like royalty)
But I don't want to be the queen of this mess
(Never before have I seen such misery)
Living with my baby is a hassle
(When he's at home he doesn't care
Never combs his hair)
I'm puttin' him out on the curb unless he cleans this
Garbage up
My baby loves
Trash
My baby leaves his trash all over the house
I've got to dig & dig & dig
Just to find the bathroom in the morning
My baby loves
Trash
My baby leaves his trash all over the house
I think it's time to trash my baby
Well home is where the heart is
(God what a mess it gives me cardiac arrest)
But my heart isn't willing to stay there
(Crumbs in the bed I can't get no rest)
My man never learned to pick up his
(Pardon the small you know he never does the laundry)
Dirty shirts and socks and underwear
He doesn't even care
Talkin' bout
Trash
My baby leaves his trash all over the house
I've got to dig & dig & dig
Just to find the bathroom in the morning
My baby loves
Trash
My baby leaves his trash all over the house
I think it's time to trash my baby
If cleanliness is next to godliness
(One year of Sunday papers blocking the door)
Then my baby is a heathen and a heretic
(Ants so thick your feet never touch the floor)
He worships at the altar of sloppiness
(And fills the collection plate with cigarette butts)
I'm gonna lace his food with arsenic
And have him hauled away
I'm picking up
Trash
My baby leaves his trash all over the house
I've got to dig & dig & dig
Just to find the bathroom in the morning
My baby loves
Trash
My baby leaves his trash all over the house
I think it's time to trash my baby
I'm gonna call my garbageman
Haul my baby and all of his trash away
I'm gonna call my garbageman
Haul my baby and all of his trash away
I'm gonna call my garbageman
Haul my baby and all of his trash away
I'm gonna call my garbageman
Haul my baby and all of his trash away