

Chris Garneau, Baby's Romance

The baby's sleeping in the crib up top
And baby's sleeping above you
You will lift him to the parking lot
Your car is waiting there for you
Your car is waiting there for you
I would like to see a little more propriety
Cooperate with me and answer me without a plea
I know now, I know now, I know now
I'm gonna tell on you
I know now, I know now, I know now
I'm never gonna tell on you
The whiskey's waiting on the fire top
The baby's going to drink too
The lady's got no clothes, she's at the shop
But if she'd knew then she'd kill you
The bugs are out 'cause they come out at night
Usually they just bite our hands
Cause normally we have clothes on without a fight
But now fighting's a part of baby's romance
But now fighting's a part of baby's roman
I would like to see a little more propriety
Cooperate with me and answer me without a plea
I know now, I know now, I know now
I'm gonna tell on you
I know now, I know now, I know now
I'm never gonna tell on you
Baby sleeps, I can scrape your flower pots
And baby's sleeping against you
I think he'd pray for an old motor car
Or any bed made without you
Or any bed made without you
I would like to see a little more propriety
Cooperate with me and answer me without a plea
I would like to see a little more propriety
Cooperate with me and answer me without a plea