

Dead Milkmen, Let's Get The Baby High

She looked like a corpse on my front porch
Clutching the spawn of her latest divorce, saying
Let's get the baby high

Oh little pig, little pig, let me in
I've traded food stamps for a bottle a' gin
C'mon, let's get the baby high

For someone like you to get custody
Of an innocent child's a tragedy
No, don't get your baby high

Oh, just open up, I've got nowhere to go
My man threw me out and it's starting to snow
So, let's get the baby high

I don't mean to question your parenting skills
But I'm really amazed that kid hasn't been killed
Please don't get your baby high

For someone like you to criticize me
Is really the height of hypocrisy
So, let's get the baby high

There's no way in hell I'll open my door
I still have pictures from the time before
No, don't get your baby high

Yes I've traded my oldest for a couple a' lids
But it's none of your business how I raise my kids
Now, let's get the baby high

For someone like you to get custody
Of an innocent child's a tragedy
No, don't get your baby high

I've asked you politely, now I'm gonna be mean
If you don't open up, I'm going to scream
Let's get the baby high

You can scream all you want but you're not gettin' in
What you do to that kid is really a sin
Please don't get your baby high

For someone like you to criticize me
Is really the height of hypocrisy
Now, let's get the baby high

It must be a boy because it's turning blue...
Oh, cootchie, cootchie coo...

She still stood like a corpse on my front porch
Still clutching the spawn of her latest divorce, saying
Let's get the baby high