## Doug Anthony All Stars, Mommy Dearest

Hi ma, I've come back home 'Cause I don't like this world we live in For all my faults and failures Please tell me I'm forgiven I want my old womb back My cosy cubby-hole I want to be your child again Before I get too old Mummy dearest, mother mine It's me your baby boy I know what's lacking in your life That old maternal joy So lets boil up some water No need to get a nurse It'll be just like the virgin birth But only in reverse Mummy dearest, mother mine It's me your only son Freud would have a field day Trying to understand this one Let's have a natural re-entry Most doctors say it's easier But I've brought a butchers knife Just in case you want a caeser It's not some old wive's tale Or some unfortunate wisecrack But you could use some extra weight And I need to take a nine month nap And I've been good, I've been good Now I deserve a small reward Don't want my birthday suit I want to wear my umbilical cords (You know, the ones with the jumbo flare with the spot of blood around the cuff) Mummy dearest, mother mine Look what the stork brought back I don't want no damp bunk bed I want my foetal sack I was a sad lonely child I wish that you'd had twins And if you can spare the room Ma I'd like to bring some friends Mummy dearest, mother mine It's me your pookie bear I don't want to hurt you Or soil your underwear 'Cause you're my guru, my ma My host, my home, my mentor We could have a three course meal If we boil up the old placenta (Finger lickin' good ma)