

# 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)