

Goldfinger, Mabel

I met her Sunday, that was yesterday

The girl I knew from 1990

Her eyes are hazel, her name is Mabel

I kissed her once and now I'm able

To walk a mile, crack a smile

She makes me want to kiss all the

Chorus

Babies, hug the puppy dogs

She makes me feel like my mom

Smell the flowers and plant a tree

I gotta say that Mabel -- She's the bomb

Now it's Monday, better than Sunday

Mable told me that she would stay

Her curly hair shines in her eyes

Boy that Mabel sure is fly

I'm with her now until I die

She makes me want to kiss all the

Chorus

Then on Tuesday, Mabel left me

I heard she's goin' out with Charlie

She saw his package from what I know she said:

"That looks like a tube of cookie dough!"

Mine, she said then, looks like a small

pencil with broken lead

Rabies got the puppy dogs

so now I really need my mom

I bought her flowers, so woe is me

It sucks I still think Mabel -- she's the bomb

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