

Say Hi To Your Mom, The Key Of C

I'll only light 'cause you're my match.
admit it, I took out your trash.
there's stars in your eyes
and they're shooting.

we never hung things on the wall
we'd play up the pixies and the fall
there's a treasure in your heart
just like a pirate's booty.

but believe me, there's a better arnold palmer to play your
course
and a better bob villa to build our windows and your doors
we can never decide what to call the cat, so we called her cat.

so it's time to go, it's time to go away.
time to go, it's time to go away.

you keep the records in the pogos
don't weep, you'll have your pick of bows
will they write it in the papers
so they're already outside

and we'll be bruised up in the morning,
they'll tell us jokes that are real corny.
but we'll bounce back,
just like the moon bounce in our backyard.

and believe me, there's a better frankenstein for you to bride
and a better president to look you in the eyes and lie.
we can never decide what to call the cat,
so we called her cat.
and it's time to go, it's time to go away.
it's time to go, it's time to go away.