

Terry Scott Taylor, Mr. Flutter

Well, I'm in a mess, and I need a friend
I've been thinking about success and how the story might end
But with the friends like these, who needs enemies?
They been lurking around
I see them coming down
And here comes Mr. Flutter
He and Mrs. Dread, well, they love each other
Gonna build a haunted house
Be my father and mother
They're tying the knot in the middle of my gut
And they both want kids, so there's one in the oven
They picked out a name
He's called Little Nothing
I think he was born to be my kissing cousin
He's pulling the chain in the middle of my brain
It's time to write a song, but I don't have the words
And the kids need a doctor, but I'm not insured
And my wife, she looks pale
She got the check in the mail
And it's not the amount we were thinking about
I got a Friend on high, and He feels my pain
But I still got this dust flowing through my veins
And I wanna have faith, and I wanna know grace
But it's hard to break through when the rent's overdue