

# Tiny Tim, The Coming Home Party

I used to be the first to laugh  
When Mrs. Jennings took a bath  
And left the window open for the neighbors  
But had we looked, we might have seen  
That she was really very clean  
And given her the credit of her labors

And Mr. Jennings, where was he?  
The man that we had asked to see  
And who were we to think that it was funny  
When as she raised her glass she said she wasn't sure  
He might be dead, or somewhere making love to all his money.

She held her breath expectantly  
While everybody stared at me  
As I approached to greet Miss Mary Blooming (hello)  
I tweaked her nose and kissed the tip  
I wiped the powder from my lip  
And just because I did, it left her fuming

I almost gave myself away when Captain Graves came up to say...  
Glad to see me home and he was tickled  
And now I'm sure I had excused the way I used to be abused  
It was worth it all to see him tickled

Ha ha ha! He he he! Ooh!

The atmosphere was getting thick, the guy beside me looking sick  
I would've helped, at least I thought I ought to  
He flashed me an appearing grin, I stopped and took the feeling in  
I wasn't sure, but something told me not to

I knew I couldn't take much more, I started making for the door  
And as I passed my date, I let her kiss me  
I grabbed my coat and stepped outside  
I stuck my thumb out for a ride  
Departing knowing they would never miss me

(Nighty night, little angels! Nighty night.)