

# Incredible

Dramarama

There's an angel in my kitchenette  
Smokes my brand of cigarettes  
So we're compatible

And she can't live without her radio  
She likes to sleep with it turned on  
She says that she never sleeps alone

There's a halo  
In the window  
And it makes her look like God,  
The virgin Mary,  
Or a pale, stained glass saint

She's growing flowers on her patio  
She calls me Moe, and I call her Daddy-O  
You know, you know, you know

It's incredible  
Be still my heart, I'm feeling stranded at the start

Our electric bill's our great expense  
12 dollars, 37 cents  
So it's affordable

And we can't live without our radio  
We gotta sleep with it turned on, you know  
So now we never sleep alone

It's simply wonderful  
It's remarkable  
Beautiful  
It's wonderful  
Incredible  
Incredible  
Incredible  
Incredible  
Incredible  
Incredible  
Incredible