

This Tune

Television

She bought a wig
It was all scrunched up
Then she put it right on my shoe.
You're a crocodile,
That's what you are,
With a crooked smile
That I like so much,
You know I just can't think
No I just can't think
But I like the things we do

My partner in dismay
You don't have to feel this way,
Maybe she'll walk out on this tune,
This tune
This tune

No doubt one night the statues start to walk,
And maybe talk a little too,
We could run right out
And paint them green and gold

My partner in dismay
Don't like to feel this way,
Maybe she'll walk out on this tune,
This tune
This tune

Magic, just last night,
In a dream of course,
So sweet, you touched my knee,
I can't tell you now how good that felt

My partner in dismay
Don't like to feel this way,
Maybe she'll walk out on this tune,
This tune
This tune
My partner in dismay
Don't like to feel this way,
Maybe she'll walk out on this tune,
This tune
This tune