

Third Rock From Her Thumb (parody Of Third Rock From The Sun By Joe D)

Cledus T. Judd

Don't tell her what it's worth, third rock from her thumb

Well, he walks in the pawn shop, one thing on his mind
Wants to buy a diamond but he doesn't have a dime
He finds the one he likes and they cut him quite a deal
A two carat solitaire but neither one's real

Picks up the pay phone, puts it to his ear
Calls his chick, collect and says, "Get over here"

When he shows his girlfriend, she can't believe her eyes
She never thought she'd ever really get one that size
He tries to think of somethin' when she asked him "where'd you get it?"
Down at diffie's pawn but he never will admit it

He tries to change the subject, "Forget the wedding list
Let's head on out to Vegas and get it over with"

Flaws and defects, no billing ads
Hope she never finds out how much he spent
Nothin' else shines like a zirconia
Don't tell her what it's worth, third rock from her thumb

Just outside of Vegas, the truck gets a flat
She says, "We woulda made it if you weren't so doggone fat"
They try to hitch a ride from some hippies in a van
To a ratty little motel called 'The S and M grand'

Puts on her little nightie, gives him a little wink
Ring slips off her finger, down the bathroom sink

She starts to call a plumber, he begins to shout
"Give me a coat-hangar, I think I can get it out"
Fishes out the ring in a big ball of hair
Slips it on her finger as he pats her derriere

Thinkin' to himself, "It's a lucky thing
A plumber woulda cost me much more than that ring"

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Flaws and defects, no billing ads
Hope she never finds out how much I spent
Nothin' else shines like a zirconia
Don't tell her what it's worth, third rock from her thumb
Wonder what it's worth, third rock from her thumb
Don't tell him what it's worth, third rock from her thumb