

Nita my lord, the golden, gold, swimmer  
On our cousin's wedding stage  
Harpo the harp and Cheeko in the mirror

Gone and gone and gone away  
My sister told me it's okay  
And that we should smile today  
Marvo the snitch was itching by his mirror

Itching for a bigger stage  
We love the tricks, but tricks are in your head dear  
Any game you want to play  
My sister told me it's okay

And that oh we should smile today  
And that oh you know we should smile today