

128 Time

Mason Jennings

12/8 time seemed to her to be some sort of
Life of crime
With the handcuffs and the billy clubs
Coming down on me
She said rock 'n roll don't give her nothing
But bad dreams
So she planned my funeral and left me for dead
A single corpse in a double bed
But now she's standing on my front porch
She goes knock knock knock knock
Knock knock knock knock
She come a-knockin' at my door
Now she come a-knockin' at my door
And now her key it don't fit
And I'm not gonna let her in
Now she come a-knockin' at my door
Now she come a-knockin' at my door
Now her key it don't fit
I'm not gonna let her in
Well, would you lookee here
She's got a perfume bottle and her fancy clothes
And a ribbon in her hair
Well she ain't bad-lookin', and I'll give her that
But she ain't all there
And her body ain't as sexy as her underwear
Her stomach ain't big enough I suppose
To eat up all the mean words that she spoke
She gonna try to ring quiet but the doorbell's broke
She gonna hafta knock knock knock, I said
You're gonna knock knock knock
She come a-knockin' at my door
Now she come a-knockin' at my door
And now her key it don't fit
And I'm not gonna let her in
She come a-knockin' at my door
Now she come a-knockin' at my door
And now her key it don't fit
And I'm not gonna let her in
She come a knock-knock, let me in
She come a knock-knock, let me in
She come a knock-knock, let me in
I said no,
She come a knock-knock, let me in
She come a knock-knock, let me in
She come a knock-knock, please please
No no no no no
Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin
Would i ever consider to begin to let you in