It's an age-old conversation that is changing with the times. But it's oh so complicated if you mother is like mine.

All that she wants are the stars and the moon A son with a wife and a big living room.

All she wants
Is another little special arrangement,
A peculiar engagement.
Got a trophy wife that's respectable
To avoid any spectacle.

It's another simple solution
For my mother's delusion.
Get her some adorable pictures done
For her mother in Lebanon

All that she wants (all she wants)
All that she wants
All that she wants (all she wants)
All that she wants
All that she wants (all she wants)
All that she wants
Is another son

To be clear I'm not a hater, And my wife I like her too. Let's be honest with each other, There's some thing we always knew.

All that she wants is the sun and the moon, The call of the wild, and a big silver spoon.

All she wants
Is another little special arrangement;
A financial engagement.
Social standing is stable,
But no kids on the table.

Just a little harmless diversion, An acceptable Persian, But I know my heart is in peril, Made a deal with the devil.

All that she wants (all she wants)
All that she wants
All that she wants (all she wants)
All that she wants
All that she wants (all she wants)
All that she wants
Is another son

Oh it seems I was mistaken, Heaven knows just what I've done. All these hateful conversations

Aren't helping anyone.

My dear wife, I have to leave you. There is nothing you can say. You can keep the house without me. You'll be better off this way.

All that she wants (da-da-da, all she wants)
All that she wants
All that she wants (da-da-da, all she wants)
All that she wants
All that she wants (da-da-da, all she wants)
All that she wants
All that she wants (da-da-da, all she wants)
All that she wants
All that she wants
All that she wants (da-da-da, all she wants)
Is another son.