

Mr. & Mrs. Smith

SMASH

Call the Justice of the Peace,
But don't tell him our names,
Don't put out a press release,
Or mention baseball games.

Book the nearest Bridal suite,
One room will suit us fine,
For the desk clerk that we meet,
The only autograph we'll sign is,

Mr and Mrs Smith,
Simply the folks next door,

People without a single clue what
an Agent or Grip is for

Yes,

Nothing can beat the view,
When as far as the eye can see, there's

No one but Mrs,
No one but Mr,
Smith and Me.

For a home the man provides,
A cottage built for two,
We'll check the small town classifieds,
Variety won't do.

Then we'll move to mainstream USA
And sign the deed of trust,
The mailbox at our hideaway,
Will tell the whole wide world that we're just,

Mr and Mrs Smith,
Merely the folks next door,

People who use their kitchen each night,
And never been in Toots Shor,
Yeah,

Nothing can beat the view,
For as far as the eye can see, there's

No one but Mr, nbsp;nbsp;
No one but Mrs,
Smith and Me.

No early calls,
No big premieres,
No less romantic theme,
We'll spend the nights,
Making our own,
Little league baseball team,

We're no one you've ever seen,

Movie stars don't live anywhere here,
Except on the local drive-in screen,

Yes,
I'd gladly disappear,
If it might guarantee a view of,

No one but Mr,
No one but Mrs,
Smith and You.