

A picket fence, I leaped it  
Through your screen door, I gotta meet you

High C up and High C down  
Since you left the opera you just frown a lot  
and mumble, "I'm humble."

Press clippings hang from torn wallpaper  
A dust covered phone, no one would ring her

High C up and High C down  
Since you left the opera you just frown a lot  
and you tell me

Tell me of the times when you were so big  
in Vienna  
And the people paid good money just to hear  
you in your splendor

But that's all over now  
That's all over now

Limited tastes, I wish I could help you  
A rock-headed lad, I have got to help you

High C up and High C down  
Since you left the opera you just frown a lot  
and mumble, "I'm humble."

Come on home with me and will sing our little hearts  
out  
We will hit High C or maby somewhere thereabouts

Somewhere thereabouts