

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