

Mama's in the kitchen with onions
Daddy's in the back with ol' Hank
Thinking 'bout the lasers and bunions
Talking disability ranks

No, we didn't have too much money
Just enough to make the dead ends meet

Me, I'm on the back of my hobby horse
Far away in some desert town
Miles from a civilization
Miles from a fortified town

Down in that basement it's sunny
We cannot stay down there for too long

Back then, it all seemed so funny
Toys were toys and boys were boys
The simple nights and easy joys, all right
Come out for another day

Upstairs mama's making some crepes, yeah
From a fancy recipe book
To me they just look like tortillas
Boy, that mama can cook

Soon, she will be calling for grub, yeah
I can't wait for such a sight this long

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Come out for another day