

# Let's Get The Baby High

## The Dead Milkmen

She looked like a corpse on my front porch  
Clutching the spawn of her latest divorce, saying  
Let's get the baby high

Oh little pig, little pig, let me in  
I've traded food stamps for a bottle a' gin  
C'mon, let's get the baby high

For someone like you to get custody  
Of an innocent child's a tragedy  
No, don't get your baby high

Oh, just open up, I've got nowhere to go  
My man threw me out and it's starting to snow  
So, let's get the baby high

I don't mean to question your parenting skills  
But I'm really amazed that kid hasn't been killed  
Please don't get your baby high

For someone like you to criticize me  
Is really the height of hypocrisy  
So, let's get the baby high

There's no way in hell I'll open my door  
I still have pictures from the time before  
No, don't get your baby high

Yes I've traded my oldest for a couple a' lids  
But it's none of your business how I raise my kids  
Now, let's get the baby high

For someone like you to get custody  
Of an innocent child's a tragedy  
No, don't get your baby high

I've asked you politely, now I'm gonna be mean  
If you don't open up, I'm going to scream  
Let's get the baby high

You can scream all you want but you're not gettin' in  
What you do to that kid is really a sin  
Please don't get your baby high

For someone like you to criticize me  
Is really the height of hypocrisy  
Now, let's get the baby high

It must be a boy because it's turning blue...  
Oh, cootchie, cootchie coo...

She still stood like a corpse on my front porch  
Still clutching the spawn of her latest divorce, saying  
Let's get the baby high