

I Wrote A Book

The Front Bottoms

Will you come over tonight? I need some inspiration for my story.

I know it's late but if you come now we'll be done by two or three in the morning.

And as you're laying on your back, I will realize we've gone too fast.

And then I'll stop writing the book because the book, I realized, was boring.

And when your parents find out where you've been
They will be singing, shame, shame, shame on you.
Shame on you.
Do as we say, not as we do.

I will come over tomorrow and get the rest of my stuff
I'll give you a hug, tell you I love you and that your love has meant so much
Then I'll try to make you laugh, I will realize it's all gone bad
And then I'll turn and walk away, see you tomorrow
But I never will see you again.

And when your parents find out where you've been
Oh, they will just keep singing, shame, shame, shame on you.
Shame on you.
Do as we say, not as we do.