

No Dough

The Mamas and the Papas

No dough, no place to go.
Art deco on the late night show.
We'll climb into bed, do like we said, and lie spooned.
And you'll give your love to me;
Then I'll give it back to you.

Pass the chips; you've got salt on your lips.
Not the news, it gives you the blues.
Help you off with your shoes.
Then I'll scratch your back;
Then I'll do the same to you.

Feels good...
Feels so good...
Feels so good to be alive...

No dough (no dough), but no place to go.

Art deco on the late night show.
We'll climb into bed, do like we said, and lie spooned.
How else should people be, when they're on their honeymoon?
There'll be just you and me. on our honeymoon.
Oh baby, can't you see us on our honeymoon?
(Honeymoon) Hey, baby, can't you see us...
(Honeymoon) ...on our honeymoon?
(Honeymoon) Hey, baby, can't you see us...
(Honeymoon) ...on our honeymoon?
(Honeymoon) Hey, baby, can't you see us...
(Honeymoon) ...on our honeymoon?