

# You Can Finally Meet My Mom

Train

Don't cry when I die  
When it's my time I probably won't die  
I'll just lie down and close my eyes  
And think about stuff  
These eyes got too wide seen too much of life's goodbyes  
Should have spent less time making loot  
And spent more time in my birthday suit with you

And everybody upstairs, everybody downstairs  
I'm not gonna have time to hang out with them

'cause I'll be hanging out with you

Not Jimi Hendrix, Jesus or the dude  
Who played the sherriff in Blazing Saddles  
You, not Chris Farley, Mr Rodgers oh I've waited so long  
You can finally meet my Mom

Life is good, but love it's better  
Even Bieber ain't forever  
We all got to go, you know  
So you might as well go in style  
Everybody praying, everybody sinning  
I'm not gonna have time to hang out with them

'cause I'll be hanging out with you

Not Gilda Radner, Buddha or the dude  
Who had pop rocks and soda at the same time  
You, not Jesse James, Paul Newman and oh I've waited so long  
You can finally meet my Mom.

I'm not making light of things  
But who's to say who's right with things like this?  
There's so much that we miss  
Tryin so hard to be rich and famous  
Pretty and thin to win  
It's a shame that youth is wasted on the young

So forget everything and just be with me here now  
For as long as we can and whoever goes first save a spot

You, not Etta James, Bob Marley or the girls  
Who won my heart along the way  
You, not Sitting Bull, Ella or Bach and I almost forgot  
You can finally meet my Mom  
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No Steve Jobs, or Ty Cobbs, Al Capone  
Or any other mobs  
No Whitney Houston, no Chet Baker,  
Andre the Giant or the Undertaker, just you,  
You can finally meet my Mom  
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