

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
You can finally meet my Mom
You can finally meet my Mom
You can finally meet my Mom

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
You can finally meet my Mom
You can finally meet my Mom

You can finally meet my Mom