

# Mister Sister

Turbonegro

I heard you knocking on my cellar door  
You started jonesing and came back for more  
It's not a miracle  
It's just a new kind of kick

You tried to call me on the telephone  
Just like a dog you're looking for a bone  
It's not a miracle  
You just don't give a shit

So loosen up on that waistband  
And cut it loose in the wasteland

My my and-a boo-hoo  
Mister Sister, what you gonna do?  
Hi hi and-a ho ho  
Mister Sister, where you gonna go?

My my and-a boo-hoo!

You told the papers that you quit that scene  
You sold your story to the magazine  
It wasn't chemistry  
You turned a new kind of trick!

You rode your unicycle 'round the block  
You acted like you knew just when to stop  
It's such a spectacle  
You don't know when to quit - now you've got tics!

So now you're public sanitation  
Now you're the sewer of the nation

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Hi hi and-a ho ho  
Mister Sister, where you gonna go?

My my and-a boo-hoo!

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