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 puplic sanitation Now you're the sewer of the nation

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!

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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 Mister Sister, what you gonna do? Hi hi and-a ho ho.