

What's new to me  
Are the old n-n-n-news to you  
We shed skin  
Oh and we'll sign  
All the letters with our fingers  
We'll rewrite the names

What's blue for me  
Is repentant for you  
And with mouthfuls of spiders  
We'll reach for our ladders  
On those tree trunks  
Are red for us  
Do I have to play Poppa to earn a little respect  
Oh honey, I'm so fortunate we met

(1,2,3)  
And their plans and their guns  
Train the soldiers 'til they are all caught  
They worked so hard

All the trucks and their gears  
You can sat into fears  
When they guard  
When they worked so hard

On the road that is closed  
With the babies they close until then  
It gets too hard

Go frozen our noses  
At the smellin' of roses  
I've thought  
They worked so hard  
They worked so hard  
They worked so hard

They worked so hard  
They worked so hard

(I would rather be with you  
Sitting with you, sitting with me)