

Carney "MrGreen"

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Mr. Green, did you see her standing there?
Mr. Green, maybe you just didn't care.
In the library with Scarlett, how dare she intrude?
She's such a prude.
Hopelessly clever she's ruffled her feathers anew.
What to do?
Woah, what about me?
Mr. Green, were you taken by surprise?
Were you grieved or relieved it went awry?
Armed with a spanner, she lost all her mannerly couth,
It's nothing new
Caught in her sadness and driven toward madness
She blew her final fuse
Woah
Till they figure out that
She's the one who sent me here
I have to leave it all up to you, oh, you.

Mr. Green, would you be her alibi?
And make believe what you need to make it by?
It's only love they say,
Why do you love her the way that you do?
Are you awaiting or simply negating the truth,
You partial sleuth?
Woah, what about me?
Mr. Green, oh Mr. Green.
Mr. Green.

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