

Little Shop Of Horrors "Somewhere That's Green"

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I no sing wise the greatest
But I'm gaining a semi say his
So I got a black wine
Tooked my arms and he kissed

Still that seems like the cute
Well, if not he's got inner beauty
And I dream of a place
Where we could be together at last

A matchbox of our own
A fence of real chain link
A grill out on the patio
Disposal in the sink

A washer and a dryer
And an ironing machine
In a tract house that we share
Somewhere that's green

He rakes and trims the grass
He loves to mow and weed
I cook like Betty Crocker
And I look like Donna Reed

There's plastic on their furniture
To keep it neat and clean
In the pine sol scented air
Somewhere that's green

Between our frozen dinner
And our bedtime nine fifteen
We snuggle watchin' Lucy
On our big enormous twelve-inch screen

I'm his December bride
He's father, he knows best
The kids watch howdy doody
As the sun sets in the west

A picture out of better homes
And gardens magazine

Far from skid row
I dream we'll go
Somewhere that's green

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