

Paul Peterson

"She Can't Find Her Keys"

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When I take my baby home at night
I can't wait to kiss and hold her tight
But by then the time begins to drag
When she starts searching through her bag
She says just a moment please
I can't find my keys
And heres what happens while he's waiting for her
squeeze
She pulls out
Lipstick, powder, bubble gum and bobby pins
But she can't find her keys her keys
Curlers, tweezers, cold creme and candy bars
But she can't find her keys her keys
Nail file, school books, an autograph of Fabian
She can find with ease
But I'm standing here waiting for a goodnight kiss
Cause she can't find her keys
Sha da sha da sha da she can't find her keys
I give up go home and go to sleep
But next night my date with her I keep
Walk her home we start to kiss and then
It all starts happening again
She says just a moment please
I can't find my keys
And heres what happens while he's waiting for her
squeeze
She pulls out
Gumdrops, glasses, magazines and tangerines
But she can't find her keys her keys
Presley records, hair spray and jelly beans
But she can't find her keys her keys
Eyebrow pencils, perfume and potato chips and
portable batteries
But I'm standing here waiting for a goodnight kiss
Cause she can't find her keys
But he's standing here waiting for a goodnight kiss
Cause she can't find her keys
She pulls out
Frozen custard, piano bench, pretzels and a monkey
wrench
Tennis racket, army cots, pumpkin seeds and coffee
pots

Watermelons, goal post, a rabbits foot and French
toast
Fire hydrant, ash can, TV set, electric fan
BUT SHE can't FIND HER KEYS!

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