

## Premonitions Of War

### "More Money For You And Me"

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First we have the Fleetwoods, a very successful group  
Let's send them to Alaska to entertain our troops  
When they start in a-singin' and puttin' on their show  
The temperature around them will be forty-five below

Wo-wo-wo, I'm Mister Blue, when I say I'm freezin'  
Just turn around, head for the warmth of town  
I'm freezin' through and through  
Call me Mister Blue

Next the Hollywood Argyles, a mighty nice group of  
kids  
We'd like to send them roving on a downhill pair of  
skids

There's a group that we heard of that's-a awful hip  
Alley Oop-oop, oop, oop-oop  
We'd kinda like to send them on a little trip  
Alley Oop-oop, oop, oop-oop  
Where they oughta go we cannot tell  
Alley Oop-oop, oop, oop-oop  
But it's awful hot, and it rhymes with swell  
California?

And while they're down there working, they won't be all  
alone  
They'll run into another group that's even hot back  
home

They asked me how I knew  
Our career was through  
Oh, woah, I of course reply  
Something here inside  
Cannot be denied  
Doo-doo-doo, doo-doo-doo, doo-doo-doo-wah  
Smoke gets in your... eyes...

Next we have the Freshmen  
A group that rates a cheer  
Of course, they've been Four Freshmen  
For almost twenty years

It isn't that they're stupid  
Well, a little may be so  
They can't afford to graduate  
They're making too much dough

In this whole wide world  
Is there nowhere to send them?  
Is there no one place  
We can tell them to go?

Sailing, sailing, over the water blue  
Hail to the Kingston Trio, Cuba's calling you-ou-ou-ou...

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song  
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song  
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song  
I'm-a worried now, but I won't be worried long

We got the Kingston Trio some work on Cuba's shores  
They hung around Havana to do a few encores  
Castro said 'I like 'em. Let's hang 'em up some more.'  
Now he has all three hangin' permanently

Hang down the Kingston Trio  
Hang 'em from a tall oak tree  
Eliminate the Kingston Trio  
More money for you and me

Dion and the Belmonts are driving us to tears  
Let's send them up the river for about a thousand years  
While the kids are watching Dion singing about the  
stars  
The Belmonts are out in the parking lot stealing  
hubcaps off of cars

Each time I steal a hubcap it almost breaks my heart  
Why do I steal hubcaps, why did I have to start?  
Each night I ask the stars without fail  
Why must I be a teenager in jail?

Where these groups all come from, we really do not  
know  
But if they ever ask us we will tell them where to go!

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