

Preps Four

"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-ooop, oop, oop-ooop
We'd kinda like to send them on a little trip
Alley Oop-ooop, oop, oop-ooop
Where they oughta go we cannot tell
Alley Oop-ooop, oop, oop-ooop
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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