Train "You Can Finally Meet My Mom"

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Don't cry when I die
When it's my time I probably won't die
I'll just lie down and close my eyes
And think about stuff
These eyes got too wide seen too much of life's
goodbyes
Should have spent less time making loot
And spent more time in my birthday suit with you

And everybody upstairs, everybody down stairs I'm not gonna have time to hang out with them

'Cause I'll be hanging out with you

Not Jimi Hendrix, Jesus or the dude Who played the sherriff in Blazing Saddles You not Chris Farley Mr Rodgers oh I've waited so long You can finally meet my Mom

Life is good, but love it's better
Even Bieber ain't forever
We all got to go you know
So you might as well go in style
Everybody prayin, everybody singing
I'm not gonna have time to hang out with them

'Cause I'll be hanging out with you

Not Gilda Radner, Buddha or the dude
Who had pop rocks and soda at the same time
You, not Jesse James, Paul Newman and oh I've waited
so long

You can finally meet my Mom.

I'm not making light of things
But who's to say who's right with things like this
There's so much that we miss
Tryin so hard to be rich and famous
Pretty and thin, to win
It's a shame that youth is wasted on the young

So forget everything and just be with me here now

For as long as we can and whoever goes first save a spot

You, not Etta James, Bob Marley or the girls who won my heart along the way You, not Sitting Bull, Ella or Bach and I almost forgot You can finally meet my Mom You can finally meet my Mom You can finally meet my Mom You can finally meet my Mom

No Steve Jobs, or Ty Cobbs, Al Capone or any other mobs

No Whitney Houston, Chet Baker, Andre the Giant or the Undertaker, just you.

You can finally meet my Mom

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