

The Lips

"Beddie-Bye Blues"

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Muzzle up your mugs
Or I'll fill 'em full of slugs
That's an offer that you can't refuse
Forget your troubles and dream
Up a bubble-brained scheme
(That's telling 'em, boss)
Shut your snappers and snooze
(Shut your snappers and snooze)
To the beddie-bye blues

Snuff out your cigars
And thank your lucky stars
You ain't swimming in some cement shoes
Think of something that's nice
(Like what, boss?)
Like a holdup or a heist (That's nice)
And take your getaway cruise
(Take your getaway cruise)
With the beddie-bye blues

Slip into slumber
Saw a little lumber and snore
Let 'em hear you on shore
Just cut a couple kippers
Relax your weary flippers
And don't forget to zip
Your little lips with zippers
(That's beautiful, boss)

And don't go crying for your muddah
'Cause now we've only got each uddah
So sleep, little chowderheads, please
Shut your snappers and snooze
To the beddie-bye blues

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