

Rodney Crowell

"Topsy Turvy"

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Daddy's in the kitchen fryin' sauerkraut
Momma's in the bedroom nearly all cried out
Daddy thinks that whiskey makes him big and smart
Momma thinks that daddy's got a concrete heart
I wish I had a brother or a sister whom to I could turn

Bustin' out the windows with a baseball bat
Daddy's gone crazy as a bunkhouse rat
Momma's on the sofa with a big black eye
I cross my heart and tell myself I hope they die
I wish I had a nickel now for every time a cuss word
flew

Mad house all topsy turvy
A ship of fools with scurvy
I don't like a thing about the way we live

Momma's on the pavement with a broken arm
Tellin' everybody that he meant no harm
Talk about denial with a great big D
You can try to fool the neighbors but you can't fool me
I wish some kind of millionaire would come adopt me
on the spot

Mad house all topsy turvy
A ship of fools with scurvy
I don't like a thing about the way we live

Police knock on our door
They've seen it all before
Why don't you use restraint
We've had a few complaints

Now all the other women up and down the block
Are tuning out the static with a front door lock
They greet us in the morning with a wave and grin
But you know they're only waiting til lthe roof caves in
I don't even know if we can make it through another
day

Mad house all topsy turvy
A ship of fools with scurvy

I don't like a thing about the way we live
I don't like a thing about the way we live
I don't like a thing about the way we live
I don't like nothing
I don't like a thing about the way we live
I don't like nothing
I don't like a thing about the way we live
I don't like nothing

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