

Phair Liz

"Whip Smart"

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I'm gonna tell my son to grow up pretty as the grass is
green and

Whip-smart as the English Channel's wide.

And I'm gonna tell my son to keep his money in his
mattress and his watch

On any hand between his thighs.

And I'm gonna lock my son up in a tower till I write my
whole life story

On the back of his big brown eyes.

When they do the double dutch, that's them dancing. (x
4)

And I'm gonna tell my son to join a circus so that death
is cheap and

Games are just another way of life.

And I'm gonna tell my son to be a prophet of mistakes
because for

Every truth, there are half a million lies.

And I'm gonna lock my son up in a tower till he learns to
let his hair down

Far enough to climb outside.

When they do the double dutch, that's them dancing. (x
4)

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