

## **Sandler Adam**

### **"Sweet Beatrice"**

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Hangin' with my sweet amour  
She came out with a lion's roar  
Yellin' "I'm goin' to the corner store,"  
Be back at quarter to four  
"Don't slam you pinkies in the drawer"  
She can be like a maiden from the days of yore  
Hangin' out at Studio 54  
Break-dancin' on the slick, brick disco floor  
With Lionel Richie  
Who, by the way, was a Commodore  
One time she gave mouth-to-mouth to a snaggle-tooth  
boar  
Who couldn't breathe right since the Vietnam War  
Then she played Chinese Checkers with Skeletor  
And went camping with Eva Gabor  
She's my sweet Beatrice  
She's my sweet Beatrice  
She's my sweet Beatrice  
And, she's coming home  
I got a picture of her down by the seashore  
Wearing a bikini made of purple velour  
Her hair's up like Conway Twitty's pompadour  
With the smile of Guy LeFleur  
She got the ups and the downs like an elevator  
But deep inside she's a marshmallow s'more  
Can bake a cake as big as Jupiter  
Either/or, neither/nor  
She'll share it with your Labrador  
She can run faster than a blazing meteor  
Loves Winnie the Pooh and his friend Eeyore  
Can make a pipe out of an apple core  
That's a trick she learned from Roberto Parrish  
Down in Ecuador  
You know why?  
She's my sweet Beatrice  
She's my sweet Beatrice  
She's my sweet Beatrice  
And she's coming home  
Well, for sure, she opened the door  
Whipped out a three-foot fishing lure  
Sexually, that made me feel insecure

Like the time I was a roadie  
On Elton John's tour  
She said "Let's go catch some Piscatore!"  
I said "Beatrice, you don't eat fish no more"  
She said "By G-d, you're right!"  
So we took ourselves a snore  
And when we woke up 10 hours later  
We made "Love Du Jour"  
She's my sweet Beatrice  
She's my sweet Beatrice  
She's my sweet Beatrice  
And she came home  
She likes to clean out the attic every now and then  
She's gonna knit me a brand new golfing bag  
We gonna watch ourselves a John Wayne movie  
Then we gonna free all the doggies at the kennel  
She gonna try on my third grade mittens  
She'll keep 'em on even though they're way to small  
Well, she ain't never gonna hurt me  
She ain't never gonna let me down  
She ain't never gonna tell nobody  
I'm afraid of birds and spiders  
Well,  
Bea-Bea-Bea-Beatrice  
Bea-Bea-Bea-Beatrice  
Bea-Bea-Bea-Beatrice  
Bea-Bea-Bea-Beatrice  
Bea-Bea-Bea-Beatrice  
Bea-Bea-Bea-Beatrice  
And she loves Pat Summerall

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