

Yankovic Weird Al

"The Checks in the Mail"

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Well, hey, how ya doin'? Have a seat. Have a drink.
Boy, it's good to see ya. What can I say?
Wo, sorry, gotta run. We'll get together again.
Say, what was your name, anyway?
Well, we're workin' on the problem.
We'll get back to ya soon. (yeah)
But don't try to call me.
I'll be in a meeting every afternoon.
For a year. Maybe longer. Keep in touch.
Thanks for droppin' by, and have a nice day.
CHORUS:
The check's in the mail. (hey!)
You're beautiful.
Don't ever change.
You know what I mean.
My girl will call your girl.
We'll talk. We'll do lunch.
Or leave a message on my machine. So baby,
Won't you sign
On the dotted line.
I'm gonna make your dreams come true.
The check's in the mail.
Would I lie to you?
Well, hey. Wait a minute.
Whattsa matter? Hold on.
You want me to fork over the loot?
You say you hate my guts?
You wanna take me to court?
And you got yourself a lawyer with a three-piece suit?
Well, I'm proud to say you're not
The only critic of mine. (yeah)
So if you wanna sue me,
I'm afraid you're gonna have to wait in line.
Take a number. Thanks for calling.
Who loves ya, baby?
Don't forget to read the fine print.
CHORUS
Aw, trust me!
The check's in the mail. (hey!)
You're beautiful.
Don't ever change.

You know what I mean.
Why don't you leave a message with my girl,
Or have lunch with your machine. So baby,
Won't you sign
On the dotted line.
I'm gonna make your dreams come true.
The check's in the mail.
Would I lie to you?
The check's in the mail.
Would I lie to you?

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