

## Various Artists

# "Grow For Me"

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Doo, sha la la loo, whop whop.  
Doo, sha la la loo, whop whop.  
Doo, sha la la loo, whop whop.  
Doo-oooh, ooh-oooh-oooh-oooh.)

I've given you sunshine. I've given you dirt.  
You've given me nothin' but heartache and hurt.  
I'm beggin' you sweetly. I'm down on my knees.  
Oh, please, grow for me!

I've given you plant food and water to sip.  
I've given you potash. You've given me zip.  
Oh God, how I mist you! Oh pod, how you tease!  
Now, please, grow for me!

I've given you southern exposure to get you to thrive.  
I've pinched you back hard like I'm s'posed ta. You're  
barely alive.  
I've tried you at levels of moisture from desert to mud.  
I've given you growlights and mineral supplements.  
What do you want from me? Blood?

I've given you sunlight. I've given you rain.  
Looks like you're not happy 'less I open a vein.  
I'll give you a few drops if that'll appease.  
Now please, oh-oh-oh please, grow for me!

Somewhere That's Green

I know Seymour's the greatest, but I'm dating a semi-  
sadist.  
So I got a black eye, and my arm's in a cast.  
Still, that Seymour's a cutie. Well, if not, he's got inner  
beauty.  
And I dream of a place where we could be together at  
last.

A matchbox of our own, a fence of real chain link,  
a grill out on the patio, disposal in the sink,  
a washer and a dryer and an ironing machine  
in a tract house that we share somewhere that's green.

He rakes and trims the grass. He loves to mow and weed.

I cook like Betty Crocker and I look like Donna Reed.  
There's plastic on the furniture to keep it neat and clean  
in the Pine-Sol-scented air somewhere that's green.

Between our frozen dinner and our bedtime, nine  
fifteen,  
we snuggle watchin' Lucy on our big, enormous twelve-  
inch screen.

I'm his December Bride. He's Father, he Knows Best.  
The kids play Howdy Doody as the sun sets in the west.  
A picture out of Better Homes and Gardens magazine.

Far from Skid Row,  
I dream we'll go  
somewhere that's green

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