

# Timothy

## Dada

Look at me I'm ten feet tall  
Jungle-Jim, hope I don't fall

Gather 'round for my playground showThey call me Tim, my real name is Timothy  
Your attention please but please not your sympathy

My dad's real cool, he discovered MarsAnd my mom is a movie starThe kids at school don't let me play  
anything

But I don't care because I have everything

Any boy could ever needA helicopter that takes me anywhere  
A diamond horse, yeah my dad's a millionaire

Don't mind the holes in my kneesAnd my mom is a movie starBilly Green grabs his lunch from the window sill  
I left my home, how 'bout a bite of your sandwich, Bill

A friend in need is a friend indeedThe teacher asks, oh where are you parents Tim  
It's been five months and I've seen no sign of them

My dad's not here, he flew back to MarsAnd my mom is a movie starShe's a movie star  
She's a movie star

My dad's drunk in a bar  
And my mom's crashed the car  
She's a movie star  
She's a movie star

Lyrics provided by  
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