

You Can Finally Meet My Mom

Train

Don't cry when I die
When it's my time I probably won't die
I'll just lie down and close my eyes
And think about stuff
These eyes got too wise
Seeing too much of life's goodbyes
Should have spent less time making loot
And spent more time in my birthday suit with you
And everybody upstairs, everybody downstairs
I'm not gonna have time to hang out with them
'Cause I'll be hanging out with you
Not Jimi Hendrix, Jesus or the dude
Who played the sheriff in Blazing Saddles
You, not Chris Farley, Mr. Rogers
And oh I've waited so long
You can finally meet my mom
Life is good, with love it's better
Even Bieber ain't forever
Well all got to go, ya know
So ya might as well go in style
Everybody praying, everybody sinning
I'm not gonna have time to hang out with them
'Cause I'll be hanging out with you
Not Gilda Radner, Buddha or the dude
Who had Pop Rocks and soda at the same time
You, not Jesse James, Paul Newman
And oh I've waited so long
You can finally meet my mom
I'm not making light of things
But who's to say who's right with things like this
There's so much that we miss
Trying so hard to be rich and famous, pretty and thin
To win, it's a shame that youth is wasted on the old
So forget everything and just be with me here, now
For as long as we can
And whoever goes first can save a spot
You, not Etta James, Bob Marley or the girls who won my
heart along the way
You, not Sitting Bull, Ella or Bach and I almost forgot

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No Steve Jobs or Ty Cobbs
Al Capone or any of the mob
Whitney Houston, no Chet Baker
Andre the Giant or the Undertaker

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