

# Arrivederci

## Shivaree

Arrivederci I'm cutting my hair  
Tell fish and Tracy the weather's fair  
Been eleven hours we're on a dare  
Arrivederci to my old chair I've been told that the old who bargain and save  
They get sold for the gold on the little king's grave  
So goodbye to screamers and goodnight Irene  
A salty whisker won't hurt anything

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