

Shirt

Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band

I am dry, I'm your shirt, and I've been hung out on a line
And I have designs so if you stain me, I will still seem fine

 But really, you're just wearing me out

 Yeah really, you're just wearing me out

Yeah I've been told, my momma said, I wear my heart on my sleeve
But I try to hide and roll it up, but every time it comes back creased

 And no one is gonna iron me out

 No, no one is gonna straighten me out

 Yeah one of these days, it's coming on

 I think that I might just unfold

I'll rip the seams and tear some holes

 And I'll probably get sold

 But no one's gonna wear me out

 No, no one's gonna wanna wear me out

 Yeah one of these days, you'll put me on

 I might not fit you anymore

 But I won't mind, I'll always find

 My way into another drawer

 And no one's gonna wear me out

 No, no one's gonna wanna wear me out

I am dry, I'm your shirt, and I've been hung out on a line

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