

My Path Belated

Camper Van Beethoven

I could tell a story, but I cannot wake my husband up from sleep
"i could have married others" says the actress in a pornographic film

Oh mother o mother of mine

I'm not saying this love is wrong, just that I [get it right?

And if you, o mother o mother of mine

Have fallen in love with a man who imports cola, that would be fine

Though he has a good job

I hope he has a friend [upon the politburo]

His eyebrows grow together

People in the office are bound to talk

And as the full moon comes

And the dogs have all run off to die in peace

And as the scent grows strong

I hope we make it to the bay by 8 a.m.

Mother's plucking eyebrows, seem to grow while she is fast asleep

There are explanations

That seem to matter less and less each passing day

And as the full moon comes, etc....

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