Under The Table With Her

Sparks

Nobody miss diminutive offspring
Not when there's big wigs there, there
Dinner for twelve is now dinner for ten
Cause I'm under the table with her

[Chorus]
I give a yelp and they throw me a cutlet
Somebody pats her hair, hair
Everyone's nice to the subhuman species
I'm under the table with her

People all around the world are having only rice and tea
Two of them should come and take the place of Loura Lee and me

[Chorus]

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