

# 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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