Mabel

The Juliana Hatfield Three

Don't eat green meat it ain't good for you
you know it killed your brother, killed your sister too
even fresh fried chicken on new-mown sand
can't beat red beans eaten outa your hand
Oh Mabel, Mabel! You know I love you gal but I'm not able
Mabel, oh Mabel, please get off the kitchen table
Don't slice no onions, don't peel no grape
dream about banana slice nor sniff around short cake
and if on a winter's day you find your sundial's wrong
you'll know the weather is what's brought it on

Oh Mabel, Mabel! You know I love you gal but I'm not able
Mabel, oh Mabel, please get off the kitchen table
Put the peas in the pot, put the pot on the hot
In the cellar lies my wife, in my wife there's a knife
so tote that hammer, lift that pick
and banish inhibition with a pogo stick
Oh Mabel, Mabel! You know I love you gal but I'm not able
Mabel, oh Mabel, please get off the kitchen table

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