

Goon Squad

Elvis Costello

Mother, Father, I'm here in the zoo
I can't come home 'cause I've grown up too soon
I got my sentence
I got my command
They said they'd make me major if I met all their demands
I could be a corp'ral into corp'ral punishment
Or the gen'ral manager of a large establishment
They pat some good boys on the back and put some to the rod
But I never thought they'd put me in the Goon squad
They've come to look you over and they're giving you the eye
Goon squad
They want you to come out to play
You'd better say goodbye
Some grow just like their dads
And some grow up too tall
Some go drinking with the lads
Some are no fun at all
And you must find the proper place
For everything you see
But you'll never get to make a lampshade out of me
I could join a chain of males or be the missing link
Looking for a lucky girl to put me in the pink
They pat some good boys on the back and put some to the rod
But I never thought they'd put me in the Good squad...
Mother, Father, I'm doing so well
I'm making such progress now that you can hardly tell
I fit in a little dedication
With one eye on the clock
They caught you under medication
You could be in for a shock
Thinking up the alibis that ev'ryone's forgotten
Just another mummy's boy gone to rotten
They pat some good boys on the back and put some to the rod
But I never thought they'd put me in the Goon squad...

Songwriters

COSTELLO, ELVIS

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