

# Heave-ho

## Smash Mouth

Neighbor called my landlord, she said that she was pissed  
Up all night, makin' noise and she can't get no rest  
She said we was runnin' a flop house full of thieves and thugs  
Musicians and hooligans and we were all on drugs  
So she got bent, she raised the rent, said it would only take one more  
Phone call from my whiny neighbor  
What's up with my neighbor? What's it gonna take to get a break?  
She's got us tiptoein' around in fear  
Church mice at St. Leos down my street have moved so far away  
She has sent them packin' and runnin' scared  
How much more does she think we will take?  
Maybe some day when I'm old and fat and bored I'll understand  
Why my neighbors make me feel like Hell  
I can't even watch TV or sneeze or fart, can't even breathe  
For fear my landlord will come and ring my bell  
How much more does she think we will pay?  
No more flop house, no more fun  
I've got a whiny neighbor, I've got a whiny neighbor  
Shooting cans with baby's guns  
I've got a whiny neighbor, I've got a whiny neighbor  
She says these punks have to go  
I think we're gonna get the old heave ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho  
Neighbor called my landlord, it was a Sunday afternoon  
She couldn't hear the TV set, we were havin' a barbecue  
We were listenin' to Louis Prima and drinkin' Meisterbrau  
If she would have come to talked it over and wasn't a lazy cow  
So she got bent, she raised the rent, said it would only take one more  
Phone call from my whiny neighbor  
Maybe someday when I'm jaded, nine to five at a job I hate  
I'll come home and razz my neighbors too  
But I'd have a strategy and catch them when the rent is late  
And all the other bills are overdue  
After all this is the neighborly way  
No more music, no more fun  
I've got a whiny neighbor, I've got a whiny neighbor  
Barbecues in the sun  
I've got a whiny neighbor, I've got a whiny neighbor  
She says that these punks must go  
I think were gonna get the old heave ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho

Don't even hide the dog  
Or put the bong away  
We don't want to live here anyway  
Neighbor called my landlord, she said we didn't care  
The lawn is dead, dogs and cats are stinkin' everywhere  
She said that we had crazy parties every night  
The yard is littered with bottles and cans, skateboards and bikes  
She didn't get bent, didn't raise the rent, we only got a note  
In thirty days we'll get the old heave ho  
No more music, no more fun  
I've got a whiny neighbor, I've got a whiny neighbor  
Barbecues in the sun  
I've got a whiny neighbor, I've got a whiny neighbor  
She says that these punks must go  
I think were gonna get the old heave ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho

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