Home Stretch

Leroy Anderson

Yeah you in your mother's new shoes
Bet you like them as much as her blues
Don't tell anyone but I plan to move
The first time you look awayTell me the new apron strings
Taste to you, yes
My pretty young things
You tell me that hatred is king
(It's to the weak and the manor born)Like a trick that you've fallen for
You recognize me because
There's only one sound to loveBye bye, bye bye, bye baby, good
Bye bye, bye bye, bye baby, good
Bye bye, bye bye, bye baby, good-byeTell me you in your mother's new shoes
Bet you like them as much as her blues
Don't tell anyone, but I'm born to move
Like the first star you ever sawTell me the new apron strings
Trace to you, yeah
My pitied young things
I tell you that love can be king
(It's to the meek and the manner born)But like a trick that you've fallen for
You recognize me because
There's only one sound to love

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