

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, ho

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