

# Baby's Romance

Chris Garneau

The baby's sleeping in the crib on top.  
The baby's sleeping above you.  
You will lift him in the parking lot.  
Your car is waiting there for you.  
Your car is waiting there for you.

I would like to see  
A little more propriety.  
Cooperate with me,  
And answer me without a plea.  
I know now, I know now, I know now.  
I'm never gonna tell on you.  
I know now, I know now, I know now.  
I'm never gonna tell on you.

The whiskey's waiting on the fire top.  
The baby's going to drink, too.  
The lady's got no clue, she's at the shop,  
But if she knew, than she'd kill you.

The bugs are out, 'cause they come out at night.  
Usually they just bite our hands  
'Cause normally we have clothes on without a fight,  
But now fighting's a part of baby's romance.  
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And answer me without a plea.  
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I'm never gonna tell on you.  
I know now, I know now, I know now.  
I'm never gonna tell on you.

The baby sleeps against graveyard flower pots.  
The baby's sleeping up against you.  
I'd think he'd prefer an old motel cot,  
Or any bed made without you,  
Or any bed made without you...

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