

## And Her Mother Came Too

Don McLean

I seem to be the victim of a cruel jest  
It all concerns the person that I love the best  
She's just the dearest thing that I have ever known  
Still, somehow we can never be alone

My car comes to meet her  
And her mother comes, too  
It's a two-seater  
Still, her mother comes, too  
She simply can't take a snub  
I go and sulk at the club  
There have a bath and a rub  
And her brother comes, too

We pick out her trousseau  
And her mother comes, too  
Asked not to do so  
Still, her mother comes, too  
And when they're visiting me  
We finish afternoon tea  
She likes to sit on my knee  
And her mother does, too

We dine at Maxim's  
And her mother comes, too  
How long a snack seems  
When her mother comes, too  
At Ciro's when I am free  
We laugh and go on a spree  
She likes to shimmy with me  
And her mother does, too

To golf we started  
When her mother came, too  
So, three bags I carted  
Just 'cause her mother came, too  
She fainted on the first tee  
My baby whispered to me  
"Thank God, at last we are free"  
Then, her mother came to