

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