

Incredible

Dramarama

There's an angel in my kitchenette
Smokes my brand of cigarettes
So we're compatible

And she can't live without her radio
She likes to sleep with it turned on
She says that she never sleeps alone

There's a halo
In the window
And it makes her look like God,
The virgin Mary,
Or a pale, stained glass saint

She's growing flowers on her patio
She calls me Moe, and I call her Daddy-O
You know, you know, you know

It's incredible
Be still my heart, I'm feeling stranded at the start

Our electric bill's our great expense
12 dollars, 37 cents
So it's affordable

And we can't live without our radio
We gotta sleep with it turned on, you know
So now we never sleep alone

It's simply wonderful
It's remarkable
Beautiful
It's wonderful
Incredible
Incredible
Incredible
Incredible
Incredible
Incredible
Incredible