

Heavens to Murgatroyd

Fair to Midland

Now soon enough,
Someones gonna come along,
Could be your husband,
Could be your wife,
Hell, could be your best friend.
They're gonna come along and put a stick in your spokes,
And I want you to thank them,
Cause is it so bad when you're airborne,
That the only thing going through that little head of yours
Is hitting the ground.