Ten million pounds of plastic baby stuff there beyond the doors Garage sale Sunday and I don't know where I'm anymore Knee-highs riding little pink bikes in the middle of the road Garage sale Sunday and I don't know where I'm anymore

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Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow
Where I'm anymore
Meow, meow, meow, meow
Where I'm anymore
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There was a punch-out
Happened at the take-out, a tweaker and a dog
It seems that the dog stole a blanket
From the tweaker in the park

But cheapshots happen When thermometers are yellin' one-o-four Garage sale Sunday and I don't know where I'm anymore

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Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow Where I'm anymore
Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow Where I'm anymore
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An icecream truck each night plays 'don't believe the hype' For oil stained driveways with exercise equipment piled high All this seen from a yellow lawn hittin' eighty-four Garage sale Sunday and I don't know where I'm anymore

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Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow
Where I'm anymore
Meow, meow, meow, meow
Where I'm anymore
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