

Finale

The Chieftains

I stayed out late one night and you moved in
I didn't mind 'cause of the state you were in
May I remind you that it's been a year since then?

Today the landlady, she said to me
"Your loony friend just made a pass at me"
Perhaps you might enjoy a cottage by the sea

So pack your toys away
Your pretty boys away
Your forty-fives away
Your alibis away

Your silly lies away
Your old tie-dyes away
Your one more tries away
You're moving out today

Your nasty habits ain't confined to bed
The grocer told me what you do with bread
Why don't you take up with the
Baker's wife instead of me?

Pack up your rubber duck
I'd like to wish you luck
Your funny cigarettes, your sixty-one cassettes
Pack all your clothes away
Your rubber hose away
Your old-day glows away
You're movin' out today

"I hate to do it"
"You gotta"
"I hate to do it"
"You gotta"
"I hate to do it"
"You gotta"
"I hate to do it"
"You gotta"
"I hate to do it"
"You gotta"

Pack up you dirty looks
Your songs that have no hooks
Your stacks of Modern Screen
Your portrait of the queen
Your mangy cat away
Your baby fat away
You're headed thataway
You're moving out today