

Your house was a good one  
Though the yard was overgrown  
And your shirts were all tailored  
And my dresses were all calico  
Oh, your bed was always covered  
The black pants you wouldn't wear  
That was part of the pattern  
And it fit just like it should

Calico, calico, calico, calico  
Calico, calico, calico, calico

When I released the spare room  
I never sat in front of you  
And through the thin wall  
We heard our neighbors argue  
But I couldn't just shut up and lie  
I never let you have your last night

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