

Adam Green, Nat King Cole

Oh I'm going with Darlene in a tragical part of the night,
but I wish she would bring me a place of morning spectacular life,
make it last just a few, brother's knew, brother's lovers proclaim,
down at the subway station, just a few brother's mother's remain,
oh help the children,

Down at the television station momma,
your bored, getting tired,
but baby you ain't trying to warn me that the macro-D getting fired,
just like those bored down now second old cures,
that we said, hubba hubba,
just like that funny little lady momma,
tidy and clean, just like butter,
yeah.

Oh everybody no no no Nat King Cole,
no no no Nat King Cole
no no Nat no no Nat no no Nat King Cole,
baby,
your giving birth to a jealous lover, baby
the situation is out of your hands momma,
a funny little lady, and Johnny laid a flower,
they gonna get me momma,
going home now yeah.

Now I've been monkey-ing around, but a beat, bobbing free-wheeling guy,
but this lean Adam Green found this motel is how I get by,

I got a hole in my berol Cheryl,
she let me out in the cold,
I got a hundred one fever momma,
should not be acting so old,
she acted so old now yeah,

Woooo, break it down now,
Nat King Cole, Nat King Cole,
Nat King Cole, Nat King Cole,
Nat King Cole, Nat King Cole.
Nat King Cole