

# Elvis Costello, Goon Squad

Mother, Father, I'm here in the zoo  
I can't come home 'cause I've grown up too soon  
I got my sentence  
I got my command  
They said they'd make me major if I met all their demands  
I could be a corp'ral into corp'ral punishment  
Or the gen'ral manager of a large establishment  
They pat some good boys on the back and put some to the rod  
But I never thought they'd put me in the

Goon squad  
They've come to look you over and they're giving you the eye  
Goon squad  
They want you to come out to play  
You'd better say goodbye

Some grow just like their dads  
And some grow up too tall  
Some go drinking with the lads  
Some don't grow up at all

And you must find the proper place  
For everything you see  
But you'll never get to make a lampshade out of me

I could join a chain of males or be the missing (a) link  
Looking for a lucky girl to put me in the pink  
They pat some good boys on the back and put some to the rod  
But I never thought they'd put me in the

Good squad ....

Mother, Father, I'm doing so well  
I'm making such progress now that you can hardly tell  
I fit in a little dedication  
With one eye on the clock  
They caught you under medication  
You could be in for a shock

Thinking up the alibis that ev'ryone's forgotten  
Just another mummy's boy gone to rotten  
They pat some good boys on the back and put some to the rod  
But I never thought they'd put me in the

Goon squad....