

Say Hi To Your Mom, The Reigning Champ Of The

"give me something to chew on," she said,
With a face longer than space,
On the day she wore her black t-shirt
And held her black bouquet.
I said to come closer
And I'd point out my favorite stars,
And maybe we could both breathe a little life
Into these cold coffins of hearts.
Coffins of hearts, of hearts, of hearts.
Of hearts, of hearts, of hearts.

And oh, the games we played with each other,
Battleships sunk and triple-word scores.
And oh, the things we said to each other,
While knocking the vases onto the floor.
Because she is as stunning
As a phaser set on "stun";
And yeah, she'll stop your pulse,
But not without some fun.

She's the reigning champ of the teething crowd
And your heart goes bump but your pulse goes down.
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