Terror of Tinytown

Time is hanging over me. Time is fallen over you. It's Time. Change the diaper. Fix the knee. Drop him by the Nursery. On Time!

Terror of Tinytown. Times I wish that you weren't around. I'll put you in the Lost and Found. But the Heartstrings. And the Good Things. My Heartstrings got me bound.

Drool. He's whining at my feet. Why don't you play out in the street? Sometime.

Babe, don't you make me out a Fool. I miss him when he's gone away to school. I miss that little Baby. Miss that little Baby. When he's gone away to school.

Aww, go to school baby.

In spite of everything you've done. I do Forgive you as you are so young. You're still my Son.

On your lips I place a kiss. And all of this I swear I'll never leave. Believe in me. Believe in me.

Drifting out of Reverie. Soon, nothing will be left of me. In Time. You'll have a Monster of your own. And some Respect for what we've done. In Time.

Terror of Tinytown. Times I wish that you weren't around. I'll put you in the Lost and Found. But the Heartstrings. And the Good Things. My Heartstrings got me bound.

Words and music by Robert Battaile © 1974 Published by Potto Publishing Contact: battaile@calexas.com