

"LITTLE CO-OP"

(To the tune of "Little Deuce Coupe")

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Little Co-Op

I don't know why I got it.

Well I'm not bragging babe so don't put me down  
But I've got the smallest apartment in town  
It's just ten-by-ten with a bathroom so small  
If I wanna change my mind I have to go in the hall.

It's my Little Co-Op

I don't know why I got it.

Just a little co-op on Twelfth Avenue  
Of the back of a laundromat I have a great view  
It cost a hundred forty grand plus broker's fee  
Gave me an education in bankruptcy.

It's my Little Co-Op

I don't know why I got it.

I've got gates on the windows and four locks on the door  
A hooker and three terrorists all live on my floor  
And if that ain't enough to make you feel distress  
I've got a roach farm in my cabinets.

Now maybe some day I'll hit suburbia  
With a lawn from my house to the curbia  
But it won't be the same having all that space  
And I'll miss spraying Raid all over the place.

Yea my Little Co-Op

I don't know why I got it.

It's my Little Co-Op

I don't know why I got it.