

The Humour of the Situation

Barenaked Ladies

When you walked in, I said with a grin
That we were just talking about you
We all had to lie because you would cry
If you knew we were laughing at you
In the momentary lull before the band begins to play
There's an overwhelming stench of alibi

Come on now, now
Come on now, now
Enjoy the humour of the situation
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I said on the phone "don't wait til I'm home"
But I'm sure I could hear you crying
I said where I was, but you doubt it because
It's the caller I.D. you're buying
In the hour that it took for me to drive up to the door
You'd arranged all my belongings on the lawn

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Have you heard the one about the boy
Who moved into the henhouse to sleep?
He woke up with egg on his face
When he found out all the hens had crossed the street

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As I walked out, I thought about all I had left behind me
I felt a chill because I was still
Wearing the emperor's new clothes
My mind was racing with each chance that I had missed
While your next door neighbour soaked be with the house
I've never felt so small, I've never been so dissed
As I shiver, dripping, while the chorus goes:

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