

Call Me Mr. In-Between

Burl Ives

(Mr. In-Between, Mr. In-Between)
(Pickin's mighty lean, Mr. In-Between)
Well, I'm too old for girls and I'm too young for women
I've looked all around and my hopes are a-dimmin'
I feel like a fish not allowed any swimmin'
And it makes a fella mean
To feel he's a part of the Lost Generation
I feel like a choo-choo that can't find the station
I work like a dog with no recreation
They call me Mr. In-Between
(Mr. In-Between, Mr. In-Between)
(Makes a fella mean, Mr. In-Between)
Got a hotrod Chevy with a twin carburetor
And I know a gal that's a real sharp tomater
And she's got a Daddy with a Caddy that'll date 'er
You see what I mean
Those sweet little things just set me a-droolin'
I'm too big for sodas and I'm too old for schoolin'
Too young for lovin' but I'm too old for foolin'
They call me Mr. In-Between
(Mr. In-Between, Mr. In-Between)
(Tries to live so clean, Mr. In-Between)
I feel like a sailboat kept in a bottle
I feel like an engineer that can't find the throttle
I'm too small to walk but I'm too big to toddle
And, Lordy, I'm turnin' green
To see all the men makin' time with the ladies
The high school kids at the show with their babies
While I run around like a dog with the rabies
They call me Mr. In-Between
(Mr. In-Between, Mr. In-Between)
(Better leave the scene, Mr. In-Between)