

No More

Gilbert O'Sullivan

Tried to see you yesterday
I had so many things I wanted to say
Yet when knocked your mother answered the door
Said I can see you no more.

Why? I asked her politely
You're not her type, she said, you're too carefree
So take your bunch of wild petunias and go
We don't want you here no more

Now why does it always have to be me
Who gets picked upon just like three
Daisies in a jam jar looking bored
Or three Spanish bullfighters
That have just been gored

Why don't you try helping me
By telling your mother how charming I can be
And maybe the next time that I knock on your door
She won't send me away no more.