

Topsy Turvy

Rodney Crowell

Daddy's in the kitchen fryin' sauerkraut
Momma's in the bedroom nearly all cried out
Daddy thinks that whiskey makes him big and smart
Momma thinks that daddy's got a concrete heart
I wish I had a brother or a sister whom to I could turn

Bustin' out the windows with a baseball bat
Daddy's gone crazy as a bunkhouse rat
Momma's on the sofa with a big black eye
I cross my heart and tell myself I hope they die
I wish I had a nickel now for every time a cuss word flew

Mad house all topsy turvy
A ship of fools with scurvy
I don't like a thing about the way we live

Momma's on the pavement with a broken arm
Tellin' everybody that he meant no harm
Talk about denial with a great big D
You can try to fool the neighbors but you can't fool me
I wish some kind of millionaire would come adopt me on the spot

Mad house all topsy turvy
A ship of fools with scurvy
I don't like a thing about the way we live

Police knock on our door
They've seen it all before
Why don't you use restraint
We've had a few complaints

Now all the other women up and down the block
Are tuning out the static with a front door lock
They greet us in the morning with a wave and grin
But you know they're only waiting til the roof caves in
I don't even know if we can make it through another day

Mad house all topsy turvy
A ship of fools with scurvy
I don't like a thing about the way we live
I don't like a thing about the way we live
I don't like a thing about the way we live
I don't like nothing
I don't like a thing about the way we live
I don't like nothing
I don't like a thing about the way we live
I don't like nothing