

Thanks But No Thanks

Sparks

Don't dilly-dally, come right home
I don't see why I must go home
When in the streets the niceties
Come pouring out and over me
Its three oclock and here they come
So many that my eyes are numb
Familiar faces each and all
But I've been ordered not to stall
Thanks but no thanks, anywa
I know that you're all OK, but
My orders come from high above me
About a foot or two above me

The merry band of "How are yous"

In tweedy suits and pointy shoes
They offer me a ride in style
And something sweet to make me smile
I hate to hurt their feelings so
But I'm supposed to tell them no
My parents say the world is cruel
I think that they prefer it cruel
Thanks but no thanks, anyway
I know that you're all OK, but
My orders come from high above me
About a foot or two above me
Just keep right on walking
Just keep right on walking
Just keep right on walking
Just keep right on walking

Thanks but no thanks, anyway
I know that you're all OK, but
My orders come from high above me
About a foot or two above me
Thanks but no thanks anyway
Thanks but no thanks anyway
Thanks but no thanks anyway, anyway, anyway