

Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, Too

Excuse me your forehead's on fire,
I can tell by the smoke from your eyebrows,
And though we have had no formal introduction,
Excuse me your forehead's on fire.

Well, say can you stand on your head,
If not, could I stand on it for you,
Maybe right now in a bucket of baking soda,
Because your forehead's on fire.

Oh it once happened to me, and I saw no end to the embarrassment,
But here's a helpful hint I have found,
Try beating it out with your wrist corsage,

La-la-da, la-la-da, da-da,
La-da, la-la-da, la-la---dah.
La-da, la-la-da, la-la-da, la-la
La-la-da, la-la-da, la-la.

Why don't you just heat your nose,
Then you could cut out the middle man,
But I am getting off the subject at hand,
That being, your forehead on fire.

Excuse me, your forehead's on fire.