

Going to Cynthia's

By Army of Bark

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12/12/09

Chorus I:

Pack up the van, Geoff.

Did you remember the sleeping bags for the kids?

And bagels? Yes I did!

(because we're...)

Going to Cynthia's!

Big wheels, squirt guns and comic books

And scenic overlooks.

Going to Cynthia's!

Sweet cereal in a tiny box,

And don't you touch my Pops!

Going to Cynthia's!

Find some eggs and hide some beer...

"Well, I like it here."

Verse 1

Say you'll leave by noon, but it's three when you depart.

So we roll down 1 and make it just before dark.

Immediately greeted by an army of bark!

Junie, Maya, Yogi, Sadie- the chaos starts.

Ducks, chickens, cats, and a random German.
“April, Telephone!” Hey- it’s Hermann.
Laurent’s playing chess, Honey’s stoking the fire.
“What’s the Latin root of that?” Bee will inquire.
Hot tea is served, chat about Mondale and Kerry.
Then Cynthia says: “Lets cut to the sherry!”

Chorus II (start with this line, replacing Geoff van line)
Going to Cynthia’s!
There’ll be no childish fits,
And all the old folks will get blitzed.

(No roughhousing in the living room!)

Going to Cynthia’s!
Big wheels, squirt guns and comic books,
And scenic overlooks.

(“Don’t miss the sunset!)

Going to Cynthia’s!
Sweet cereal in a tiny box,
And don’t you touch my Pops!

(“I’ll trade you my Frosted Flakes?” “No way!”)

Going to Cynthia’s!
Find some eggs and hide some beer...
“Well, I like it here.”

Verse 2

Evening grows long- John brings home the venison!
Barlett's says that quote is Alfred Lord Tennyson!
Molly's cooking beans 'cause she don't eat meat!
If you're not pregnant, that table ain't for your feet!
Done with your chicken, throw it in the pot!
Cause how we roll here is: Waste Not, Want Not!
You can dance if you feel it, but no roughousin'
In the living room, its not allowed and
Grab flashlights and canes, hat on her head
"Treats! Let's put the chickens to bed!"
Loungin' on the couch, getting sleepier,
Someone rolls up- hey its Reeford!

("Hey!! Reeford!")

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And all the old folks will get blitzed.

(No roughhousing in the living room!)

Going to Cynthia's!
Big wheels, squirt guns and comic books,
And scenic overlooks.

("Don't miss the sunset!")

Going to Cynthia's!
Sweet cereal in a tiny box,

And don't you touch my Pops!

("I'll trade you my Frosted Flakes?" "No way!")

Going to Cynthia's!

Find some eggs and hide some beer...

"Well, I like it here."

Verse 3

Coo-coo-ka-choo, it's sugar cereal time!

A dozen boxes of joy and they're all mine!

Peto's on the potatoes: "mm-mm-mm"

Paula says: "They're delicious!"

The love is all around like Richie's Riches.

Another match made at the Institute

Like Archie runs game, even Jughead too!

Get coffeed up and head for Point Lobos

Whales, otters, seals and what are those?

Don't stress your brain cause Ma Borgia knows!

Technu, technu, poison oak on your clothes!

Shower off, get warm, curl up by the fire.

The owls' orange eyes will get you inspired.

It's time to leave, but stop your mopin'

You'll be back again, Cynthia's doors are always open!

Going to Cynthia's!

There'll be no childish fits,

And all the old folks will get blitzed.

(No roughhousing in the living room!)

Going to Cynthia's!

Big wheels, squirt guns and comic books,
And scenic overlooks.

("Don't miss the sunset!")

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"Well, I like it here."

Yes We All Like it Here!!