

Handy's Birthday

When Handy's birthday comes up the driveway
She'll be two years old
I said, "What will she do then?" and he said,
"She will eat her cake."

Now Handy, she's been waiting
Such a long long time
She's played second fiddle to a tractor, been passed over for a cat
Now it's her turn to shine.

When Handy was a tiny tiny baby
Just beginning to grow
She'd sleep all night, she'd sleep all day
Not like someone else I know.

Now Handy's getting on in years
She's got a mind of her own
She likes pickle cereal, she got her own tractor trailer trucks
Likes to change her own diapers; likes to be alone

Well, this driveway's seen a lot of birthdays lately
Judy, Kevin, Bob, Grammie Tutu, Papa, Grammie Nancy,
Arthur Woody and Cousin John
And now he says it's Handy's coming up the driveway!
I think I've got to be out of town.

If I never see another birthday
That won't be too soon
'Cause Handy's gonna want a party hat,
Gonna want one of those fancy holders for the candles
Gonna want a ten-foot-tall mouse balloon.

When my birthday comes up the driveway
I will open up the door
Saying, "Go back down the hill; leave the cake in the mailbox,
And please try and call before you come again.
(I'm so tired of birthdays, so tired . . . spoken ad lib)