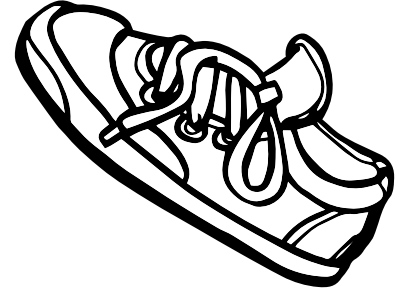


We're the Chorus

"Where's my table?" said the clock,
"Where's my blackboard?" said the chalk.
"Where's my closet?" said the clothes, "I'm getting all wrinkled."
There must be one, I suppose."



"Where's my hanger?" said the coat, "I'm gonna sing a sour note!"
"Where's my bathtub?" said the boat, "Where am I gonna float?"
"Where's my hook?" said the towel, "I'm gonna howl!
I'm all wet and smelling foul."

Chorus:

We're the chorus over here on the floor,
Lost and lonely since you walked out the door.
We hope you don't ignore us, and do this favor for us,
Take us back where we belong.



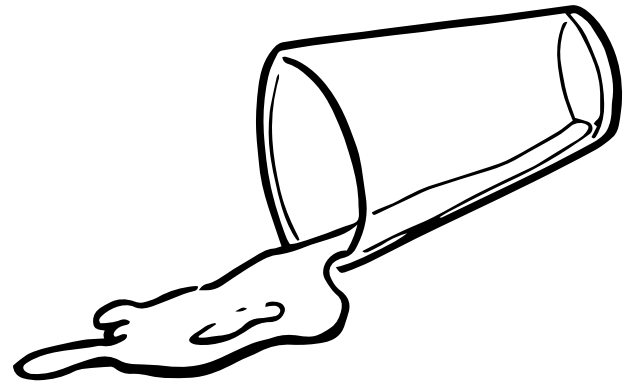
"Wait a minute . . . where's my wallet?" said the cash,
"Where's my basket?" said the trash,
(And the winning shot goes in at the buzzer.)
"Where's my shelf?" said the book.
"Won't you show me where to look?" (I'm just a little shook up)



Chorus

Treat me sweetly, fold me nice and neatly,
Ha, ha, ha . . . soap me up, mateys, with foam.
Someday you may need me
And you'll find me put away back home.

We're the chorus over here on the floor,
Where it seems like we have been forever more,
If you ignore us, we'll sing an endless chorus (4x).
"Hey mom, the CD's stuck!"
But if you want to end this song,
Take us back where we, take us back where we
Take us back where we belong.



We want to be where we belong, that's why we sing this silly song,
Said the clock, said the chalk, said the clothes, I suppose,
Said the coat, said the boat, said the towel, smelling foul,
Said the cash, said the trash, said the book, "Hey, way to look!"
We want to be where we belong, that's why we sing this silly song.

