

"Shout-Out"

Lyrics by Bill Nelson, Music by Jon Hugo Ungar

They say that every morning
We should list all the things
We're grateful for.
So as I crawl out of bed,
And my feet land on
The floor,

Here's a shout-out to air in my lungs,
And my mom and my dad,
And to no diarrhea from the tacos I had.
To Rom-Coms and dramas.
My Star Trek pajamas.
To whiskers on kittens
and playing with kids in the snow.
(back-up singers: "Snow-wo-woh!")
And a shout out to Lionel Richie's "Hello."

Can't skip all the friends I hold dear,
That gay marriage is law,
And when I tripped on my foot at work, nobody saw.
(back-up singers: "Nobody saw you!")
To deep conversations
And Disney vacations.
The rapturous, rollicking sound of a well-played kazoo.
And baby, here's a shout-out to you.
Here's a shout-out to

You who's patient
With my mood swings,
Who waits up for me in bed.
Always sunny,
Always funny,
And at restaurants, let's me eat the last piece of bread.
And makes me excited for fun days ahead.

Shout-outs to all that we love
Like the sounds of blue whales,
And videos of people having trampoline fails.
To feeling all wired
When we get inspired

To add some good vodka to bottles of flat Mountain Dew.
And baby, here's a shout out

To a pile of pork at an open buffet,
How I suck at all sports but I'm spookily great at croquet,
The voodoo my hairy masseuse did to my back back in May.
(That hairy fella makes the pain go away.)

And baby, here's a shout out to

You,
I'm grateful for you
And how on road trips you don't have to pee.
That's as magical as can be.

And I'm grateful
That you're grateful
For me.