

## Rachel Arieff and The Smileytown Boys

### "Bob Newhart"

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I'm five years old and I'm full of lust  
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'Cause the Bob Newhart show is on TV!

I'm five years old and I don't understand  
What makes me love you, little man?  
Is it the bags below your eyes?  
Your sunken butt, your bony thighs?  
Your awesome lack of confidence,  
You're sexy but it makes no sense  
I'd carve my love for you in gold  
But shit I'm only five years old.

I'm five years old and I'm lying in bed  
But thoughts of you run through my head  
I must get up, it's not allowed,  
But dammit, I must have you now  
So I sneak down past the living room,  
Past Mom & Dad in their Michelob doom  
Turn on the tube, glowing bright,  
How can something so wrong feel so right?

There you are Bob, on TV  
My hunka hunka burnin' love MD  
I can't help but feel a little jealousy  
Of your erudite, gorgeous wife, Emily  
Oh why can't I have you?  
I could make you happy  
I'm small, but I ain't no slouch  
But you see, I'm only five, and I don't know  
what to do  
So I end up humping the couch.

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