

Bo Bice

"Love Is"

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I love you like kings love queens,
Like a gay geneticist loves designer jeans,
I need you like New Orleans needs a drought,
Like Hitler's Father needed to learn to pull out,
And I want you, yeah, like a Lawyer/Mathematician
wants some kind of proof,
And I want you, yeah, like JFK wanted a car with a roof,
Because...

Love is taking that dive, then getting really comfortable
and peeing in the pool,
And love is a real life porn, minus all the stuff that
makes porn cool,
And love is a homeless guy searching for treasure in
the middle of the rain and finding a bag of gold coins
and slowly finding out they're all filled with chocolate
and even though he's heart broken, he can't complain
because he was hungry in the first place...

Because I love you like Dora loves maps,
Like the pope's toilet loves, holy craps... (that's a little
one)
I need you like a voyeur needs a branch,
Like boys tossing salad needs a little bit of Neverland
Ranch,
And I want you, yeah, like all the gothic kids that look
exactly the same, never want to conform
And I want you like Anne Frank... wanted nobody to
read her FUCKING diary
(Because a diary is a collection of secret things that
nobody's supposed to read, that's the whole point of a
diary. Millions of people that have breached this little
girls privacy after she was chased by Nazis... kick her
while she's down)

And if we met in 10, 000 BC, I was your caveman, you
my cavelady...
If we got hot, we'd start rubbin'
If we got hungry, we'd go clubbin'
There's woolly mammoths, I'll protect us, you're makin'
me devolve to a homo erectus, mothafucka

And if we met in 1780, I was a white southern aristocratic plantation owner and you were my dark-skinned servant lady... slave
Whenever I could get away from the Missus,
I go to your she'd then I'd steal you kisses,
But let's be serious, I'd still work you full-time as a slave, there's a difference between romantic language and complete disregard for socio economic trends
If it was 1941, I was a Nazi, you a Gypsy on the run, that's a little redundant
That... probably wouldn't have worked out...
Because...

Love is your favorite food for every breakfast, lunch and dinner
And love is the Holocaust, if you don't die quick and you don't get thinner
And love is being the owner of the company that makes rape whistles
And even though you started the company with good intentions trying to reduce the rate of rape, now you don't want to reduce it at all cause if the rape rate declines then you'll see an equal decline in whistle sales...
Without rapists, who's gonna buy your whistles?

Yeahhhh, love is all about... Whistles. Thank you.

[Talking to Audience]

Yeah, that one was a bit vulgar, but ah ya know, dicks and vaginas are sorta like Coke and Pepsi, ya know?
Ah, I strongly prefer one, but my Dad thinks they both taste the same.

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