

Bo Bice

"Repeat Stuff"

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I love your hair, I love your name, I love the way you say
it.

I love your heart and you're so smart 'cause you gave
away it.

I love your sis, I love your dad, I love your mom.

But, more than all of that I love that you are dumb
enough to not realize everything I've said has been
said before,

In a thousand ways, in a thousand songs, some with
the same four cords.

But you'll still love it, let me finger you.

Oh boy, boy your my only boy,

Oh girl, girl, I'm your only girl,

I'm only one boy,

your only one girl,

so that makes two of us

America says we love a chorus,

But don't get complicated and bore us,

Though meaning might be missing,

We need to know the words after just one? listen,

So repeat stuff...

I love my baby, and you know I couldn't live without her.

But now I need to make every girl think this song's
about her.

Just to make sure that they spread it like the plague, so

I describe my dream girl as really, really vague.

Like, I love your hands because your fingerprints are
like no other.

I love your eyes and their blueish, brownish, greenish
color.

I love it when you smile, that you smile wide.

And I love how your torso has an arm on either side.

And if your my producer you might be thinking "oh no,
sound the alarm,

You're not appealing to little girls who don't have
arms,"

But they can use itunes so fuck off,

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