

Bo Burnham

"Ex-Girlfriend/Racial Humor"

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When I say "Hey!", you say "Ho!"
Hey! (Ho!)
Hey! (Ho!)
That's basically how Hitler rose to power

My ex-girlfriend, she was a bitch, but you know, they
say, like, if you want to know what a girl's gonna look
like, look at her mother
You know, so I am so glad I broke up with her
'Cause she would've been, you know... dead

Guys, I'm a realist
Okay? I try not to romanticize reality
You know, like when life gives you lemons
You probably just found lemons

But at the same time, I don't deny the beauty in the
world
'Cause there is so much beauty because life can be so
symmetrical that gives birth to this almost silent poetry
You know, like a hermaphrodite playing the keytar
Or a young Amish boy trying to blow out the light bulbs
on his birthday cake
Or, or a girl who's terrible at grammar saying, "Mama,
you raise me good," and then being pushed down a
well

If I had a dime, oh!
If I had a dime for every time a homeless guy asked
me for change
I'd still say no

Here's some racial humor for you guys
White people are like this, "Ah"
Black people are like this, "Uh"
We're destined to fight forever
Blood in the streets

Yo momma's so fat
Yo momma's so ugly
Yo momma's so stupid
Your mother's breasts sag with such severity that the

late, great surrealist artist Salvador Dali mistook them
for clocks

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