

## **Bo Burnham**

### **"Love Is..."**

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I love you like kings love queens  
Like a gay geneticist loves designer genes (jeans)  
I need you like New Orleans needs a drought  
Like Hitler's father needed to learn to pull out  
And I want you like a lawyer/mathematician wants  
some  
kind of proof  
And I want you like JFK wanted a car with a roof.

Because love is taking a dive, then getting really  
comfortable and peeing in the pool  
And love is 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 that they're all filled with  
chocolate and even though he's heartbroken he can't  
complain cause he was hungry in the first place

I love you like Dora loves Maps  
Like the Popes toilet loves holy craps  
I need you like a voyeur needs a branch  
Like boys tossing salad needs a little bit of Never  
Land Ranch  
And I want you 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  
Cause a diary's a collection of secret things that no  
one is suppose to read  
That's the whole point of a diary  
Millions of people have breached this little girls  
privacy after she was chased by nazis  
Kick her while she's down  
And if we met in 10,000bc I was your caveman, Youz  
my  
cavelady  
If we got hot we'd start rubbing  
If we got hungry we'd go clubbing  
There's wooly mammoths but i will protect us  
You're making me devolve to a homo-erectus

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 misses  
I'll go to your shed and then I'll steal you kisses  
But let's be serious I'd still work you full time as a  
slave  
Theres a difference between romantic language and a  
complete disregard for socio-economic trends  
And if we met in 1941  
I was a nazi Youz a gypsy on the run  
That's a little redundant  
That...probably wouldnt've worked out.

Because love is your favorite food for every breakfast  
lunch and dinner  
And love is the holocaust except 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 them at all cause if the  
rape rate declines you'll see an equal decline in  
whistle sales  
Without rapists who's gonna buy your whistles?  
Love is all about...  
whistles

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