

Bo Burnham "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 the fact that you are dumb enough to not realize everything I've said has been said before,

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

But you'll still love it, and 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 you're 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't use itunes so fuck em,

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