

Bo Burnham "What's Funny"

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My show is a little bit silly and a little bit pretentious,
Like Shakespeare's willy,
or Noam Chomsky wearing a strap on.

It's also a little bit gay and a little bit offensive,
Like Thanksgiving Day,
or Noam Chomsky wearing a strap on.

So put your cell phones to vibrate,
and put your vibrators to cell phone mode.

Welcome to the show,
it goes a little bit like this joke... exactly.
Welcome to my flow,
it flows a little bit like this,
With a rap and a diss, and a
Swift rap on the wrist, a wrap and a kiss,
Like Hershey's wrapping a kiss shit.
I got a show that'll test ya kid,
I ask one question and the question is -

(CHORUS)

What's funny? What's funny? What's funny? Whats
funny? (x3)

Oh yeah
Humor is often linked to shared experience,
Like a guy gets up an says,
"Have you noticed that public restrooms have really
inefficient hand dryers?"
Oh my god, yes I have, HA-HA-HA,
Really good point, they should fix that,
It's good to know that somebody finally gets me,
because my wife divorced me which has constantly
force me,
to lose all sense of self.
So its nice to think about hand dryers and not that
cheating whore.

Because stand up comedy is actually pretty easy,
If your an Asian comic just get up and say,
"My mothers got the weirdest fucking accent."

Then just do, a Chinese accent, because everybody
laughs at the Chinese accent,

Because they privately thought that your people were
laughable,
And now you've given them the chance to express that
in public,

If you're a musical comic, just give 'em a little weird
voice inflection
Then take a Viagra and slap 'em with a rock hard
misdirection

(CHORUS)

Tourettes!

(CHORUS CONTINUES)

When the audience says,
When I was a baby, maybe I laughed at people jiggling
keys,
Now I'm older and bolder,
And just get mad cos I notice that the keys are to a
hummer,
Fuck my life I don't fuck my wife,
so fuck my wife and fuck my life,
and my son is gay, but not sitcom gay,
Daughters a whore like another girl who used to be her
mother,
But the marriage made her miss merry Americana,
I wanna a teen without screaming primadonna,
But the radical feminists made my wife a man.

If I die happy the situation will be auto-erotic
asphyxiation,
I hate my life and it hates me back, and my friend is
black,
But I don't know what to call him, so I just call him...
"What-up Jamal..."
Even though his name is Steve,
I hate my job I hate my life, I hate my kids I hate my
wife,
Jews would know I do it; Judas beat me to it,
I'm slowly slipping into a solipsistic coma,
And I masturbate because I'm the only one who's
standards are low enough to fuck me....

(CHORUS)

(pop) It's a boy!

(CHORUS CONTINUES)

Hopefully this...(fart)

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