

## **Buck 65**

### **"Gee Whiz"**

Visit "[Gee Whiz](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Tell me what is it is, Gee Whiz, I don't think I know.

Well, believe me I've tried but there's no explaining,  
Eyes piled up you look like a painting,  
Saintly and sexy, the soft-spoken wind blows,  
Uncertain curtains cover broken windows,  
In desperate need of a safe haven and inflamed,  
A walk around Paris, unshaven and ashamed,  
20 odd years since last time I slow danced,  
Teenage crisis and the end of romance,

I see myself in the form of a wolf,  
Furry, down on all fours and worried,  
Uneven colours and the echoes of fly tones  
Connections I've lose and the collection of jawbones  
Apples or oranges, you decide which,  
I'm writing graffiti on suicide bridge  
I once knew a women who was clever and tough  
Who said too much make up was never enough  
Her eyelids were heavy with words and desire  
She lives underwater with the birds and the fire  
It just so happens I'm selling my psyche  
If you like love you'll love this, most likely

You and me are meant to be, that's right I love you,  
can't you see, whatever partner you do choose, you  
have the ability to marry,  
6, 7, 8, I'll never hurt you, you know.  
Husbands love their wives,  
Yeah, love the woman,

Part of me is here with you,  
One life, where my heart beats for you,  
Well, here we are again,  
Here's a couple, treacherous  
I'm impatient in relationships in and love  
When will you see quand allez-vous me voir

Tell me what is it is, Gee Whiz, I don't think I know.

Bird girls, sorry I'm too sleepy to make  
The sounds of my dreams always keep me awake

Don't wanna scare the birds away so I speak soft  
Memories like the shows of Vanessa Beecroft  
Her bedroom philosophies are so perplexing  
But I think these two wooden legs are so sexy  
Cries of sadness, spectacular  
You be Rossi de Palma and I'll be your Dracula  
Fist is of agony decorate the last room  
Shoes by the door, on the floor is your costume  
Open the trunk with the car key the odd way  
Love songs, call me the marquee, the charday  
Lord of the files, you lost me I wonder how  
Midnight meet me at the entrance for the underground  
So many questions, but I'm afraid to ask  
So I whisper them to apollinaire by Picasso  
I touch all the flowers and break the chain  
I wish I could fly, but I'd rather take the train  
And it just so happens I'm selling my psyche  
If you like love you'll love this

You wouldn't tell me what it was because  
I don't think you know

Visit [Buck 65](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.