

## **Plecostomus**

### **"Conor"**

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Oh, Conor  
I think I just love you to death.  
I dream about you every night  
The way you rock my entire life

Oh, Conor!  
I make love to your picture  
Every single night, before I go to bed.  
Then I have trouble peein'  
Cause Conor, after you masturbate  
Sometimes you have trouble peein'.

I love it when you sing about mirrors  
I love it when you sing about clocks  
I love it when you sing about the torture you endure.  
By having a lot of money, and traveling the world!  
Oh, Conor!  
Oh, Conor!

Oh, Conor,  
I wrote you a letter,  
and you never responded.  
Maybe that's because you're emo.  
And you are mad at everything

Oh, Conor!  
I saw you in Newsweek.  
And at that point I stopped eating  
And I died my hair black  
And then I rubbed my titties  
Cause Conor, you're so f-cking trendy!  
Just like Hello, Kitty!

I love it when you sing about death  
And I love it when you talk about strife  
Whenever you use sticatto it's so f-cking hardcore  
I'm sure it makes the ladies come like never before!

Conor!  
Do you understand me?  
I love you!

I want to make love to you!  
But I'm not gay,  
No I'm not!  
I'm heterosexual like you.  
But maybe if you're gay I'll be gay too!

Cause I love you  
Conor, Oh oh oh  
I love you so  
Conor, I love your parents  
Because they made you  
Because they made you

Conor  
Conor  
Are you listening?  
I think you and me  
Were meant to be  
We could hold hands  
The stars in the sky are bright today  
Brighter then they've ever been before  
Tonite is the night we'll meet  
In Saddle Creek

Oh, Conor!  
Oh, Conor!

Let's take it to the next level.

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