

Stephen Colbert "Nutmeg"

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John: Nutmeg, Sweet sweet Nutmeg
On the 25th I'm cover you with
My nutmeg, Ooh, my sweet brown nutmeg
Girl, don't make me beg
I want to nog your egg, yes I do

Girl, I'm going to rock you like a cradle
You lick the nutmeg off my ladle
It's pure, it's refined
And it's ready to grind

It's my nutmeg, you need my nutmeg
I'll sprinkle your Christmas cream with my spice
supreme

Stephen: What about allspice?
John: You know it leaves me cold as ice
Stephen: Cinnamon?
John: Don't even think of putting that stuff in
Stephen: Cardamom?
John: That won't let me drop my love bomb

No cocoa, no cloves, no vanilla, no mace
The only residue I want you wiping off your face is my
nutmeg
Ooh, ooh, ooh, Nutmeg
You'll be happy that you ate it, yes you will
So grab my seed and grate it net
It's my nutmeg [it's his nutmeg], my nutmeg [his sweet
nutmeg]
Na na na na na na na, nutmeg, ooh my nutmeg

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