

VeggieTales

"Love My Lips"

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From Episode 5--Dave and The Giant Pickle

Narrator: "One day while talking with Dr. Archibald, Larry confronts one

of his deepest fears ..."

Larry: "If my lips ever left my mouth, packed a bag and headed south,

that'd be too bad, I'd be so sad."

Archibald: "I see. That'd be too bad, you'd be so sad?"

Larry: "That'd be too bad. If my lips said "adios, I don't like you I

think you're gross," that'd be too bad, I might get mad."

Archibald: "That'd be too bad, you might get mad?"

Larry: "That'd be too bad. If my lips moved to Duluth, left a mess and

took my tooth, that'd be too bad, I'd call my Dad."

Archibald: "That'd be too bad, you'd call your Dad?"

Larry: "That'd be too bad."

Archibald: "Hold it. Did you say your father? Fascinating! So what

you're saying is that if your lips left you ..."

Larry: "That'd be too bad, I'd be so sad, I might get mad, I'd call my

Dad. That be too bad."

Archibald: "That'd be to bad?"

Larry: "That'd be too bad."

Archibald: "Why?"

Larry: "Because I love my lips." [Scatting]

Archibald: "Oh my ... This is more serious than I thought. Larry, tell

me, what do you see here?"

Larry: "Um, that looks like a lip."

Archibald: "And this?"

Larry: "It's a lip!"

Archibald: "And this?"

Larry: "It's a lip, it's a lip, it's a lip lip lip! It's a lip, it's a lip, it's a lip lip lip! It's a lip, it's a lip, it's a lip lip lip.

Liiiiiiiiiiips. Lip lip lip."

Archibald: "Larry, tell me about your childhood."

Larry: "When I was just two years old I left my lips out in the cold and

they turned blue. What could I do?"

Archibald: "They turned blue, what could you do?"

Larry: "Oh they turned blue. On the day I got my tooth I had to kiss my

Great Aunt Ruth. She had a beard ... and it felt weird."

Archibald: "My, my. She had a beard and it felt weird?"

Larry: "She had a beard. Ten days after I turned eight, got my lips

stuck in a gate. My friends all laughed. And I just stood there until

the fire department came and broke the lock with a crow bar and I had to

spend the next six weeks in lip rehab with this kid
named Oscar who got

stung by a bee - right on the lip - and we couldn't even
talk to each

other until the fifth week because both our lips were so
swollen, and

when he did start speaking he just spoke Polish and I
only knew like

three words in Polish except now I know four because
Oscar taught me the

word for lip: Oofta."

Archibald: "Your friends all laughed ... Usta? How do
you spell that?"

Larry: "I don't know."

Archibald: "So what you're saying is that when you
were young ..."

Larry: "They turned blue, what could I do? She had a
beard and it felt

weird. My friends all laughed ... Oofta!"

Archibald: "I'm confused ..."

Larry: "I love my lips!" [Scatting]

Narrator: "This has been Silly Songs With Larry. Tune in
next time to

hear Larry say ..."

Larry: "Have I ever told you how I feel about my nose?"

Archibald: "Oh, look at the time

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