

Weird Al Yankovic "Constipated"

Visit "[Constipated](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Uh huh, extra cheese
Uh huh, uh huh, save a piece for me

Pizza party at your house
I went just to check it out
Nineteen extra larges
What a shame no one came

Just us eatin' all alone
You said, "Take the pizza home
No sense lettin' all this go to waste"
So then I faced

Pizza all day and every day
This cheese 'round the clock
Is gettin' me blocked
And I sure don't care for irregularity

Tell me
Why'd you have to go and make me so constipated?
'Cause right now I'd do anything to just get my bowels
evacuated
In the bathroom I sit and I wait and I strain
And I sweat and I clench and I feel the pain
Oh, should I take laxatives or have my colon irrigated?
No, no, no

I was feelin' pretty down
Till my girlfriend came around
We're just so alike in every way
I gotta say

In fact I just thought I might
Pop the question there that night
I was kissing her so tenderly
But woe is me

Who would have guessed, her family crest
I'd suddenly spy tattooed on her thigh
And son of a gun
It's just like the one on me

Tell me
How was I supposed to know we were both related?
Believe me, if I knew she was my cousin we never
would have dated
What to do now? Should I go ahead and propose
And get hitched and have kids with eleven toes
And move to Alabama where that kind of thing is
tolerated?
No, no, no
(No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
no, no, no, no)

I had so much on my mind
I thought maybe I'd unwind
Try out that new roller coaster ride
And the guide

Said not to stand
But that's a demand that I couldn't meet
I got on my feet and stood up instead
And knocked off my head, you see

Tell me
Why'd I have to go and get myself decapitated?
This really is a major inconvenience, oh man, I really
hate it
Such a drag, now can't eat, I can't breathe, I can't snore
I can't belch or yodel anymore
Can't spit or blow my nose or even read Sports
Illustrated

Oh no
Why'd I have to go and get myself all mutilated?
(Yeah, yeah)
I gotta tell ya, life without a head kinda makes me
irritated
What a bummer, can't blink, I can't cough, I can't
sneeze
But my neck is enjoyin' a pleasant breeze now
Haven't been the same since my head and I were
separated
No, no, no

Visit [Weird Al Yankovic](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.