

Charlene Kaye

"Oh, Howard!"

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He's wearing cargo pants and Ray-Bans
He blows through the door
He's into psychedelia and blues
He's quoting Clement Greenberg
He's pacing the floor
Each word comes out as sweet as vermouth

Modernist French painting was never so interesting
I'd like to spend my every night and weekend in
Auditorium D

Oh, Howard!
You're a sight for sore eyes to see
Oh, Howard!
You don't know what you do to me

I'm never late to lecture
I sit way in the back
And try to keep my hands at my sides
I'm not looking at the paintings
I know that it's wrong
'Cause I hear he's got a kid and a wife

But I love it when he says my name
"Charlene, how can I help you today?"
As my words fall down all over the place
But no matter
He makes my heart patter
And I'd have him chatter my whole life away
All through the day,

Oh, I'm thinking this could be bad
After all, you've been here just as long as my dad has
But age is but a number, so I'm still gonna say
What a mind!
What a man!
Howard, marry me today!
'Cause you're handsomer than George Clooney
You'd never mention your Harvard degree
You like the word bourgeoisie
And you don't know what you do to me

No, you don't know what you do to me

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