

Yankovic Weird Al

"You Make Me"

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You make me wanna slam my head against the wall.
You make me do the limbo.
You make me wanna buy a slurpee at the mall.
You make me watch the Gong Show.
There's really something kinda strange about you,
baby,
but I can't exactly seem to put my finger on it.

You make me,
You make me,
You make me.
That's what you do to me.

You make me wanna hide a weasel in my shorts.
You make me wanna phone home.
You make me wanna write a dozen book reports,
Then pack myself in styrofoam.
Sometimes you make me want to build a model of the
Eiffel Tower out of Belgian waffles.

You make me,
You make me,
You make me.
That's what you do to me.

That's what you do,
That's what you do.
That's what you do to me.

You make me wanna hang out in a trailer park,
Then take my hamster to the beach.
You make me wanna do my laundry in the dark,
And use a recommended bleach.
When I'm with you, I don't know whether I should study
neurosurgery
or go to see the Care Bears movie.

You make me,
You make me,
You make me.
That's what you do to me.

That's what you do,
That's what you do.
That's what you do to me.
That's what you do to me,
That's what you do to me.
That's what you do to me.

You make me wanna break the laws of time and space.
You make me wanna eat pork.
You make me wanna staple bagels to my face,
Then remove 'em with a pitchfork.
You know there's something quite unusual about you,
but I can't exactly seem to put my finger on it.

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