

Veggie Tales "I Love My Lips"

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I Love My Lips

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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