

Stupid Little Love Song

Fefe Dobson

It's just a stupid little love song

It's just a stupid little

It's just a stupid little love song

Here we go

Put 'em up, put 'em up, put 'em up Granddad fought in World War II, your cousin landed on the moon

Your mother is a diplomat Senator of Connecticut

Your sister's got a 4.0, your father's got his own talk show

Your brother aced the science test, he found the cure for morning breath I came here by taxi you came by
limousine

And all I have to offer you is this Just a stupid little love song

Three chords and a microphone

Just a stupid little love song

Hip-hop and rock-n-roll

So sit right down and I'll sing this song to you

Put 'em up, put 'em up, put 'em up You're captain of the football team, a cheerleader's recurring dream

You're on the road to Harvard law, I'm on the bus to Arkansas I stand in your doorway your world looks so
enchanting

And all I have to offer you is this Just a stupid little love song

Three chords and a microphone

Just a stupid little love song

Hip-hop and rock-n-roll

So sit right down and I'll sing this song to you

Put 'em up, put 'em up, put 'em up And the moon comes in the window like a spotlight

Listen up 'cause this is real

I sit you down and I begin to gently rock the mic

'Cause I'm trying to tell you what I feel

And we're truly approaching a moment

And then you lean over and say

"What's my name, what's my name, what's my name"

Oh come on, here we go {Hi is Brett home?

Well, will you tell him I came by?} I stand in your driveway

Your world looks so far away and all I have to offer you is this Just a stupid little love song

Three chords and a microphone

Just a stupid little love song

Hip-hop and rock-n-roll

So sit right down and I'll sing this song to you

Put 'em up, put 'em up Just a stupid little love song

So sit right down and I'll sing this song to you

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