

Wanna B Ur Lovr

Weird Al Yankovic

I don't have a library card
But do you mind if I check you out?
I like your skeletal structure, baby
You're an Ectomorph, no doubt Your face is real symmetrical
And your nostrils are so nice
I wish that I was cross-eyed, girl
So I could see you twice Girl, you smell like fritos
That's why I'm giving you this hungry stare
You're so hot, you're gonna melt
The elastic in my underwear I'll bet you're magically delicious
Like a bowl of lucky charms
You'd look like Venus De Milo
If I just cut off your arms
What I'm trying to say is I wanna be your lover, baby
I need somebody to love
You know I just wanna be your lover, baby
Now, I need somebody to love Ooh hoo hoo, ooh hoo hoo
Ooh hoo hoo, hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo
Ooh hoo hoo, ooh hoo hoo
Ooh hoo hoo, hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo Do you believe in love at first sight
Or should I walk by again?
My love for you'd like diarrhea
I just can't hold it in Stop, drop and roll now
'Cause baby, you're on fire
I'll bet your outfit
Makes a lot of noise in the drier You're absolutely perfect
Don't speak now, you might spoil it
Your eyes are even bluer
Than the water in my toilet Say, has anyone ever told you
You've got Yugoslavian hands?
No, of course not, that would be stupid
Just forget I ever brought it up
The point I'm trying to make is I wanna be your lover, baby
I need somebody to love
You know I just wanna be your lover, baby
Now, I need somebody to love Ooh hoo hoo, ooh hoo hoo
Ooh hoo hoo, hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo
Ooh hoo hoo, ooh hoo hoo
Ooh hoo hoo, hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo I wanna be your Krakatoa

Let my lava flow all over you
I wanna be your anaconda
And your heat-seeking missile too I wanna be your beef burrito
Am I making this perfectly clear?
I wanna be your love torpedo
Are you picking up the subtle innuendo here? I hope I'm not being forward
But do you mind if I chew on your butt?
You can tell me truthfully
Am I a steaming hunk of love now, or what? There just aren't enough o's in smooth
To describe how smooth I am
Maybe you've seen my picture
It's in the dictionary under "Kablaam!" My lips are registered weapons
Can I invade your personal space?
You must have fallen from Heaven
That would explain how you messed up your face Well, how'd you get through security?
'Cause, baby, you're the bomb
I'd like to take you home right now
So you can meet my Mom
Because I wanna be your lover, baby
I need somebody to love
You know I just wanna be your lover, baby
Now, I need somebody to love Girl, you must be Jamaican
Because Jamaican me crazy
Girl, you must be Jamaican
Because Jamaican me crazy I wanna be your lover, baby
I need somebody to love
You know I just wanna be your lover, baby
Now, I need somebody to love
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