

# Polka Patterns

## Weird Al Yankovic

Everywhere, I see them there, I stop and stare at patterns.  
I don't care, I must declare, I got a flair for patterns.  
On my hair, the clothes I wear, my savoir faire is patterns.  
All I see are patterns, the patterns that repeat!  
Let's go into the bathroom...  
I know were in a room where you would not expect much math,  
Usually you're in here for a shower or a bath,  
But if you gaze upon the floor and if you're kind of smart,  
You'll see the repetition is like geometric art!  
Wow! Haha! Look!  
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All I see are patterns, the patterns that repeat!  
Hey!  
A polka-meister like myself never has to be bored,  
I just grab my act and play some patterns on my keyboard.  
Now's the time for earplugs if you care about your health,  
So stand back everybody, I'm going to express myself!  
Look at that! Patterns!

I've got blisters on my fingers!  
Woo! Hey!  
Oh get down!  
Yeah!  
Help me somebody!  
Still there?  
Okay.

Next time you find yourself at an exciting polka party,  
You can make some patterns with your feet and with your body,  
If you don't know the steps yet, here's the gang with all the answers,  
Ladies and Gentlemen, introducing the `Weird Al' Polka Dancers!  
There they are.

Everywhere, we see them there, we stop and stare at patterns.  
We don't care, we must declare, we've got a flair for patterns.  
On our hair, the clothes we wear, our savoir faire is patterns.  
All we see are patterns, the patterns that repeat!  
Wallpaper, skyscrapers, funny papers, patterns!  
Evergreens, nouvelle cuisine, human beings, patterns!

Garden rakes, wedding cakes, rattlesnakes, patterns!  
Golden wheat, little feet, my heartbeat...  
I gotta stop...  
Patterns! Patterns! Patterns! Patterns!

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