

# A Complicated Song

## "Weird Al" Yankovic

Uh huh, extra cheese  
Uh huh, uh huh, save a piece for me  
Pizza party at your house  
I went just to check it out  
Nineteen extra larges  
What a shame  
No one came  
Just us eatin' all alone  
You said, "Take the pizza home"  
"No sense lettin' all this go to waste"  
So then I faced  
Pizza all day  
And every day  
This cheese 'round the clock  
Is gettin' me blocked  
And I sure don't care  
For irregularity  
Tell me  
Why'd you have to go and make me so constipated?  
'Cause right now I'd do anything to just get my bowels evacuated  
In the bathroom, I sit and I wait and I strain  
And I sweat and I clench and I feel the pain  
Oh, should I take laxatives or have my colon irrigated?  
No no no  
I was feelin' pretty down  
'Till my girlfriend came around  
We're just so alike in every way  
I gotta say  
In fact, I just thought I might  
Pop the question there that night  
I was kissing her so tenderly  
But woe is me  
Who would have guessed  
Her family crest  
I'd suddenly spy  
Tattooed on her thigh  
And son-of-a-gun  
It's just like the one on me  
Tell me  
How was I supposed to know we were both related?  
Believe me, if I knew she was my cousin we never would have dated  
What to do now? Should I go ahead and propose  
And get hitched and have kids with eleven toes  
And move to Alabama where that kind of thing is tolerated?  
No no no no no no no  
No no no no no no no  
No no no no no  
I had so much on my mind

I thought maybe I'd unwind  
Try out that new roller coaster ride  
And the guide Said not to stand  
But that's a demand  
That I couldn't meet  
I got on my feet  
And stood up instead  
And knocked off my head, you see Tell me  
Why'd I have to go and get myself decapitated?  
This really is a major inconvenience, oh man, I really hate it  
Such a drag, now  
Can't eat, I can't breathe, I can't snore  
I can't belch or yodel anymore  
Can't spit or blow my nose or even read Sports Illustrated Oh no  
Why'd I have to go and get myself all mutilated? (yeah, yeah)  
I gotta tell ya, life without a head kinda makes me irritated  
What a bummer  
Can't blink, I can't cough, I can't sneeze  
But my neck is enjoyin' a pleasant breeze now  
Haven't been the same since my head and I were separated  
No no no

Songwriters

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