

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

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

blow my nose or even read *Spot*

Oh no

nd got w

Why'd I have to go and get myself all matted?
(Yash, yash)

(Yeah, yeah)

I gotta tell ya, life without a head kinda makes me irritated
What a bummer it'd be, I can't stand it, I can't stand it

What a bummer, can't blink, I can't cough, I can't sneeze
I can't even hiccup, I can't even burp

But my heck is enjoyin' a pleasant breeze now
I'm comin' home to you, I'm comin' home to you.

Haven't been the same since my head and I were separated

No, no, no

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