

# Blue – Heathers

Hey, 'Ronica  
Eww, you got a left hand: Use it  
Don't talk mean like that  
You'll hurt their feelings :(  
You make my balls so blue  
You hurt them badly  
You make my balls so blue  
They're hangin' sadly  
What did they do to you  
That you hate them so?  
Don't run from me  
They're all beat up  
Like a tackling dummy!  
They long for your embrace!  
They're warm like mittens!  
They'll curl up on your face  
And purr like kittens!  
You make my balls so blue!  
Just look at them glow  
They're beggin' you!  
Don't make my balls so blue  
Heather? Heather? Open the door  
Oh no, oh no no no!  
Open the door!  
Oh no, oh no no no!  
You make my balls so blue  
So please say hello!  
Hold 'em!  
Enfold 'em  
And never let go!  
Once you were geeky and nerdy  
But they knew you're dirty  
You've set them on fire  
Whatever you require they'll do!  
So take 'em home to meet your parents!  
They'll wear a suit and tie

And a fancy collar!  
They'll sing a lullaby:  
La la la la la!  
Please make these balls not blue  
Just for a while!  
Can't wait till later  
My pants are rubbin'  
Like a hot cheese grater!  
Look, booze, drink!  
Thank you so much!  
They will protect you  
Defend you  
Respect you  
Befriend you  
Like Winnie-the-Pooh!  
Winnie-the-Pooh!  
Baby, baby, baby, they're so blue!  
My balls will work for you  
They will obey ya!  
They really need rescue!  
Like Princess Leia!  
Baby, you've got to come through  
Teach them to smile!  
You got no clue  
How much  
These two  
Depend on you  
Please help them through!  
My balls are in your court!  
Yeah!  
You make my balls so blue!  
Oh! Ow! You make my balls so blue  
Good God! My balls!  
You make my balls so blue!  
Look at it! Look at it!  
Look at it! Look at it!  
You make my balls so blue!  
Please make their dreams come true  
And make these balls not blue!



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych