

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