

A Love Ballad

Bo Burnham

She got me with her look
She got me with her stare
Bright blue eyes and her long blond hair
From the start it was easy to see
This was the girl for me
Who cares if she was 83?

She could make me silent, she could make me shout
And she drove me wild with those dentures out
When we ate people said we were rude
Because I had pre-chew her food

Her skin was saggy, so was the rest.
I put my hand up her skirt and I felt her breast.
We made love, and the more I thrust
The more the room was covered in dust
Room was covered in dust

Then one day I felt a chill
As I woke up from my bed
She was lying real still
My little lady was already dead

The wake happened on a Saturday night
I just sat there and bowed my head.
A little girl was on my right
Crying because her Grandma was dead
And that little girl she got me with her looks
Got me with her tears
Feminine beauty beyond her years.
From the start it was easy to see
That was the girl for me
Who cares if she was only three?