

# My Better Half

Bo Burnham

You filled the hole that pierced my soul. I promised I would find  
someone willing to take a run round pleasures of my mind.  
Am I a perv? 'Cuz every nerve is craving for you touch.  
You make me laugh, you're my better half  
though you're not twice as much.

350 pounds of love, you must have fell from up above  
and killed the townspeople below.  
You had a crush and you let it show.  
When I want to pleasure you I need an expedition crew.  
With all those trips to KFC  
you eat out more than me.

We look just like the number 10 when you stand next to me.  
Is it your stare that pulls me in, or just gravity?  
You mix mayonaise with you scotch, you're the perfect spouse.  
Last week we went on a whale watch,  
the boat drove to you house.

350 pounds of pain, when you exhale Al Gore goes insane.  
Whenever we make-out I taste jam and sauerkraut.  
We went on a sailing trip,  
you fell and floated beside the ship,  
then the boat docked on your pants and said,  
"I claim this island in the name of France."

That was a horrible French accent..

Then you did what I feared, you disappeared.  
You said there was something new.  
Liposuction, breast reduction-  
what came home wasn't you.  
No, no, no, no, it wasn't you.

It was 120 pounds of hate, and you said "I look great!"  
And when the nurses removed the fat  
they found the neighbors cat.  
I just paused and said to her,  
"I loved you just the way you were"  
Then she smiled and, for my sake, she said, "Pass the cake."

Pass the cake,  
pass the cake,  
pass the cake.