

Repeat Stuff

Bo Burnham

Nowadays, thanks to corporately owned pop stars
Love songs are even more beautiful.
How beautiful are today's love songs?
I'll show you.

I love your hair I love your name I love the way you say it
I love your heart and you're so smart, 'cause you gave away it
I love your sis' I love your dad I love your mum
But more than all of that I love the fact that you are dumb enough (swag)
To not realize everything I've said has been said before
In a thousand ways in a thousand songs, some with the same four chords
But you'll still love it, let me finger you

Oh girl, I hope you don't think that I'm rude
When I tell you that I love you boo
I also hope that you don't see through
This cleverly constructed ruse
Designed by a marketing team
Cashing in on puberty and low self-esteem
And girls' desperate need to feel loved

America says we love a chorus
But don't get complicated and bore us
Though meaning might be missin'
We need to know the words after just one listen so
Repeat stuff (8x)

I love my baby and you know I couldn't live without her
But now I need to make every girl think this song's about her
Just to make sure that they spread it like the plague
So I describe my dream girl as really really vague, like
"I love your hands 'cause your fingerprints are like no other
I love your eyes and their blueish brownish greenish color
I love it when you smile, that you smile wide
And I love how your torso has an arm on either side."
Now, if you're my agent you might be thinking, "Oh no, sound the alarms
You're not appealing to little girls who don't have arms."
But they can't use iTunes, so fuck 'em (who needs 'em?)

Repeat stuff Repeat it! Repeat it 'til the day you die!

I'm in magazines full of model teens, so far above you
So read them and hate yourself, and pay me to tell you I love you
And the parents will always come along, because their little girl is in love
And how could love be wrong? How could love be wrong? When you
Repeat stuff (8x)

We know it's not right, we know it's not funny
But we'll stop beating this dead horse when it stops spitting out money

But until then, we will repeat stuff