

Superduper...

Even Rude

I knew this little girl, she's not such a little girl. We used to call her big Shirl, but that wasn't her name.

I think it was Jenny or Jane but she could eat like a champion - big shirl what's happening?

She dotted me in my eye, back when I told her why. I thought I'd never see her again until our High School reunion. Man she really grew up and man she really trimmed down - hey Jen you want to go out?

We hit the town with red paint and we had brushes in hand. She didn't remember who I was, I was just some other guy. I took her out to the beach, we went down in the sand - we had a funky good time!

It was a funky good time.

It was a Superduperfunkin'groovin'fuzzywuzzyloveathon.

Later on that same year, I know it doesn't seem likely, but it's the God's honest truth, the guy he wanted to fight me. He was pretty big and I'm, well you can see me - wish me luck I'll need it.

He caught us cheating at cards, or at least so he thought. We weren't even playing for money, just a friendly little game. He didn't even know my name, or at least so I thought - but hey look what I brought.

It was six inches of steel, wrapped in a 1/2" of leather. There was no love lost when we took it out to the street. He put my boy on his back, so I cracked open a can - of funky fresh whoop ass.

Oooh, you're not alone, you're not alone, you know your not alone.

Love is so many different things. To me, it's never quite the same.

I find it everywhere I go but it always leaves me by myself.