

She's got ice hockey hair  
It's instamatic and it has such flair  
And when the puck hits the back of the cage  
She feels the tingle of a quiet rage  
She thinks it's tasty  
Me thinks it's hasty  
Take me to a chorus now  
Tell me what to do if it all falls through?  
Can you point me a direction I can take my shoes?  
What did I do to you to make you feel so blue?  
I get the impression that we're overdue  
I got the lunar madness and it's coming straight to you  
Table tennis rules  
They're so confusing, it's not played by fools  
And with my tank filled to the brim  
You may suggest to me anything  
Phone me, page me  
Fax me 'til I'm silly  
Answer me today  
Tell me what to do if it all falls through?  
Can you point me a direction I can take my shoes?  
What did I do to you to make you feel so blue?  
I get the impression that we're overdue  
You're my little terror, oh, won't you tell me something new?  
Maybe you think I'm shady  
But I sing your language, baby  
What did I do to you to make you feel so blue?  
I get the impression that we're overdue  
What did I do to you to make you feel so blue?  
I get the impression that we're overdue  
What did I do to you?  
Now that you're here, tell me you're a non-believer, oh, oh, oh  
Now that you're here, tell me you're a non-believer, oh, oh, oh  
Now that you're here, tell me you're a non-believer, oh, oh, oh  
Now that you're here, tell me you're a non-believer, oh, oh, oh  
Now that you're here, tell me you're a non-believer, oh, oh, oh  
Now that you're here, tell me you're a non-believer, oh, oh, oh  
Now that you're here, tell me you're a non-believer, oh, oh, oh  
Now that you're here, tell me you're a non-believer, oh, oh, oh  
Now that you're here, tell me you're a non-believer, oh, oh, oh