Baby I wanna tell you all my hopes and dreams and fears
But I'm watching television, could you get me another beer
There's wrestling and pro football on, I hope you understand
I must watch it all for I am a man

And a man has needs
And a man has desires
Eternal fires that burn, burn, burn
And a man he bleeds
And a man he perspires
'Til the stains show on his shirt

I missed our anniverary and the birth of our son
It was beyond my control, my team was on a playoff run
Oh baby, baby, baby, you mean everything to me
But could you move your butt, you're blocking the TV?

And a man has needs
And a man has desires
Eternal fires that burn, burn, burn
And a man he bleeds
And a man he does tire
Gets sleepy and naps on the couch

Oh baby, oh honey, oh darling, oh pudding, what are you doing w ith that suitcase? Leaving me? What do you mean we don't commun icate? We're talking all the time. We're talk about— Ooh! Mons ter trucks! That little Volkswagon ain't got no chance against The Cowcrusher! C'mon Cowcrusher, crush that little Volks— you 're gone. I hope she left me one of them pudding pops. They're tasty.

And a man has needs
And a man has desires
Eternal fires that burn, burn, burn
And a man he bleeds
And he shops at Canadian Tire
And he always keeps his coupons

And a man has needs
And a man has desires
Eternal fires that burn, burn, burn
And a man he bleeds
And a man he expires
And he cried when Wayne Gretzky retired