

Sugar-coated girlfriends don't mean anything to me
This song's about a girl who's soft and warm and cheap
When I held her close to me she melted right away
Velveeta was her name
Velveeta, Velveeta, Velveeta...

All my friends keep telling me
"Frank, you must be sick.
How can you have fun with a gooey processed chick?"
But she's much more than that
She's got a heart of gold
And she does what she's told
Velveeta, Velveeta, Velveeta...

I want to tell her that I'll never go away
But she keeps showing me her expiration date

Girls may come, girls may go, but I know one thing for sure
They stock Velveeta at the local grocery store
And she'll be on the shelf until the end of time
When we have to say goodbye
Velveeta, Velveeta, Velveeta...