

Cheese

Tim Minchin

One, two, three, four-
C-H-E-E-S-E

Cheese

Cheese

Cheese

C-H-E-E-S-E

Cheese

Cheese

I love cheese, but it's plain to see
That cheese... doesn't love me
I am such a fool in love
I just cannot get enough
But it's an unrequited love
I can feel it in my guts

I spend the nights, tossing and turning
My stomach is churning
My heart is a-burning
My nightmares are turning upon me and shame me
To drive me insane, oh the pain, I complain, on my brain
And I wake up, with sweat on my brow
I know I gotta give it up and I must do it now
But instead in the morning when my wife is gone
I find myself back on

And I know that it's wrong but I'm soon navigating
To real mature stuff and skanky old ladies
Feeding my fetish for fettered old fetta
Photos of friesian on beds of bruschetta
The worse they smell, the more they swing
The faster the speed, my mouth gets wet, oh god

Oh god, oh god!

'Cept perhaps last night's half-wheel of post-midnight double cream brie
Trying to replace my fondues with fon-don'ts
Trying to develop strength of will, but I know that I won't
I have found love is never fair
We should be such a marvellous pair
But each time I bring her home she goes and renders me comatose
And leaves me with self loathing slumped on my chair

I cannot camen-bear it anymore
E-damn you, mon amour
Everytime I lead you through the door
I end up curled up on the floor
Oh god, my poor heart is too sore, so no more

But before I give you up, I just need one more tiny taste
To leave you like this, would be a criminal waste

Just one more tiny taste, darling please
Just one more little sliver of C-H-E-E-S-E
Cheese!

Funky, funky, funky

Cheese

Cheese, cheese, cheese
Cheese