

Ten pounds too much to the naked eye  
I don't take the bus because she drives  
Watermelon lipstick, and way too much  
She got buttermilk smile and a thorny touch  
Street smart, like a Courtney Love  
Can't get enough Hollywood stories of  
Anybody famous that can make her feel  
Like they're all kinda friends in a way  
No best friend, well one but she's crazy  
Grew up to end up a Professor of lazy  
The last of six kids that all left town  
Seems nobody ever wanted them around  
But she's cool like a soda can sittin' on ice  
Always orders sushi, only eats the rice  
Talks about J Lo like they're best of friends  
I think she loves me, but it all depends

Hey baby, I don't wanna be your Superman  
I just wanna be your man and I'll be super, baby  
You'll be standin' in the sun shine  
I'll be standin' right here in the rain  
You save me and I will save the day

I got a sweet gig rakin' in the cash with karaoke  
I get the crowd goin' when I sing the hokey pokey  
I shake it to the  
left and then I shake it to the right  
What's not to love, man I'm on tonight  
I got the LA style with the New York trim  
Keep my pants so low  
It's like I'm goin' for a swim  
I got the Coppertone tan, like in Mexico  
Well, not now but when I go, yea

I know you don't see me like a movie star  
And it can't help much that I don't have no car  
But you're my favorite thing, by far  
That's gotta count for something