

Love Is...

Bo Burnham

I love you like kings love queens
Like a gay geneticist loves designer genes (jeans)
I need you like New Orleans needs a drought
Like Hitler's father needed to learn to pull out
And I want you like a lawyer/mathematician wants some
kind of proof
And I want you like JFK wanted a car with a roof.

Because love is taking a dive, then getting really
comfortable and peeing in the pool
And love is real life porn minus all the stuff that
makes porn cool
And love is a homeless guy searching for treasure in
the middle of the rain and finding a bag of gold coins
and slowly finding out that they're all filled with
chocolate and even though he's heartbroken he can't
complain cause he was hungry in the first place

I love you like Dora loves Maps
Like the Popes toilet loves holy craps
I need you like a voyeur needs a branch
Like boys tossing salad needs a little bit of Never
Land Ranch
And I want you like all the gothic kids that look
exactly the same never want to conform
And I want you like Anne Frank wanted
nobody to read her fucking diary
Cause a diary's a collection of secret things that no
one is suppose to read
That's the whole point of a diary
Millions of people have breached this little girls
privacy after she was chased by nazis
Kick her while she's down

And if we met in 10,000bc I was your caveman, Youz my
cavelady
If we got hot we'd start rubbing
If we got hungry we'd go clubbing
There's woolly mammoths but i will protect us
You're making me devolve to a homo-erectus

And if we met in 1780
I was a white southern aristocratic plantation owner
And you were my dark-skinned servant lady...
slave
Whenever I could get away from the misses
I'll go to your shed and then I'll steal you kisses
But let's be serious I'd still work you full time as a
slave
Theres a difference between romantic language and a
complete disregard for socio-economic trends
And if we met in 1941
I was a nazi Youz a gypsy on the run
That's a little redundant
That...probably wouldnt've worked out.

Because love is your favorite food for every breakfast

lunch and dinner
And love is the holocaust except you don't die quick
and you don't get thinner
And love is being the owner of the company that makes
rape whistles
And even though you started the company with good
intentions trying to reduce the rate of rape
Now you don't want to reduce them at all cause if the
rape rate declines you'll see an equal decline in
whistle sales
Without rapists who's gonna buy your whistles?
Love is all about...
whistles