

# Repeat Stuff - Studio

Bo Burnham

Love songs used to be so beautiful

"Let us go then, you and I, when the evening is spread out against the sky like a patient etherized upon a table."

T.S. Elliot

Nowadays, thanks to corporately-owned pop stars

Love songs are even more beautiful.

How beautiful are today's love songs?

I'll show you.

I love your hair

I love your name

I love the way you say it

I love your heart

And you're so smart,

'Cause you gave away it

I love your sis'

I love your dad

I love your mum

But more than all of that

I love the fact that you are dumb enough (swag)

To not realize everything I've said has been said before

In a thousand ways in a thousand songs,

Sung with the same four chords

But you'll still love it,

Let me finger you

Finger you

Yeah, finger you

Finger you

Oh, girl, I hope you don't think that I'm rude

When I tell you that I love you, boo

I also hope that you don't see through

This cleverly constructed ruse

Designed by a marketing team

Cashing in on puberty and low self-esteem

And girls' desperate need to feel loved

Please, love me

America says we love a chorus

But don't get complicated and bore us

Though meaning might be missin'

We need to know the words after just one listen

So,

Repeat stuff [8x]

I love my baby and you know I couldn't live without her

But now I need to make every girl think this song's about her

Just to make sure that they spread it like the plague

So, I describe my dream girl as really really vague, like...

"I love your hands 'cause your fingerprints are like no other

I love your eyes and their blueish brownish greenish color

I love it when you smile, that you smile wide

And I love how your torso has an arm on either side."

Now, if you're my agent you might be thinking, "Oh no, sound the alarms.  
You're not appealing to little girls who don't have arms."  
But they can't use iTunes, so, fuck 'em  
Who needs 'em?

Oh, girl, I hope you don't think that I'm rude  
-I am a servant of darkness  
When I tell you that I love you, boo  
-I am the void  
I also hope that you don't see through  
-The rivers shall run red  
This cleverly constructed ruse  
-with the blood of virgins  
-I take many shapes  
Designed by a marketing team  
-This is one of them  
Cashing in on puberty and low self-esteem  
-The strong will be made weak,  
And girls' desperate need to feel loved  
-and the weak shall bow before me  
-Swag

America says we love a chorus  
But don't get complicated and bore us  
Though meaning might be missin'  
We need to know the words after just one listen  
So,  
Repeat stuff [8x]

Repeat stuff [10x]

Yes, repeat it! Repeat it 'til the day you die!

I'm in magazines  
Full of model teens,  
So far above you  
So, read them and hate yourself,  
Then pay me to tell you I love you (I love you)

And your parents will always come along,  
Because their little girl is in love  
And how could love be wrong?  
How could love be wrong?  
When you  
Repeat stuff [8x]

We know it's not right,  
We know it's not funny  
But we'll stop beating this dead horse  
When it stops spitting out money

But until then we will repeat stuff