

loversland

Fousheé

One, two, three, uh

Hey, hey, hey

Ha, ha, ha

Huh, huh, huh

The Donyale Luna, I'm so compassionate

You're Dalai Lama, maker of our romance

Some cherry ChapStick, come take your tongue on a dance

Ha, ha, ha, ha

My breakfast balanced, your glass of orange juice

I got the talent, you wanna hear the truth?

I'm here to tell it, I'm here to shake the room

Ha, ha, ha, ha

You make me miserable, sick, and upset

You're only giving it fifty percent

Come down to Loversland, yeah

Ha, ha, ha, ha

Don't you get your leather all up in a bunch

You must be self-indulged, sipping the punch

Come down to Loversland, yeah