

She's got ice hockey hair
It's instamatic and it has such flair
And when the puck hits the back of the cage
She feels the tingle of a quiet rage
She thinks it's tasty
Me thinks it's hasty
Take me to a chorus now
Tell me what to do if it all falls through?
Can you point me a direction I can take my shoes?
What did I do to you to make you feel so blue?
I get the impression that we're overdue
I got the lunar madness and it's coming straight to you
Table tennis rules
They're so confusing, it's not played by fools
And with my tank filled to the brim
You may suggest to me anything
Phone me, page me
Fax me 'til I'm silly
Answer me today
Tell me what to do if it all falls through?
Can you point me a direction I can take my shoes?
What did I do to you to make you feel so blue?
I get the impression that we're overdue
You're my little terror, oh, won't you tell me something new?
Maybe you think I'm shady
But I sing your language, baby
What did I do to you to make you feel so blue?
I get the impression that we're overdue
What did I do to you to make you feel so blue?
I get the impression that we're overdue
What did I do to you?
Now that you're here, tell me you're a non-believer, oh, oh, oh
Now that you're here, tell me you're a non-believer, oh, oh, oh
Now that you're here, tell me you're a non-believer, oh, oh, oh
Now that you're here, tell me you're a non-believer, oh, oh, oh
Now that you're here, tell me you're a non-believer, oh, oh, oh
Now that you're here, tell me you're a non-believer, oh, oh, oh
Now that you're here, tell me you're a non-believer, oh, oh, oh
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Now that you're here, tell me you're a non-believer, oh, oh, oh
Now that you're here, tell me you're a non-believer, oh, oh, oh