

Love?

The Simpsons

Love?

by Robert Clivilles/ Duran Ramos/ Alan Friedman/ Angel De leon
Here we go! here we go! Here we go!
Keep it coming! keep it comming! go! Here we go! Here we go! go! yah!

Ah, another summer morning,
I give myself a stretch and a yawning!
jump outta of bed, brush my teeth,
hop in the shower, gonna make it brief!
lather on up, rinse off the suds,
comb my hair, slip on my cool duds.
mirror, mirror, hangin' on the wall,
tell me who's the coolest of them all?

Yo Bart, though you're sometimes rude, I must say it's you!

Thanks dude! now on my skateboard, I do my travel.
outta my way, I'm the king of the gravel!
lookin' around for a partner crime,
gettin' in trouble, havin' a good time.
I look around, but no matter where I ride or roll, love is in the air!

What's this spread called love? what's this spread called love?
what's spread called love?
go! go! go! here we go!
what's spread called love? here we go!
what's spread called love? here we go!
what's spread called love?

the day is young,
we're trying to have fun,
watchin' lovebirds kissin' in the sun!
where are my pals? it's really a drag...
everybody's smoochin', makin' me wanna gag!
even the blue jays, the swans and the sparrows,
man, mr.cupid's got huge cute arrows!?
stacked in his backpack, ready to attack,
shoot 'em through the heart, there's no turnin' back!
youngs ones, old ones, every size and shape:
if all got to cupid, there's no escape!
look at that park bench, right over there,
total gross-out: he's kissin' her ear!
lucky for me, all my pals are strong,
we'll never give in, we'll never go wrong!
we'll never fall. let 'em shove!
the Bartman's posse is immune to love!

go! what's this spread called love? go!
what's this spread called love? go!
what's this spread called love?
here we go!
what's this spread called love? here we go!
what's this spread called love? here we go!
what's this spread called love?

As I followed the yellow brick road! wait a minute!

whoa! horsie! whoa! what do I see? do my eyes deceive me?
move a little closer to those kids behind the tree! oh no! don't tell me!
It can't be true my best friend Milhouse: traitor to the crew!
he's holding hands, he's talking sweet
with that new little girl from across the street!
he's lost his cool, his brain's gone south,
he doesn't even care that she's a metal-mouth!
hey, c'mon Milhouse, let's get the lead out!
probably got me stuck as weird as I'll get out
what?! ok. If that's the way you feel.
you'll never get me, the Bartman steel!
I learned a lot today, man, you know,
the park is gettin dark, so, yo, gotta go!

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