

# I Love Me

Tiny Tim

When people write their songs of love, they write of one another  
It's always sis, or ma, or pa, or sweetheart or a brother  
But love songs that they aimed at me have all gone on the shelf  
I don't think that is fair, so I will write one up myself

I love me, I love me, I love myself to death  
I love me, I love me 'til I'm all out of breath  
I stop at every slot machine that I should chance to pass  
And give me-self a hug and squeeze when I look in the glass

Oh, I love me, I love me, I'm wild about myself  
I love me, only me, so I contend to see  
I like me-self with such delight, I take me-self straight home each night  
And sleep with me 'til broad daylight  
I'm wild about myself

I love me, I love me, my birthday's once a year  
I love me, I love me, and when my birthday's near  
I go with me and buy myself some gifts to put away  
Then I surprise myself with them when me wakes up that day

Oh, I love me, I love me, I'll marry me someday  
I love me, I love me, I give myself me pay  
With me I like to make a date, to meet myself at half past eight  
If I'm not there I never wait  
I'm wild, wild about myself

I know a girl who has the boys proposing by the dozens  
Among her list are rich and poor and even one lone cousin  
But when she talks of love to me, I treat her with disdain  
I loudly 'there's someone else' and then this wild refrain

I love me, I love me, every place I go  
I love me, I love me, and at a movie show  
I take myself right by my arm and put me through the crowd  
And listen to myself repeat the titles right out loud

Oh, I love me, I love me, I love to squeeze my hand  
I love me, I love me, it always seems so grand  
With me I get right in my tub and let myself give me a rub  
Oh how I love to feel me scrub  
I'm wild about myself

Oh, I love me, I love me, I'm wild about myself  
I love me, I love me, my picture's on me shelf  
You may not think I look too good, but me thinks I'm just fine  
It's grand when I look in the glass and know that I'm all mine

Oh, I love me, I love me, and my love doesn't bore  
Day-by-day, in every way I love me more and more  
I takes me to a quiet place, I put my arms around my waist  
If me gets fresh I slap my face  
I'm wild about myself  
If me gets fresh I slap my face  
I'm wild about myself, whee!