

Adam Sandler, Sweet Beatrice

Hangin' with my sweet amour
She came out with a lion's roar
Yellin' "I'm goin' to the corner store,"
Be back at quarter to four
"Don't slam you pinkies in the drawer"
She can be like a maiden from the days of yore
Hangin' out at Studio 54
Break-dancin' on the slick, brick disco floor
With Lionel Richie
Who, by the way, was a Commodore
One time she gave mouth-to-mouth to a snaggle-tooth boar
Who couldn't breathe right since the Vietnam War
Then she played Chinese Checkers with Skeletor
And went camping with Eva Gabor
She's my sweet Beatrice
She's my sweet Beatrice
She's my sweet Beatrice
And, she's coming home
I got a picture of her down by the seashore
Wearing a bikini made of purple velour
Her hair's up like Conway Twitty's pompadour
With the smile of Guy LeFleur
She got the ups and the downs like an elevator
But deep inside she's a marshmallow s'more
Can bake a cake as big as Jupiter
Either/or, neither/nor
She'll share it with your Labrador
She can run faster than a blazing meteor
Loves Winnie the Pooh and his friend Eeyore
Can make a pipe out of an apple core
That's a trick she learned from Roberto Parrish
Down in Ecuador
You know why?
She's my sweet Beatrice
She's my sweet Beatrice
She's my sweet Beatrice
And she's coming home
Well, for sure, she opened the door
Whipped out a three-foot fishing lure
Sexually, that made me feel insecure
Like the time I was a roadie
On Elton John's tour
She said "Let's go catch some Piscatore!"
I said "Beatrice, you don't eat fish no more"
She said "By G-d, you're right!"
So we took ourselves a snore
And when we woke up 10 hours later
We made "Love Du Jour"
She's my sweet Beatrice
She's my sweet Beatrice
She's my sweet Beatrice
And she came home
She likes to clean out the attic every now and then
She's gonna knit me a brand new golfing bag
We gonna watch ourselves a John Wayne movie
Then we gonna free all the doggies at the kennel
She gonna try on my third grade mittens
She'll keep 'em on even though they're way to small
Well, she ain't never gonna hurt me
She ain't never gonna let me down
She ain't never gonna tell nobody
I'm afraid of birds and spiders
Well,
Bea-Bea-Bea-Beatrice

Bea-Bea-Bea-Beatrice
Bea-Bea-Bea-Beatrice
Bea-Bea-Bea-Beatrice
Bea-Bea-Bea-Beatrice
Bea-Bea-Bea-Beatrice
And she loves Pat Summerall