

Beat Happening, The This Many Boyfriends Club

This many boyfriends walk her home
This many boyfriends ring the phone

Lori, Lori what's the story?
All those boys think you are boring
They just see those bobby socks
Not what's beneath those curly locks

It makes me mad
When I see them make you sad
Sometimes I wanna be real bad
And shove those words back down their throat

Lori, Lori what's the story?
Let's go do some apple coring
We will bake an apple pie
Maybe that will dry your eyes

The oven's warm
How come your hands are so cold?

Lori, Lori what's the hurry?
So they think they're judge and jury
The reason we cause such a flurry
Is they'll never love so purely

We tip over apple carts
With the pounding of our hearts

Lori, Lori don't you worry
We'll have our own swimming party
We'll swim up and we'll swim back
Now you're sitting in my lap

And there's one thing I forgot
I love Lori a lot.