

Da Vinci's Notebook, Three Little Words

When the streets shoot fire
while the thunderbolts roll
and the bloodshot demons run free
That's when I see her again
within the pit of my heart
staring out in the past into me.

We stood there together
on the edge of forever
in the shadows of a pale moonlight
and I never seen a woman
lookin better than she did
on that lonely deep dark hot summer night...

Well my body was tremblin
and my soul was achin
but I saw my salvation in her eyes
So I held out my hand
and said those Three Little Words
that I've been holding for so long inside...

Pull my finger.
Pull my finger.
I'm beggin you please
Why don't you Pull my finger.

Pull my finger.
Pull my finger.
I'm down on my knees
Why don't you Pull my finger.

Maybe I don't know what I'm askin you for,
And maybe I know it ain't right...
Won't you pull my finger baby,
'till the morning light.

[bridge]

I said "I gotta get out,
I gotta get out of here again,
I gotta get goin' away.
If you're never gonna give me the answer that I need,
I ain't waitin' till the end of the day..."
So I got on my bike
and headed out on the road
at a hundred million miles an hour...
And I drove all night
and then the road opened up
to a raging pit of burning fire...
and as my bike cranked out through the gates of hell
I thought about a hockey game!

Duchesne brings the puck up towards the center line,
looks for the open man,
passes over to Hunter who takes a shot from the point!
Wide left...
Puck bounces into the crease,
Broflovski and Marsh duking it out for control.
Marsh with control, passes it up to Krygier.
Krygier sends it to the blue line for Steeples,
pass intercepted by K'neth and...
Ohh! crushing check from Carrizzo sends K'neth into the boards!
Steeple comes up with the puck.
It's a two on one.

He jukes and now only the goalie stands between him and the net.
Steeple's charging, Hextall comes out to meet him.
It's the moment of truth.
He dekes!
Hextall hits the ice,
and it looks like he has an empty net...
Holy cow!
""*horn blares*""

Her: "I'll never pull your finger. No way I'm gonna pull your finger.
I'm never ever- ever ever- ever ever- ever ever, ever ever gonna pull it."
Him: "Pull my finger."
"Put it away."
"Pull my finger."
"Please don't ask me again..."
"You know that I need for you to pull my finger."
"I'm tired of your childish games."
"I'm prayin to god."
"How you know where it's been."
"I'm goin out of my mind."
"Ask me anything else."
"I don't know what to do."
"But don't..."
"Why don't you pull my finger?"
"But don't ask me to do that."
"Don't you know what it means to me baby?"
"How many times do I have to tell you?"
"I'll do anything you want if you just pull my finger"
"I don't care if it hurts you."
"I'm reaching out..."
"Let the heavens rain down."
"Why don't you take my hand?"
"Let the mountains fall."
"Tell me what I gotta do for you to..."
"But I'm never gonna..."
Both: "Pull my/your finger... now....."