

Fefe Dobson, Stupid Little Love Song

It's just a stupid little love song
It's just a stupid little
It's just a stupid little love song

Here we go

Put em' up

Put em' up, put em' up

Your granddad fought in world war two
Your cousin landed on the moon
Your mother is a diplomat, the senator of Connecticut
Your sister's got 4 point O
Your father's got his own talk show
Your brother aced the science test, he found the cure for morning breath

I came here by taxi
You came by limousine
And all I have to offer you is this

Just a stupid little love song
(3 chords and a microphone)
Just a stupid little love song
(hip hop and rock n' roll)
So sit right down I'll sing this song to you

Put em' up
Put em' up, put em' up

The captain of the football team
The cheerleader's recurring dream
You're on the road to Harvard Law
I'm on the bus to Arkansas

I stand in your doorway
Your world looks so enchanting
And all I have to offer you is this

Just a stupid little love song
(3 chords and a microphone)
Just a stupid little love song
(hip hop and rock n' roll)
So sit right down I'll sing this song to you

Put em' up

Put em' up, put em' up

And the moon comes in the window like a spotlight
(Listen up 'cause this is real)
Sit you down and I begin to gently rock your mic
('cause I'm trying to tell you what I feel)
And we're truly approaching a moment
And then you lean over, and saaaay, what's my name?, what's my name?, what's my name?
ooooohhhhhhhh, go on

Here we go

(Hi is Brett home?)
(Well will you tell him I came by?)

I stand in your driveway
Your world looks so far away

And all I have to offer you is this

Just a stupid little love song
(3 chords and a microphone)
Just a stupid little love song
(hip hop and rock and roll)
So sit right down I'll sing this song to you

Put em' up, put em' up

Just a stupid little love song
So sit right down I'll sing this song to you