

Tim Minchin, Cheese

One, two, three, four
C-H-E-E-S-E

Cheese

Cheese

C-H-E-E-S-E

Cheese

I love cheese, but it's plain to see
That cheese... doesn't love me
I am such a fool in love
I just cannot get enough
But it's an unrequited love
I can feel it in my guts

I spend the nights, tossing and turning
My stomach is churning
My heart is a-burning
My nightmares are turning upon me and shame me
To drive me insane, oh the pain, I complain, on my brain
And I wake up, with sweat on my brow
I know I gotta give it up and I gotta do it now
But instead in the morning when my wife is gone
I find myself back on Cheeseworld.com
And I know that it's wrong but I'm soon navigating
To the real mature stuff and funky old ladies
Feeding my fetish for fettered old fetta
Photos of friesian on beds of bruschetta
The worse they smell, the more they swing
The faster the speed, my mouth gets wet, oh god!

Ooh! Oh!

J'adore le fromage
Mais le fromage ne pas adore me
Rien, je ne regrette rien
'Cept perhaps last night's half-wheel of double cream brie
Trying to replace my fondues with fon-don'ts
Trying to develop strength of will, but I know that I won't
I have found love is never fair
We should be such a marvellous pair
But each time I bring her home she goes and renders me comatose
And leaves me self loathing slumped on my chair

I cannot camen-bear it anymore
E-damn you, mon amour
Everytime I lead you through the door
I end up curled up on the floor
Oh god, my poor heart is too sore, so no more!

But before I give you up, I just need one more tiny taste
To leave you like this, would be a criminal waste
Just one more tiny taste, darling please
Just one more little sliver of C-H-E-E-S-E
Cheese!

Cheese

Funky, funky, funky, funky cheese

Cheese!

Oh cheese!

Cheese!