

Uncle Bob, Birds And The Bees

Some little piece of love
That they have
That they have
That they have
That they have
I drive on the street 'cause I'm so incomplete
And she's always on my mind
Or is it a she that you just want to be with?
'Cause I'm on the line all right
Love hurts, my friend
Love hurts in the end
In the end
In the end
In the end
Oh let me tell you about the birds and the bees
The nice and the sleazy
I don't even know her name
Or do you belong in a four minute love song
That nobody can explain?
Love hurts, my friend
Love hurts in the end
In the end
In the end
In the end
My mother told me 'Son, you're just like your dad'
Some little piece of love
That they have
That they have
That they have
That they have
That they have
Loving me, loving you
No no
Loving me, loving you
Yeah
Loving me, loving you
No no
Loving me, loving you
No no