

Bo Burnham, Love Is...

ooh ... what is this thing?

Just a reminder Bo, your EP is available now on iTunes.

Go and buy it, it is really good.

Ooh, hi, I didn't even see you there. I was just looking my notes over and ... ok

You wanna hear a song?

I love you like kings love queens,

like a gay geneticist loves designer jeans (genes)

I need you like New Orleans needs a drought,

like Hitler's father needed to learn to pull out.

And I want you ... yeah, like a lawyer slash mathematician wants some kind of proof.

And I want you like J.F.K. wanted a car with a roof.

Because love is, takin' that dive and gettin' really comfortable and peein' in the pool.

And love is, a real life porn ... minus all the stuff that makes porn cool.

And love is, a homeless guy ... searchin' for treasure in the middle of the rain and finding a bag of gold.

Because I love you like Dora loves maps,

like the Pope's toilet loves ... holy craps.

I need you like a voyeur needs a branch,

like boys tossing salad needs a little bit of Neverland ranch.

And I want you like all the gothic kids that look exactly the same never want to conform.

And I want you like Anne Frank wanted ... nobody to read her diary.

Cuz, like a diary is a collection of secret things that no one else reads, that's the whole point of a diary.

And if we met in 10,000 B.C., I was your cave man you's my cave lady ...

If we got hot, we'd start rubbin',

if we got hungry, we'd go clubbin'.

There's woolly mammoths but I won't protect us,

you're makin' me devolve to a homoerectus.

And if we met in 1780, I was a white southern aristocratic plantation owner and you were my dark slave.

Whenever I could get away from the Mrs.,

I'd go to your shed and then I'd steal you kisses.

But let's be serious, I'd still work you full time as a slave, there's a difference between romantic language and slavery.

And if we met in 1941, I was a Nazi, you's a gypsy on the run (that's a little redundant)

That probably wouldn't have worked out ... yeah

Because, love is your favorite food for every breakfast, lunch and dinner.

And love is the holocaust, if you don't die quick and you don't get thinner.

And love is, bein' the owner of a company that makes rape whistles and even though you started the company

Without rapists, who's gonna buy your whistles?

Who's gonna buy your whistles?

Love is all about whistles.

That was for a girl by the way.