

# Huey Lewis & The News, You Crack Me Up

Oh my god, I can't believe my eyes  
Underneath that ghostly pale is that you  
Someone in your shape shouldn't be driving  
Someone in your shape shouldn't be doing anything at all

You should see yourself in the mirror  
With your leather lips and your snakeskin shoes  
Do you have to shout in my ear  
Do me a favor, just stop talking for a minute or two

You crack me up, you really really do  
With your sunglasses on, acting so young  
Only I know what you're really up to  
You break me up

No, I don't want to sit in your sports car  
No, I don't want to hear a tune  
All the locals say you'll go far  
That's funny; they don't know you like I do

You crack me up you twisted wreck  
Shouting in the parking lot, think you'll give it one more shot  
Better hope they'll cash a check  
You break me up

You better ask yourself a question  
Cause you can't live like this for long  
You better listen to my suggestion  
Before you wind up in somebody else's song