

K's Choice, I Wanna Meet The Man

I've been thinking all night about this song.
The music's okay, but I can't find words to say.

I could sing that I'm a virgin and show my tits,
decree how sex improves the world,
in which masturbation is the thing of the day.
"I'm afraid I haven't got much to say."

I thought about "Hello, fool, I love you",
Or repeat a hundred times "How do you do".
I wanna dance with somebody, hey, I like that sound,
but there ain't nobody humpin' around.

I wanna meet the man who wrote these lyrics,
he must be great.
I wanna meet the man who wrote these songs.
I wanna meet the man.

And while I sing these words to you
there's a rat in my kitchen, don't know what I'll do.
Forget about the rat and sing along,
'cause we feel so strong and we can't go wrong.
We walk hand in hand to the promised land.

I think I met the man who wrote these lyrics.
I guess I have ignored the things he said.
I think I have noticed how expensive perfume
never covers up smelly breath.