

# K's Choice, What The Hell Is Love

He was not so tall and rather fat.  
He had a labrador and a limping cat.  
Born in a country with a broken heart.  
He had enough money and a credit card.  
Told bedtime stories to his teddybear,  
gave him lots of hugs and a dress to wear.  
He had a small apartment, what a lovely sight.  
He watched MTV all night.

Where the hell was friendship.  
He must have turned it off.  
And most of all he wondered: "What is love,  
what the hell is love?"

He enjoyed the silence more and more.  
As he heard the door slam right next door.  
He had a fancy Parker and a diary  
in which he wrote some poetry.  
And as he went to bed at night,  
the cat's eyes gave him ample light  
to make him lie awake and see  
the content of his misery.

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