

# Patsy Cline, Stupid Cupid

Stupid Cupid, you're a real mean guy,  
I'd like to clip your wings so you can't fly,  
I'm in love and it's a crying shame,  
And I know that you're the one to blame.  
Hey, hey, set me free.  
Stupid Cupid, stop picking on me.

I can't do my homework and I can't think straight,  
I meet him every morning 'bout half past eight,  
I'm acting like a lovesick fool,  
He's even got me carrying his books to school.  
Hey, hey, set me free.  
Stupid Cupid, stop picking on me.

You mixed me up for good  
Right from the very start,  
So go play Robin Hood  
With somebody else's heart.

You got me jumping like a crazy clown,  
And I don't feature what you're putting down,  
Well since I kissed the loving lips of wine,  
The thing that bothers me is that I like it fine.  
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Stupid Cupid, stop picking on me.

Instrumental

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