

Peeping Tom, Celebrity Death Match

Waking up without you
It's all in my head
I roll over to touch you
See a horse's head
How did I arouse you with Keanu's face?
How well did I endow you with Dirk Diggler's pace?
How do you entice me with Beyoncs face?
But when you slice and dice me
It's like Will & Grace

If I keep doing it my way
And you keep doing it your way
If I keep doing it my way
And you keep doing it your way
If I keep singing it my way
And you keep screaming it your way
We'll both be taking the highway
So let's start doing it our way
(and we'll be fine)

Going to sleep without me
It's all up in your head
Four glasses of Nyquil
Won't warm up your bed

You keep on doing it your way
You keep on doing it your way
I keep on doing it my way
I keep on doing it my way
You keep on doing it your way
You keep on doing it your way
I keep on doing it my way
I keep on taking the highway

How do you despise me in a Michael Bolton way?
I guess how I despise you like Meg Ryan's face
And how I defy you like J-Lo's cheeks?
And how you victimize me like R. Kelly's babes

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Watch the credits rolling
Can we be friends?
Or is this the end?