

# South Park, Wake Up Wendy!

Got this bug-eyed girl, cold hand on my knee..  
Frozen teeth, chitter-chatter  
Dressed up like a Cemetary, Like a Cemetary..  
Snow Bound all winter, blue lips on my cheek..  
Little tongues prowling round  
And talking 'bout them hometown hicks  
them hometown hicks..

Wake up Wendy! Smell the coffee  
Help me into your cuddlesome kitchen..  
Gimme a cup, of that ol' black magic  
I wanna get me some of that ol' home cooking..  
Can you feel it? Still is it freezing?  
Wake up Wendy! Moods are changing  
I've got a reason, you've got a feeling  
Wake up Wendy, Love's in Season.

Feels like a Steam Clean, when she washes me..

Valves a-busting, pumps a-hissing  
Just Peel me off the Ceiling, off the Ceiling..  
Chill out, bug-eyed girl, zap me into cinders..  
Up the thermal Mumbo-Jumbo  
Melt me with your little love-fingers  
your little love-fingers..

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