

# South Park, Wake Up Wendy - Elton John

Got this bug-eyed girl  
Cold hand on my knee  
Frozen teeth chitter, chatter  
She's dressed up like a cemetary  
Like a cemetary

Snowbound all winter  
Blue lips on my cheek  
Little tongues prattlin', rattlin'  
Talkin' about them hometown geeks  
Them hometown geeks

Wake up Wendy, smell the coffee  
Help me into your custom kitchen  
Gimme a cup of that old black magic  
I wanna get me some of that old home cookin'  
Can you feel it, it's chilly and freezin'  
Wake up Wendy, moods a changin'  
I got a reason, and you got a feelin'  
Wake up Wendy, love's in season

Feels like a steam clean  
When she washes me  
Clouds bustin', pumps a hissinn'  
Just peel me off the ceiling  
Off the ceiling

Chill out bug-eyed-girl  
Zap me into cinders  
Pop the thermal mumbo jumbo  
Melt me with your little fingers  
With little fingers

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Gimme a cup of that old black magic  
I wanna get me some of that old home cookin'  
Can you feel it, it's chilly and freezin'  
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\*telephone rings\*  
Receptionist: Production.

Sid Greenfield: It's Sid Greenfield for Matt or Trey.

Receptionist: Hold on.

Matt Stone: Hello.

Sid: Trey.

Matt: Uh, no, this is Matt.

Sid: Matt, it-it's Sid Greenfield.

Matt: Oh, hey, Sid, what's going on, man?

Sid: I, hello, uh, listen, uh, Matt, okay, this is, this is you and me talking here, okay?

Matt: Uh huh.

Sid: Okay, listen, I'm sitting here, bleeding out my ass.

Matt: Right.

Sid: Okay? And do you know why?

Matt: Wh-why.

Sid: Because of this Mousse-T track.

Matt: Oh, "Horny, Horny, Horny"?

Sid: Yeah, Matt, you know i-it's gotta go on the South Park album.

Matt: Oh, no, dude, we've already talked about this - we HATE this song.

Sid: No-I know you hate it.

Matt: We've already talked about it!

Sid: I know you hate it, I hate it, everyone hates it. But, listen, we NEED this pop song on the album!

Matt: I don't care about that!

Sid: I'm the only one that agrees with you, okay? This is huge in Europe right now and everyone in

Matt: Right.

Sid: THIS song. Is the best song ever written.

Matt: How can you say that?

Sid: Wh-What did I say?

Matt: This song is the best song ever written.

Sid: I agree with you, Matt. I agree with you right there. It is a great song and I know that, I know it's

Matt: Hold on, I wanna-hold on I'll ask Trey.

Sid: Oh, shit.

Matt (in background): Hey, Trey, they wa-they wanna put that f\*\*kin', that horny horny horny song,

Trey Parker(in background): Dude, we already said no! F\*\*k that song!

Sid: Okay, Matt, Matt? Listen, you know what? This is just you and me talkin', but f\*\*k Trey.

Trey: This IS Trey!

Sid (after a long pause): Okay, Trey, listen, th-f\*\*k Matt, okay? Matt, Matt doesn't care about-

Trey: No! F\*\*k that song!

Matt: Hello?

Sid: Just- \*sigh\*

Matt: Hello?

Sid: Matt, will you just listen to the song one more time?

Matt: No, I'm not gonna listen to it.

Sid: Okay, here it goes, here it is.

\*song starts to play\*

Matt: No!

Sid: Are you listening?

Matt: This song sucks, man! This song SUCKS! We've already talked about it!

Sid: No, listen! Listen to this part! You see that man? You gotta give it a chance! Let it get in under