

Tim Minchin, Weird About Rob

Everybody's weird about Rob and who can blame them?
He's the kind of guy who's grown a 5 o'clock shadow by 3:30 in the afternoon
Everybody wants what he's got and I'm one of them
He's the guy your girlfriend falls in love with, but you don't mind; you know it's only human
To be weird about Rob

You and me and everybody's weird about Rob
And you might try to be more like Robbie but you won't be cos he's too damn sexy
You'd need to have surgery
You'd need a second degree
You'd need to have sex in threes to be Robbie

Everybody's weird about Rob and who can blame them?
He's the kind of guy who makes an off-hand comment and everybody leaps to write it down
Everybody thinks he's a god and I'm one of them
He's got hands like a piano virtuoso and a jaw like a Hollywood movie star
That's why I'm weird about Rob

You and me and everybody's weird about Rob
And you might try to be more like Robbie but you won't be; I know, I've tried, trust me
You'd need to earn 80 G
You'd have to know more about tea
You'd have to try harder than me and read philosophy and shop organically
And have perfect cheekbones to be Robbie