

# 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