

Tripod, Boobs

I typed my name into an internet search engine,
and all I got was boobs.
There goes my day again,
There goes my day again,
What's a man supposed to do?

No matter what I type into the damn search engine,
All I get is boobs.
There goes my day again,
There goes my day again,
all I seem to ever get is boobs.

Everyday I have the purest of intentions,
But I get ambushed by this time wasting invention,
Time wasting invention!
I'm not talkin' 'bout the net,
I'm talkin' 'bout boobs.

(oooooooo)
Boo boo boobie doo boo boo

There goes my day again,
There goes my day again,
These days when I'm on the net,
I just cut the crap and type in boobs.