

TELL ME WHY

Red Peters with Dumpster Punch

Here we lie in bed potential lovers
Your one-way conversation never ends
I grow tired, so I pull up the covers
Satisfied to know that we are just friends.
There is silence, then I hear a gentle crying,
And then you pose this question to me.

REFRAIN

You said,
Why, oh why, won't you fuck me?
Why, oh why, oh why?
Tell me why, tell me why, tell me why,
won't you fuck me?
Tell me why, tell me why, tell me why

Spoken:

Why, oh why, won't I fuck you?
I think the Greek philosopher,
Testicles said it best- that,
It's hard to get the cork back into the bottle once you pull it out.²
And I'm not talking about pulling out at the last second either.
(pondering) Or maybe it's just that I'm incapable of loving someone else...
other than myself, of course. Or could it be, that I know you're moving next
week, and that you know I have a truck and you'll ask me to help you move
(pause)
and even though you're lying there,
glowing in the moonlight and it's been one year, three months and fifteen
days since the last time I got laid,
I don't want to have to chew my arm off
to sneak outta here in the morning. Ok?
And besides, I don't mind jerking off...

REFRAIN

You said,

Why, oh why, won't you fuck me?

Why, oh why, oh why?

Tell me why, tell me why, tell me why,
won't you fuck me?

Tell me why, tell me why, tell me why

Tell me why, tell me why, tell me why,
won't you fuck me?

Tell me why, tell me why, tell me why

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