

Sarah Brightman, Sheldon Bloom

I'll walk your dog.
I'll be the first one in the shower.
We'll make love every hour,
Beneath your Van Gogh.

I'll park the car,
And I'll whistle while the eggs are frying.
I'll dance while your shirts are drying.
Waltz or tango?

Let me move in and let's get this show rolling.
I'll talk to your plants,
I'll even go bowling.

There is nothing I wouldn't do.
I'd be the perfect little lady for you.
Sheldon Bloom, make some room.

Won't say a word when you're watching Spencer Tracy.
I'll learn to dig Count Bassie.
Nothing to it.

I'll start to jog.
If that's what you want to take up.
I'll stop wearing make-up.
I can do it.

When you meditate
I promise I'll be quiet.
I won't eat eclairs.
I'll share your sugar free diet.

There is nothing I wouldn't do.
I'll be the perfect little lady for you.
Pass the key,
Sheldon B.

No horoscope.
You won't ever hear me mention Pisces.
There won't be any crises, you can bet that.

I'll give up pork.
In a will tune that old viola.
Quote things from Emile Zola.
I must get that.

I'll make chicken soup when you feel fluey.
Be your analyst when your head's real screwy.

There is nothing I wouldn't do.
I'd be the perfect little lady for you.
Sheldon dear,
I like it here!