

# Weird Al Yankovic, Constipated

Uh huh, extra cheese.  
Uh huh, uh huh, save a piece for me.  
Pizza party at your fuckin' house,  
I went just to check it out.  
19 extra larges,  
What a shame, no one came.  
Just us, eatin' all alone,  
You said take the pizza home.  
No sense lettin' all this go to waste,  
So then I faced  
Pizza all day, and everyday, there's cheese round the clock,  
It's gettin' me blocked, And I sure don't care the irregularity.  
Tell me,  
Why'd you have to go and make me so Constipated?  
Cause right now I'd do anything to just get my bowels evacuated,  
In the bathroom.  
I sit and I wait and I strain and I sweat and I clench and I feel the pain  
Oh, should I take laxatives or have my colon irrigated.  
No, no, no.  
I was feelin' pretty down,  
'Til my girlfriend came around.  
We're just so alike in every way, I gotta say.  
In fact, I just thought I might,  
pop the question there that night.  
I was kissing her so tenderly,  
But woe is me.  
Who would uh guessed, her family crest.  
I suddenly spy, tattoo'd on her thigh.  
And son of a gun, it's just like the one on me.  
Tell me.  
How was I supposed to know we were both related?  
Believe me, if I knew she was my cousin we never would uh dated.  
What to do now?  
Should I go ahead and propose and get hitched and have kids with 11 toes,  
And move to Alabama where that kind of thing is tolerated.  
No, no, no.  
(no no no)  
I had so much on my mind,  
I thought maybe I'd unwind.  
Try out that new roller coaster ride,  
And the guide...  
Said not to stand, but that's a demand,  
That I couldn't meet, I got on my feet,  
And stood up instead and knocked off my head you see.  
Tell me.  
Why'd I have to go and get myself decapitated?  
This really is a major inconvenience, oh man I really hate it.  
It's such a drag now.  
I can't eat, I can't breathe, I can't snore, I can't belch or yodel anymore,  
Can't spit or blow my nose or even read Sports Illustrated.  
Oh no!  
Why'd I have to go and get myself all mutilated?  
I gotta tell ya, life without a head kinda makes me irritated.  
What a bummer.  
I can't blink, I can't cough, I can't sneeze.  
But my neck is enjoying a pleasant breeze now.  
Haven't been the same since my head and I were separated.  
No, no, no.