

The perfect woman

Bo Burnham

She was the perfect woman, in every single way,
She made the sun shine brighter, and all my cares go away.
She was the perfect woman, she was a gourmet chef,
They say that love is blind, well it's also deaf.

Cause Helen Keller was the perfect woman, and no one understands,
Just how talented she was with her hands.
God made her the perfect woman, I was the finishing touch.
She was the perfect woman cause she didn't talk so much.

She wanted to name the kids, so I finally let her,
It turned out horribly, chewabacca could've done better... RAAAA
AA
But I guess it was alright, we had a boy and a girl.
Just me and Helen, uhhh-aaaa, and Earl!

Cause Helen Keller was my miracle worker, I was her one-man-show,
I could walk around the house naked, and she wouldn't even know
.
Helen Keller was my perfect woman, I was her only need
She didn't mind the zits on my ass, it gave her more to read

It gave her more to read...

She read poison ivy, she read acne, she read herpes, she read it all.
She read goosebumps, she read blisters, she even read a basketball.

Helen Keller was my perfect woman, but I don't think she cared.
I played this song for her, she just sat there and stared.
She was still my perfect woman, I was sort of a mess,
I asked her to marry me, she said, "UH-EE-OHHH!"