

Stuck On You

The Electric Chairs

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Ooh, alright.

It's raining outdoors come on give me some more I'm wet for you.
Your fourteen cent plastic umbrella is splashing me up two by two
First you say you love me then you push me away.

I don't know what to do.

If I ever tried to leave you I'd bite off more than I could chew.
You're making me blue.

I'm stuck, I'm stuck, stuck on you.

I'm stuck, I'm stuck, stuck on you.

Yeah, I'm stuck, I'm stuck, stuck on you.

Just like Elmer's glue.

You don't comb your hair like you did before.

You don't wear those dirty old black Beatle boots no more.

You don't hang around at the bowling alley with the kid next door.

Now you wear sneakers and ripped up ties.

You don't look like Phyllis Diller no more.

But I love you.

I'm stuck, I'm stuck, stuck on you.

I'm stuck, I'm stuck, stuck on you.

I'm stuck, I'm stuck, stuck on you.

Just like Elmer's glue.

Well you march me around in the street picking up tricks for you.

You march me around in the street picking up dope for you.

Yeah, you march me around in the street I'm just a pimp for you.

You lock me in a room, you throw away the key.

You lay me on the floor then you beat on me.

I'm stuck, I'm stuck, stuck on you.

I'm stuck, I'm stuck, stuck on you.

I'm stuck, I'm stuck, stuck on you.

Just like Elmer's glue.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Alright.

I'm stuck, I'm stuck, stuck on you.

I'm stuck, I'm stuck, stuck on you.

I'm stuck, I'm stuck, stuck on you.

Just like Elmer's glue.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.