

# Cheese

Tim Minchin

One, two, three, four-  
C-H-E-E-S-E

Cheese

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I love cheese, but it's plain to see  
That cheese... doesn't love me  
I am such a fool in love  
I just cannot get enough  
But it's an unrequited love  
I can feel it in my guts

I spend the nights, tossing and turning  
My stomach is churning  
My heart is a-burning  
My nightmares are turning upon me and shame me  
To drive me insane, oh the pain, I complain, on my brain  
And I wake up, with sweat on my brow  
I know I gotta give it up and I must do it now  
But instead in the morning when my wife is gone  
I find myself back on

And I know that it's wrong but I'm soon navigating  
To real mature stuff and skanky old ladies  
Feeding my fetish for fettered old fetta  
Photos of friesian on beds of bruschetta  
The worse they smell, the more they swing  
The faster the speed, my mouth gets wet, oh god

Oh god, oh god!

'Cept perhaps last night's half-wheel of post-midnight double cream brie  
Trying to replace my fondues with fon-don'ts  
Trying to develop strength of will, but I know that I won't  
I have found love is never fair  
We should be such a marvellous pair  
But each time I bring her home she goes and renders me comatose  
And leaves me with self loathing slumped on my chair

I cannot camen-bear it anymore  
E-damn you, mon amour  
Everytime I lead you through the door  
I end up curled up on the floor  
Oh god, my poor heart is too sore, so no more

But before I give you up, I just need one more tiny taste  
To leave you like this, would be a criminal waste

Just one more tiny taste, darling please  
Just one more little sliver of C-H-E-E-S-E  
Cheese!

Funky, funky, funky

Cheese

Cheese, cheese, cheese  
Cheese