

You turn me on (yeah)

Brain to boday: Now get up and turn off the TV
Bad movie, seen it 'bout a hundred times

Wait till my sofa will kindly give away the remote control
And then start counting all the girls
Whose names I still recall

I don't mind that she is thinner
I don't mind that Jesus tells me No
I come to find that you still turn me on, yeah

You turn me on, yeah
You turn me on, yeah
You turn me on

Bone to brain: Now try to think of somebody else then
And does this someone sometimes think about me too

And if they're thinking, don't you think that I'd have a right to know?
And maybe I don't mind
But I think that I do

I don't mind that she is thinner
I don't mind that Jesus tells me No
I come to find that you still turn me on, yeah

You turn me on, yeah
You turn me on, yeah
You turn me on