

Chuck E.'s In Love

Rickie Lee Jones

How come he don't come and P.I.P. with me
Down at the meter no more?
And how come he turn off the TV
And hang that sign on the door?
Well, we call, and we call
"How come?", we say
Hey, what could make a boy behave this way, yeah? Well, he learned all of the lines now
And every time
He don't, uh, stutter when he talks
And it's true, it's true
He sure has acquired
This kind of cool and inspired sort of jazz when he walks
Where's his jacket and his old blue jeans?
If, if this ain't healthy, it is some kinda clean
But that means that Chuck E.'s in love, my, my
Chuck E.'s in love, love, love, love
Chuck E.'s in love, uh-huh
Chuck E.'s in I don't believe what you're saying to me
This is something that I've got to see
Is he here?
I look in the pool hall
But is he here?
I look in the drugstore
But is he here?
No, he don't come here no more Well, I tell you what
I saw him
He was sittin' behind us
Down at the Pantages
And whatever it is
That he's got up his sleeve
Well, I hope it isn't contagious
What's her name?
Is that her there?
Oh, Christ, I think he's even combed his hair
And is that her?
Well, then, what's her name?
Oh, it's never gonna be the same
That's not her
I know what's wrong
'Cause Chuck E.'s in love with the little girl singing this song
And don't you know Chuck E.'s in love, yeah, yeah
Chuck E.'s in love, love, love, love

Chuck E.'s in love, my, my
Chuck E.'s in love, my, my
Chuck E.'s in love
He's in love, love, love with me
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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