

One More Minute

"Weird Al" Yankovic

Ah

Well I heard that you're leavin' (leavin')
Gonna leave me far behind (so far behind)
'Cause you found a brand new lover
You decided that I'm not your kind (ahh)

So I pulled (I pulled) your name out (name out) of my Rolodex (oh)
And I tore all your pictures in two
And I burned down the malt shop where we used to go
Just because it reminds me of you (dippity dippity doo)

That's right (that's right) you ain't gonna see me cryin'
I'm glad (I'm glad) that you found somebody new
'Cause I'd rather spend eternity eating shards of broken glass
Than spend one more minute with you

I guess I might seem kinda bitter
You got me feeling down in the dumps
'Cause I'm stranded all alone in the gas station of love
And I have to use the self-service pumps

Oh, so honey, let me help you with that suitcase
You ain't (you ain't) gonna break my heart in two
'Cause I'd rather get a hundred thousand paper cuts on my face
Than spend one more minute with you

I'd rather rip out my intestines with a fork
Than watch you going out with other men
I'd rather slam my fingers in a door (yeah)
Again and again and again and again and again

Oh, can't you see what I'm tryin' to say, Darlin'

I'd rather have my blood sucked out by leeches (leeches)
Shove an icepick under a toenail or two
I'd rather clean all the bathrooms in Grand Central Station with my tongue
Than spend one more minute with you

Yes, I'd rather jump naked on a huge pile of thumbtacks
Or stick my nostrils together with crazy glue
I'd rather dive into a swimming pool filled with double-edged razor blades
Than spend one more minute with you

I'd rather rip my heart out of my ribcage with my bare hands
And then throw it on the floor and stomp on it 'till I die
Than spend one more minute with you