

# 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 inChuck E.'s in love  
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.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>