**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 bathroom 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

*Songwriters: Al Yankovic*

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