

## Dr Love

(adapted from various songs)

Thursday night was student night  
At my home in Beverly Hills  
It's a karaoke night at the Chamber  
And I crushed through the crowd to reach my mic  
I can sing a song or two  
And I made the crowd roar  
The karaoke host gave me the title – Dr Love  
And I became the King of Karaoke

The manager erred  
This guy is a lunatic  
He may be right  
I may be crazy  
And I drive you crazy  
But you don't want me any other way

Friday night I crushed in again  
And the crowd slowly shuffled in  
'cause it's me they came to hear  
And to forget life for awhile  
'cause I'm karaoke man  
And the manager gave me a smile  
'cause the credit card machine caught on fire  
And patrons drank like there's no tomorrow

The manager erred  
This guy is a lunatic  
He may be right  
I may be crazy  
And I drive you crazy  
But you don't want me any other way

Saturday night fever and I came alive  
And the barmaids couldn't want it any other way  
'cause it's me they were searching for  
Fighting over who should work at the karaoke bar  
And my Versace fashion left them in envy

'cause they have never seen a man quite like Dr Love  
They giggled and whispered behind the bar  
And I soon became Hotel Beverly Hill's favourite son

The manager erred  
This guy is a lunatic  
He may be right  
I may be crazy  
And I drive you crazy  
But you don't want me any other way

Sunday night karaoke came and went  
The Angel appeared as a patron for a moment  
She didn't come to sing or dance  
'cause she came for me to leer for a tick  
Through it all she offered me love and protection  
'cause whether I'm right or wrong  
She won't forsake me  
Now 15 years later I miss karaoke at the Chamber

The manager erred  
This guy is a lunatic  
He may be right  
I may be crazy  
And I drive you crazy  
But you don't want me any other way

And I drive you crazy  
But you don't want me any other way