

Pizza Love

By Teresa Jennings

On a Monday,
I've got pizza love.
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
I've got pizza love.

Wo-oh. Pizza, pizza on my brain.
Make it pepperoni or make it plain.
My pizza. Wo-oh. Pizza. Pizza. I've got pizza love.

I can't stop! I just have to chew when I see that cheesy goo.
I can't stop! And I think I'll cry if I find some onions on my pizza pie.

(Spoken Section)

*Oh, my pizza. I love you so.
Your tangy sauce. Your crusty dough.
You must have been sent from up above
To fill my heart with pizza love.*

On a Friday. I've got pizza love.
On a Saturday, Sunday, I've got pizza love.

Wo-oh. Pizza, pizza, what you do to me.
When I eat my pizza I hear a symphony.
My pizza. Wo-oh. Pizza. Pizza. I've got pizza love.

I can't stop! I just have to chew when I see that cheesy goo.
I can't stop! And I think I'll cry if I find some onions on my pizza pie.

(4 times, getting quieter each time)

I've got pizza love.
Pizza love

I've got pizza love.

