

# Vanilla Ice Cream

Stephen Lynch

Have a seat and listen,  
Please don't say a thing.  
In matters of the heart sometimes,  
The truth will have a sting. Just don't take it personally:  
This is no attack.  
But we will never last, because I'm white  
And you are... also white. I only like black girls, the brown girls, the café au lait.  
Oh, caramel girls and mocha girls just blow me away.  
If you're a nubian,  
I want you to be in  
Every fantasy,  
But if you're a whitey,  
Say nighty-nighty,  
You're just not the girl for me.  
Oh, I hate vanilla ice cream, I like chocolate instead.  
I hope she likes her soul food with a little Wonder Bread.  
Don't call it Jungle Fever, 'cause that just isn't right.  
I am not a racist: some of my best friends are white. I just prefer black girls, the brown girls, the  
café au lait.  
Oh, caramel girls and mocha girls just blow me away.  
If you're a cracker,  
You better get blacker,  
Or else you best get out.  
It is no mystery,  
I like a sister, see,  
That's what I'm talkin' about. Our wedding song will be "Ebony and Ivory",  
And we'll sing Christmas carols 'round the old Kwanza tree.  
But color is not the issue here: it's dignity, it's class.  
It's all about her heart. ... OK, it's partly about that ass!  
I want me some black girl, the brown girl, the café au lait.  
Oh, caramel girls and mocha girls just blow me away.  
If you're a honkey,  
You're singin' the wrong key,  
It's the honest truth.  
The skin that she's dwellin' in  
Must contain melanin:  
That is the Fountain of Youth. Thomas Jefferson. Robert DeNiro. David Bowie. To a certain  
extent... Ted Dansen. Strom Thurmond! Strom Thurmond! Yeeeahh...

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>

