

Adam Sandler "Lunch Lady Land"

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Woke up in the morning.
Put on my new plastic glove.
Served some re-heated salsbury steak
With a little slice of love.
I got no clue what the chicken pot pie
Is made of.
Just know everything's doing fine
Down here in Lunch Lady Land.

Well, I wear this net on my head
'Cause my red hair is fallin' out.
I wear these brown orthopedic shoes
'Cause I got a bad case of the gout.
I know you want seconds on the corn dogs,
But there's no reason to shout.
Everybody gets enough food
Down here in Lunch Lady Land.

Well, yesterday's meatloaf
Is today's sloppy joes
And my breath reaks of tuna
And there's lots of black hairs comin' out of my nose.
In Lunch Lady Land
Your dreams come true
Clouds made of carrots and peas
Mountains built of shepherd's pie
And rivers made of macarroni and cheese
Don't forget to return your trays
And try to ignore my gum disease
No student can escape the magic of Lunch Lady Land

Oh..
Hogies and grinders.
Hogies and grinders.
Hogies and grinders.
Navy beans.
Navy beans.
Navy beans.
Hogies and grinders.
Hogies and grinders.
Navy beans.
Navy beans.

Meatloaf sandwich.
Sloppy joe.
Slop, sloppy joe.
Sloppy joe.
Slop, sloppy joe.
Yeah.
Sloppy joe.
Slop, sloppy joe.
Yeah.
Sloppy joe.
Slop, *farting noise* joe.

Well, ah, dreamt one mornin'
That I woke up to see
All the pepperoni pizza
Was a-lookin' at me.
It screamed, "Why do you
Burn me and serve me up cold?"
I said, "I got the spatula,
Just do what you're told."

Then the liver and onions
Started joinin' the fight
And the chocolate pudding
Pushed me with all its might
And the chop suey slapped me
And it kicked me in the head.
"It's called revenge, Lunch Lady,"
Said the garlic bread.

I said, "What did I do to
Make you all so mad?"
They said, "You got flabby arms
And your breath is bad."
Then the green bean said,
"You better run and hide."
But then my friend, sloppy joe,
Came and joined my side.

He said, "If it wasn't for the Lunch Lady,
The kids wouldn't eat ya.
You should be shakin' her hand and sayin'
'Pleased to meet ya.'
She gives you a purpose
And she gives you a goal.
You should be kissin' her feet
And kissin' her mole."

Now, all the angry foods
Just leave me alone
And we all live together

In a happy home
Thanks to
Sloppy joe.
Slop, sloppy joe.
Yeah.
Sloppy joe.
Slop, sloppy joe.
Come on.
Sloppy joe.
Slop, sloppy joe.
Yeah.
Sloppy joe.
Slop, sloppy joe.

Well, me and Sloppy Joe got married.
We got six kids and we're doin' just fine
Down in Lunch Lady Land.

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