

Amy Arena "Cheeseburger"

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I want a hamburger
I want a slab of rare beef with blood streaking from it
Because that's the way I like it
I don't want an ordinary burger
I want a super burger
Not a quarter pounder, not a half pounder, not a three
quarter pounder
I want a real Whopper
Give me a pound of raw meat
With flies chasing after it
I wanna eat it all
I wanna put the whole thing in my mouth...
I want it with all the works too:
Mustard, ketchup, onions, relish, tomatoes, lettuce
And bring me horseradish and a bottle of Tobasco
Because I like my burgers hot and spicy
Then get the cheese:
I'll take some American cheese, Cheddar cheese,
Limburger cheese, Pepper cheese
And mix it all together 'cause I like a little variety in my
meal
And cheese is as American as apple pie
I wanna eat it all
I wanna put the whole thing in my mouth...
Until every bit is chewed, swallowed and rolling and
turning in my stomach

I'm going to hold it back in my stomach
And wait until I meet a man-just the right man
You know...the man wearing a flannel suit
And the pinpoint Oxford shirt from Brooks Brothers
With a paisley tie
Who looks at me with lust in his eyes
And thinks he is the conqueror of the Earth
Because he's moderately successful and uptight
And I'm going to puke it out all over him
On his tie and on his shirt and on his suit
And I won't stop puking all over him
Until he admits
That his love and his lust and his god
Are living in his crotch
And he realizes who and what his creator is

And why he is looking at me with lust in his eyes
I also want a diet Coke
And some french fries too
I wanna eat it all
I wanna put the whole thing in my mo

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