

All "Hotplate"

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flames burning, steam rising, my appetite grows hot.
and she know i'm itching' to see what's inside those
pots. we come around 'bout a quarter to three, can't
keep a good man from his afternoon feed. best bring
your manners or you won't get served. "what's
cooking?" it's up to her! hotplate-served with a smile.
hotplate, she likes it all the while. soup's on, there's no
denial in the oven of my desire. what's on the table is
what i need, but it's still on the fire. we come around
'bout a quarter to five, we've come to satisfy our
appetites. best bring your manners or you won't get
served. "what about desert?" it's up to her! when you
need a hotplate, here's where we go, twenty four hours
she's never closed. chinese, japanese, mexican,
thaiwanese; she found the way to bring me down to my
knees, mexican, italian, mexican, cajun; better say
thank you, and always say please. hotplate-served with
a smile. hotplate, she likes it all the while. hotplate-
served with a smile. hotplate, down home style. they
say the pretty girls can't make no eats- well look at
mine, she can't be beat. everybody tries to tear us
apart 'cause she knows a man's stomach is the way to
his heart. don't come around 'bout a quarter to nine,
'cause when the food's all gone, the girl's still mine.
don't come around a quarter to ten, cause when the
party's over, the fun begins!

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