

The Arrogant Worms

"Wong's Chinese Buffet"

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I'm feeling hungry, empty tummy, and I want to make it full

So I spend the day at Wong's buffet and I eat till I explode

There's sixty types of Oriental delights, I gotta have them all

Chicken wings and onion rings, and sweet and sour balls

At Wong's, come and sail with me

At Wong's, on the sea of gluttony

At Wong's, eat until it hurts

But don't forget there's pudding for dessert

The chicken's tough, the noodles are rough

And the chow mein's three days old

But it's quantity not quality that has got my soul

So fill that plate, no mistake, there's no holding back

I won't stop until I got a packed digestive tract

A Wong's, no meal is a loss

At Wong's covered in red sauce

At Wong's, everything is battered

And what's inside doesn't even matter

Stop! Oooooohhhh. Second plate! Huh! Third plate! Oh.

Fourth plate. Oooooohh. Dessert. Uuuuuuugg.

Fortune cookie. I ate the fortune.

I try to leave, I want to heave, my whole body hurts

Can barely stand, I tell you man, I got my money's worth

If I get the time I'm going to go to China

And eat at their ancient buffets

But I'm wonderin', how they stay so thin

Eating like this every day

At Wong's, give chopsticks a try

At Wong's, to pick up your french fry
At Wong's, you know I'm coming back
Eating here's worth the heart attack
Wong's Chinese Buffet

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