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The Potato Pies
"Help Us"

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Help us, help us
We're so fat
Help us now
Before we die of a heart attack

They say it's not how much
But what you eat
Chips and chocolate aren't good
Maybe I should eat more meat

Maybe I'll die Early
In a painful death
But at least I would have eaten
To my last breath

I don't smoke or drink
And no- one's perfect
So why can't I just live
And make my life worth it?

God chooses who lives and dies
He chooses who's good and bad
So I think he chose me to be fat
Just like he chose me to be a lad
I don't care what people think
They can laugh
If they want
I don't adore my body in the bath

You care too much about your weight
Just eat what you want
And hang around with your mate

At the end of the day
I eat what I'm told
It's there to be ate
Otherwise it gets cold

What is death, but an aspect of life?
It's snack time
So give me my chips
And a fork and a knife

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