

Tim Kasher**"Do You Want Fries With That"**

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I thought that was your voice
I thought that was my car
Now we ain't ever met before
But I know who you are
You're living in my house
And I'm living in a tent
And don't laugh, this second job of mine
Is paying both our rents
You're out here buying Happy Meals
And I'm eating rice and pintos
You so much as crack a smile at me, man
I'll come through this here window

Well you took my wife
And you took my kids
And you took that life
That I used to live
My pride, the pool, the boat, my tools, my dreams, the
dog, the cat
Yeah I think that's just about everything
Oh I almost forgot
Do you want fries with that?

Your ketchup's in the bag
And a check is in the mail
I hope your chicken's raw inside
And I hope your bun is stale
I'm supposed to tell you
"Please come back"
But how bout this instead?
I hope you both choke on a pickle
Man, that would tickle me to death
I don't know what you're waiting on
You're holding up the line
Oh man, you ain't got no change coming back
Are you out of your mind?

Well you took my wife
And you took my kids
And you took that life
That I used to live

My pride, the pool, the boat, my tools, my dreams, the
dog, the cat
Yeah I think that's all there is
Do you want fries with that?

Well you took my wife
And you took my kids
And you took that life
That I used to live
My pride, the pool, the boat, my tools, my dreams, the
dog, the cat
Yeah I think that about covers it
Do you want fries with that?

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