

Lynch Steven

"Carol of the Fries"

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Na, na-na-na.

Na, na-na-na.

Na, na-na-na.

Na, na-na-na.

Na, na-na-na.

Na, na-na-na.

Na, na-na-na.

Na, na-na-na.

I work at Burger King

Making flame-broiled Whoppers.

I wear paper hats.

Would you like an apple pie with that?

Would you like an apple pie with that?

Ding! Fries are done.

Ding! Fries are done.

Ding! Fries are done.

Ding! Fries are done.

I gotta run.

I gotta run.

I gotta run.

I gotta run.

Don't bob for fries in hot fat.

It really hurts bad, and so do skin grafts.

Would you like an apple pie with that?

Would you like an apple pie with that?

Where is the bell?

Wait for the bell.

Can't hear the bell.

Where is the bell?

Ding! Fries are done.

Ding! Fries are done.

Ding! Fries are done.

Ding! Fries are done.

I work at Burger King

Making flame-broiled Whoppers.

I wear paper hats.

Would you like an apple pie with that?

Would you like an apple pie with that?

Ding! Fries are done.

Ding! Fries are done.

Ding! Fries are done.

Ding! Fries are do-o-o-one!

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