

## Peter Tork

# "MILKSHAKE"

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She wore an apron that was covered in gravy stains,  
She had a little green book, and she had varicose  
veins.

I was tired, I was hungry, I was ready to snap.  
She dropped the steaming gumbo right in my lap.

I was alone, otherwise I would have trashed the place.  
But I was soothed by the Muzak and her beautiful face.  
The meat was chewy and the chicken was bland.  
I'm not a pigeon, but she had me eating out of her  
hand.

CHORUS: And I feel, and I feel, and I feel like a  
milkshake.

I never ordered a slice of life a la mode.  
What i need is an earthquake;  
I could hide in a crack in the road.  
But I feel like a milkshake. (Feel like a milkshake)

She started sponging my pants; it really tickled.  
She grabbed my plate and sank her teeth into my  
pickle.  
She sat down on my lap and started picking my teeth.  
She was as naked as a baby underneath.

We were lost in a dream on a bed of fluffy rice,  
When I was grabbed by the chef; he had a grip like a  
vise.  
He had gold medallions and a hairy chest.  
I gave him back his wife but he was still depressed.

CHORUS

I tipped heavy so they wouldn't think the yankees were  
mean.  
I saw a ground beef patty hit the coffee machine.  
I could tell this gorilla was the moody kind.  
I could have used a doggie bag, but I changed my  
mind.

One of these hungry days when my luck runs dry,

I'm gonna meet that Great Soda Jerk in the sky.  
He'll set the blender for that final frappe,  
Wipe the fudge from his beard, and then he'll probably  
say:

CHORUS: Do you feel, do you feel, do you feel like a  
milkshake  
At the end of your slice of life a la mode?  
We could split a devol's food cake,  
But the man with the van

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