Amy Arena, Cheeseburger

I want a hamburger I want a slab of rare beef with blood streaking from it Because that's the way I like it

I don't want an ordinary burger
I want a super burger
Not a quarter pounder, not a half pounder, not a three quarter pounder
I want a real Whopper
Give me a pound of raw meat
With flies chasing after it

I wanna eat it all I wanna put the whole thing in my mouth...

I want it with all the works too: Mustard, ketchup, onions, relish, tomatoes, lettuce And bring me horseradish and a bottle of Tobasco Because I like my burgers hot and spicy

Then get the cheese:

I'll take some American cheese, Cheddar cheese, Limburger cheese, Pepper cheese And mix it all together 'cause I like a little variety in my meal And cheese is as American as apple pie

I wanna eat it all I wanna put the whole thing in my mouth...

Until every bit is chewed, swallowed and rolling and turning in my stomach I'm going to hold it back in my stomach And wait until I meet a man-Just the right man You know...the man wearing a flannel suit And the pinpoint Oxford shirt from Brooks Brothers With a paisley tie Who looks at me with lust in his eyes And thinks he is the conqueror of the Earth Because he's moderately successful and uptight And I'm going to puke it out all over him On his tie and on his shirt and on his suit And I won't stop puking all over him Until he admits That his love and his lust and his god Are living in his crotch And he realizes who and what his creator is And why he is looking at me with lust in his eyes

I also want a diet Coke And some french fries too

I wanna eat it all I wanna put the whole thing in my mouth...