

# 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...