

Spin Doctors, Hungry Hameds

Graphite skies of Brooklyn calmly drape Fourth Avenue
Fifteen-year-old gangsters have a honey-dipped or two
In Arabic, some patrons shoot the breeze

Jeez, Louise

Hungry Hamed's, baby, count your change

Said the food's a little funky and the atmosphere is mangle

Sam's upset at Hamed and Hamed's on his feet

Hungry Hamed's, baby, just three blocks from Bergen Street

Well, you can have a little cry, baby, you can even beg

Only reason I go back is that you can't screw up an egg

Sometimes they treat you worse when you say please

They forget the ham or cheese

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I'm beige and funky, like a rubber band

I'm a lapis-eyed devil with my pen in hand

It takes flour and chocolate for an angel cake

Say now, Hamed, whatcha do with all them donuts that you bake.

My roommates won't go with me, though it's only blocks away.

Chandler holds a grudge from about five years ago today.

Some sign about free soda was a scam.

Well, that's Chan.

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