

Trout Fishing In America, Boiled Okra And Spinach

I woke up this morning with a smile on my face,
I got dressed, made my bed, and then I picked up the place;
I did what you told me, I didn't whine or cry.
Took a nap, never saw time out, now all I can ask is why.
Why am I being punished? Have I been so bad?
I sat down to dinner and this is what I had:
Chorus: Boiled okra and spinach, it's dangerous,
Fishy fish with a thousand bones, cooked in asparagus,
I'd rather eat boogers than black-eyed peas,
I'd trade it all for a hamburger, or a pizza with double cheese.
"(No anchovies, no pepperonis and no mushrooms;
No black olives or any other rabbit food!)"
I've got an idea that's bound to work
You finish the spinach and the black-eyed peas,
then I'll go get dessert.
Ice cream, or maybe a refrigerated candy bar,
I'd scream with joy for a little piece of cake.
Vegetables are very good for you,
Eat your fish, eat your okra too.
Clean your plate, it's easy, it's just a piece of cake!
Chorus: