

Chocolate Cake

Crowded House

Not everyone in New York would pay to see Andrew Lloyd Webber
May his trousers fall down as he bows to the queen and the crown
I don't know what tune that the orchestra played
But it went by me sickly and sentimental Can I have another piece of chocolate cake
Tammy Baker's got a lot on her plate
Can I buy another cheap Picasso fake
Andy Warhol must be laughing in his grave The band of the night take you to ethereal heights over dinner
And you wander the streets never reaching the heights that you seek
And the sugar that dripped from the violins bow
Made the children go crazy, put a hole in the tooth of a hag Can I have another piece of chocolate cake
Tammy Baker must be losing her faith
Can I buy another cheap Picasso fake
Andy Warhol must be laughing in his grave And the dogs are on the road
They're all tempting fate
Cars are shooting by
With no number plates
And here comes Mrs. Hairy Legs I saw Elvis Presley walk out of a Seven Eleven
And a woman gave birth to a baby and then bowled .257
The excess of fat on your American bones
Will cushion the impact as you sink like a stone Can I have another piece of chocolate cake
Tammy Baker, Tammy Baker
Can I buy another cheap Picasso fake
Cheap Picasso, cheap Picasso fake Can I have another piece of chocolate cake
Kathy Straker, boy could she lose some weight
Can I buy another slice of real estate
Liberace must be laughing in his grave Can I have another piece of chocolate cake [x3]

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