

# Oz Buffet

## John Pinette

Somewhere over the buffet  
food piled high  
there's a meal I must get to  
stop me and you will die

Somewhere over the buffet  
watch me fly  
eating up all of the profits  
making the owner cry

Someday I'll have my own buffet when no one can tell me to stop eating  
with prime ribs, pork chops, pizza, ham, a gastronomic wonderland

I'll be at every seating

If scrawny skinny man can fly, beyond the buffet, why oh why can't I

Lyrics Submitted by Hugo E Zavala

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