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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/