Chicken Cordon Bleus

Steve Goodman

When I first met you baby you fed me on chicken and wine
It was steak and potatoes and lobster and babe, I sure felt fine
But now all you give me is seaweed and alfalfa sprouts
And sunflower seeds and I got my doubts
Babe, you left me here with the chicken cordon bleus

My stomach's so empty and all I got is food for thought
And I've been sittin' here thinkin'
'Bout the twenty pounds of groceries we bought
We bought ten pounds of brown rice and five more of beans
And five pounds of Granola and you know what that means
I'm just a regular fella with the chicken cordon bleus

Now won't you to play me them fat licks?

I'm starved for affection and babe, I can't take no more
You know this stuff is so weird that the cockroaches moved next door
Babe, can you see that old dog, he's out in the street
He's got a big smile on his face 'cause they let him meat
And babe, I got the lemon and the chicken cordon bleus

Babe, I'm goin down to the bakery and I'm going to find me a jelly roll
And some cannoli, some French pastry
A chocolate Ã©clair don't sound too bad, how about some lasagna?
You know fat is where it's at, my shadow disappears

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by S. GOODMAN, P. BALLAN, T. MANDEL
Lyrics Â© AL BUNETTA D/B/A JURISDAD MUSIC

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/