

Life Is a Minestrone

Ameritz-Tributes

I'm dancing on the White House lawn
Sipping tea by the Taj Mahal at dawn
Hanging 'round the gardens of Babylon
Minnie Mouse has got it all sewn up (Come on Pluto)
She gets more fan mail than the Pope (Own up, own up)
She takes the Mickey out of all my phobias
Like signing cheques to ward off double pneumonia
Life is minestrone served up with parmesan cheese
Death is a cold Lasagne suspended in deep freeze
I'm leaning on the Tower of Pisa
Had an eyeful of the tower in France
I'm hanging 'round the gardens of Madison
The seat of learning and the flush of success relieves a constipated mind
I'm like a gourmet in a skid row diner
A fitting menu for a dilettante

Life is a minestrone served up with parmesan cheese
 Death is a cold Lasagne suspended in deep freeze
 Love is a fire of flaming brandy, upon a crepe suzette
 Let's get this romance cooking honey but let us not forget

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Death is a cold Lasagne suspended in deep freeze (C'mon, serve it up boys)

Mine, mine, mine, minestrone

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Mine, mine, mine, mine, mine, mine, mine, mine, mine, mine, mine

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