

Punching Cheese

Gustafer Yellowgold

Say canâ€™t you see? Iâ€™m punching cheese
When itâ€™s in front of me Iâ€™m rollinâ€™ up my sleeves
Let me explain I canâ€™t fight this feeling
Cheese on my ceiling
Itâ€™s my own Sistine

As I plan my attack on every stack I see
Do you ever fear your lunch is in jeopardy?

Oh, oh, oh, holey swiss
How art thou hanginâ€™?
With gloves Iâ€™m clanging a lovely wedge of thee

Get you goggles on
This may get messy
â€™Cause thatâ€™s blue-cheese dressing on your rocket leaves

As I plan my attack on the pepper-jack I see
Do you ever fear that your snack is in jeopardy?
Oh, oh, oh

Over there in France they fancy brie
England has stilton with some mushy peas
Far out in Spain munchinâ€™ muchos quesos
A meeting with Manchego would get me overseas

Oh, as I plan my attack on every piece I see
Do you ever fear that your slice is in jeopardy?
Oh, oh, oh,

So Iâ€™ll wrap it up
I wonder what Iâ€™ll dream
But how can I sleep when the moon is green cheese?

Lyrics submitted by Gustafer.

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