

40 Orange Cookies

House of Large Sizes

40 orange cookies, some are black and some are white
What would it take to make them all turn out just right?

40 orange cookies, sittin' on my bed
One took off, the others followed, went straight for my head
[repeat above verse]

Here we go

Well, (?) for fifteen hours, out in that field
Tell me now how do you think that piece of metal feels?

Well, I've seen myself scattered on the road
You drive over but you don't even know

40 orange cookies

40 orange cookies

40 orange cookies

40 orange cookies, not a pleasant thought

Chuck Hoffman a.k.a. Ozob the Guru Of Mean-Spirited Hijinx
ozob@iastate.edu

Lyrics provided by
<https://damlyrics.com/>