

Chili Dog

James Taylor

Make my bed out of Wonder Bread,
Spread some mustard upon my head.
I don't want no onions or sauerkraut, mamma,
Hold on to the bun baby, work it on out.
I'm a chilidog.
I guess you guessed by now, babe.
Sure enough, I'm a chilidog,
Look at me, delicious. Don't get jealous, better not up
And get over zealous, watch out now y'all.
Come on now fella, pass me down the relish. Don't read no Ann Landers,
Just don't feed me no Colonel Sanders,
I ain't trying to fool you's,
Don't bring home no Orange Julius.
Gotta have one more time,
Get on down again, woh, woh, chilidog, baby.
Yes indeed, I want a chilidog, yeah,
Talking about stone delicious, good for you too!

Songwriters

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Published by
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